THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JAN. 18, 1930

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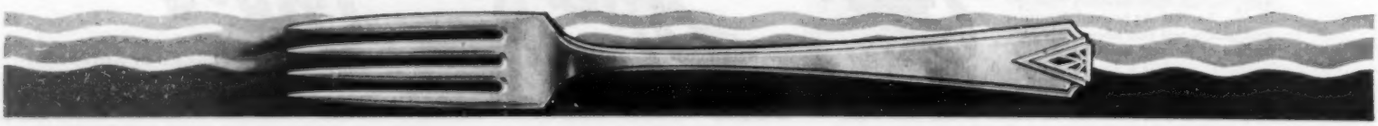

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BULL MARKET

By JULIAN STREET

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"How Does it Happen You Didn't Know About Anita Sooner? She Wasn't Home Last Night. What Time Did You Get Home Yourself?"

FOR an instant after his awakening, on a certain autumn morning in the year 1928, Thurlow Breen wondered where he was. Then through the alcoholic mist that filled his head came recollections of last night's party. To celebrate the completion of the Breen Building, which soared like a symbol of his own financial dreams above the narrow gorge of Wall Street, he had turned his new offices on the forty-third floor into a dining room and theater, and had given a stag dinner, followed by a lively show.

This was the morning after, and he had awakened in the bedroom of his office suite.

His head ached, but he didn't care. It had been a great party. As definitely as the acquisition of his two big country places or the purchase of his yacht, the event had marked an epoch in his progress. His guests had been bankers, brokers and industrialists—men of importance, now his intimates. And there was not one of them whom he had known eight years ago.

The market had done it all! The market had given him his possessions, his prestige, his friends. This morning—every morning—as dreams merged into consciousness, the beautiful bull market filled his mind. His thoughts of it were like a lover's waking thoughts of his mistress, and when, at ten o'clock each day, he went to meet it at the ticker, he was like a wooer going to a tryst.

In little more than an hour the market would open, and he must be up and ready. He was managing several pools, and there was that tip on Atlas Copper that Reggie Dusenberry had given him last night. He fumbled for the bell and rang.

"Good morning, sir." Jennings, the office butler, came in and opened the curtains.

"I've got a little headache," said Breen.

"This will fix you up, sir." Swiftly Jennings stirred a fizzing mixture. "Just lie still for a few minutes."

Breen watched the servant as he put the room in order and laid out his fresh linen. Jennings was all right. His toast for caviar was always crisp and hot, he shook a first-rate cocktail, and he'd made a swell job of last night's party.

"You're English, aren't you, Jennings?"

"Yes, sir."

"Married?"

"Yes, sir, and three children."

"That's fine," said Breen. He belched magnificently and felt distinctly better. "They can talk all they want to about money and success, but take it from me, Jennings, there's nothing can give a man the satisfaction he gets out of his family."

"True, sir, but for a man in my position a family is a heavy responsibility."

"Everything that's worth a damn is a responsibility," asserted Breen importantly.

"Of course I realize that, sir, but it doesn't make it any easier to pay my life-insurance premiums and the installments on the little house I'm buying out in New Rochelle."

"I know." Breen spoke sympathetically.

He did know. It would surprise Jennings, he thought, to realize how well he knew. Eight years ago he had been a salesman in a New York automobile agency, struggling, as Jennings was now struggling, to meet payments on a small suburban house. He and Mildred had kept but one servant—a wheezy colored woman who cooked and helped Mildred take care of Victor and Anita, their two children. His idea of a good time in those days was to take the family off for a Sunday picnic in his little sedan or teach the children to play tennis. Only eight years, yet his memories of that life seemed curiously unreal.

He recalled a certain winter when he wanted to get Mildred a fur coat for Christmas and couldn't for the life of him see how he was going to manage it. But by a stroke of luck a little blonde came into the showroom with her boy friend, and while they were picking out a town car, they gave him a tip on the market, assuring him that it was a hot one. He watched the stock, saw it go up, and later, when he met the little blonde again and got another tip, plunged, staking his savings on a ten-point margin, and after three terrifying days, doubled his money.

Fortune continued to follow him, and within the year he had resigned his job and was giving all his time to market operations. Since then he had been called everything from a lucky gambler to an economic genius, but the market had kept him too busy to spend time in wondering which was right.

Most of All He Disliked Ackley's Flattering Arts With Mildred—His Kissing Her Hand and Calling Her "Princess." It Made Him Sick

His reflections were interrupted by the ringing of his bedside telephone, which Jennings answered.

"It's Mr. Wisterman, sir."

Breen took the instrument.

"How's your head this morning, Thurlow?" asked the voice on the wire.

"Not so bad," said Breen. "How's yours?"

"Awful. That was a swell party you threw, but you certainly let me in for a sweet ride afterwards. The little girl lived some place out around Yonkers."

"What girl?"

"The little girl that hopped out of the pie—the one you asked me to take home."

"Why, you great big sucker," chuckled Breen. "I didn't care whether you took her home or not."

"So that's all the thanks you give me, is it? Well, you better get busy and make me some money today to square yourself, see? What are you going to do about Dusenberry's tip on Atlas?"

"Oh, I guess I'll give her a flip."

"Put me down for five thousand shares," said Wisterman.

"Right." Breen hung up and turned to the butler: "Did you get that, Jennings?"

"Get what, sir?"

"That tip on Atlas Copper." Breen smiled. "It's easy to see you're new around this shop. The rest of them have learned to keep their ears open. There isn't a stenographer out there that isn't making money in the market."

"You'd advise me to buy Atlas Copper, sir?"

"Yes, margin at ten points and you'll get some action."

Standing at the foot of the bed, the butler rubbed his hands uneasily. "Margin, sir? I don't know. By nature I'm a conservative man, Mr. Breen, and I have been advised conservatively. You see, sir, I was valet for Mr. Nathaniel P. Brewster, the banker, up to the time of his death, and he had a saying I'll never forget. 'Whatever goes up must come down,' he would say. 'Just work and save and take your five per cent.'"

"Yes," said Breen, smiling, "that's what he would say, and that's what his son would say. I know N. P. Brewster, Junior. Their bank carries the mortgage on this building. Conservatism isn't the name for it—young Brewster's fast asleep. Why, a year ago he was warning people to sell out their stocks, and just look at the boom we've had ever since. It used to be true that whatever goes up must come down, but things have changed. In the whole history of the world there's never been such prosperity, and there's no reason why this bull market shouldn't go on for twenty-five or fifty years. What those old fogies fail to realize is that we're in a new economic era."

Breen got out of bed and headed toward his bath. A big man with sandy hair, he was well built save for a pronounced bulge that showed above the knotted cord of his heavy silk pajamas.

"Do as you like, Jennings," he continued, speaking over his shoulder, "but if you buy a hundred shares of Atlas, you ought to clean up a neat little sum in the next few days."

"It's very kind of you to take this interest in me, sir." Jennings took the tray and glass from the bedside table. "I'll go and prepare your breakfast."

When presently the butler returned with the breakfast tray, he brought a letter, but Breen, after a glance at the envelope, put it down unopened. The handwriting was his son's, and the thought of Victor saddened him. He attacked his grapefruit.

A year ago he had taken a successful flyer for the boy; Victor had invested his profits in an airplane, and almost before the father realized he had the plane, it crashed, leaving Victor unhurt, but killing the classmate who had been his passenger. The shock had shattered Victor's nerves, and a year in a sanitarium had failed to effect the hoped-for cure. Twice during this period he had come home, but in the past few years his mother's disposition had become uncertain, and in her nervous state she had been so distressed by his erratic actions that she had insisted on his going back again.

Summoned home from Palm Beach by her son's accident, Mildred Breen had never ceased to reproach her husband, holding him responsible not only for the disaster but for its prostrating effect upon herself. She had gone south only a few days before Victor crashed, and the ostensible purpose of the journey was to obtain rest and quiet; Breen, however, had not failed to notice that Mildred's friend, Ellington Ackley, was in Palm Beach at the same time, and in his mind this fact was definitely associated with Mildred's bitter resentment of the emergency which had compelled her return.

As an interior decorator, Ellington Ackley rated high, being generally acknowledged as America's modernistic leader; pictures of rooms designed by him were always to be found in the smart, sophisticated magazines that specialize in ultra-modernism and ultra-glazed paper, and he was generally recognized as the father of the tubular aluminum wall and the corrugated cork ceiling—masterly examples of which were to be seen in the spacious outer office where, last night, Breen had given his party.

But, though the owner of the Breen Building had employed Ackley to decorate his office suite, and though the result was undeniably sensational, he disliked Ackley. He disliked his dainty gestures, his elaborate manner, his flutelike voice, the studied harmony of his costumes, and the baffling cruelty of his wit. And most of all he disliked Ackley's flattering arts with Mildred—his kissing her hand and calling her "Princess." It made him sick.

Having drunk the last of his coffee, Breen opened his son's letter and read:

Dear Dad: When you wired me two weeks ago, you said you would try to come and see me in a little while, when things let up a bit at the office, and I've been hoping every day that you would turn up—although mother wrote me that what with the market and the opening of your new building, you were rushed to death.

I know how busy you are, dad, and I don't want to bother you, but I do wish you would come up here when you can. I've been in this sanitarium a long time, you know, and I'm so bored with the place that I'm sure it's doing me more harm than good, and I want to talk with you about trying something else. I'd like to go where I could rough it a bit, the way we did that time you took me trout fishing in the Catskills when I was eleven. Remember?

Anita has been a peach about coming to see me and keeping me in touch with family news. Lately she hasn't seemed quite happy, and I tried to find out what's eating her, but all she said was that New York social life is the bunk, and she hates it.

She said you were looking sort of tired, so I was thinking how fine it would be if you and I could have another trip together. I'm twenty-two now, and I think we ought to be able to get away with something like that every eleven years or so, don't you? Seriously, it would do us both a lot of good, and I'd certainly enjoy it. What do you say?

How is mother and is she going abroad this winter? I couldn't make out from her letter whether she had made up her mind to go or not.

Give her my love and do let me hear from you.

Your affectionate son,

VICTOR.

Thinking of Victor as he dressed, Breen mildly reproached himself. The reference in the letter to their fishing trip of long ago touched him; he and Victor had been very happy off there in the woods, and the experience had brought them closer to each other. Victor was a fine kid; it was too bad they hadn't had more outings together, and that he hadn't been able to go and see him oftener during the past year. Come to think of it, he had been there only once. He had

meant to go more frequently, but every time he planned to, some market movement seemed to interfere.

Damn it all, Mildred ought to take more interest in the children! She hadn't been like this when they were growing up, but in the past few years something had changed her. He must write Victor today without fail, and at the first opportunity must go to the sanitarium and find out what was troubling him.

Breen was tying his scarf before the many-angled mirror surmounting a pyramidal piece of furniture which Ackley called a chiffonier, when Lloyd, his private secretary, entered with a list of opening quotations on the stocks in which he specialized.

"H'm," muttered Breen. "Atlas opened one point off. Give Clifford a discretionary order for fifty thousand shares. And watch it like a hawk. And tell him to sell Midland Oil on rises."

The market! The game he loved! Already Victor had vanished from his mind. But now, as his eye chanced to light upon the letter, he called Lloyd back.

"Buy five thousand additional shares of Atlas for Victor's account," he ordered, and felt better.

That morning was a busy one for Breen; before noon Atlas had gained nine points and was showing such strength that he decided not to sell, but instead, to pyramid.

At a little after twelve Lloyd came to him with the news that his wife was on the phone.

"I want to watch the market," said Breen impatiently. "Can't you find out what she wants?"

"I tried to, but she asks to speak to you."

"Tell her I've gone out to lunch."

He was quite sure he knew why Mildred wished to speak to him. She wanted to bawl him out because he had slept down here last night instead of coming home, and he didn't care to be bawled out. However, at one o'clock she telephoned again, and at two she marched, unannounced, into her husband's private office.

"You didn't go out to lunch at all!" she cried, observing the remains of his repast on a small table by the ticker. "How simply brutal of you to"—she was weeping now—"to leave me to face this horror all alone!"

Her manner alarmed him.

"Horror?" he repeated.

"Yes, Anita—she's—she's ——" Mildred began to wail hysterically.

Breen leaped from his desk chair and seized her by the shoulders. "Stop bawling, dear, and tell me what's the matter! Has something happened to Anita? Tell me what's the matter!"

"I thought she was at a dance," his wife choked out, "but they drove to Baltimore. She's eloped! She's married Kemper. . . . Stop shaking me, Thurlow! You're hurting me!"

"Kemper? She wouldn't marry a chauffeur!"

"Well, she has! They were married last night. She called me on the phone this morning."

"What did she—what did she say? What reason did she give?"

"Oh, I don't know. She talked a lot of nonsense about having been lonesome, and hating social life, and how she was unhappy at home, and ——"

"How could she be unhappy? Haven't we given her everything in the world?"

"That's what I told her! And imagine what she had the nerve to say! She said we didn't understand her—that Kemper was the only one who did!"

"Kemper!" Breen dropped into his chair. "The skunk, the ungrateful skunk! Why, in the last few months I've made over thirty thousand dollars for him!"

"That's it, then! That's where he got the money! Anita said he'd bought a little farm. She said they were going to live there and raise police dogs." Mildred was sobbing. "Oh, it's all too horrible! And it'll be in the papers! She has disgraced us!"

For a moment he gazed at her coldly, thoughtfully. Even with a red nose and tear-stained face, she was a handsome woman, and it struck him that there was something grimly humorous in the fact that, though distraught, she did not forget to pose becomingly the feet and legs of which she was proud.

"Look here, Mildred," he said presently, "there's something I'd like to understand about all this: How does it happen you didn't know about Anita sooner? She wasn't home last night. How does it happen you didn't know that until this noon? What time did you get home yourself?"

"You're a nice one to be asking that," she snapped, "when you never came home at all!"

"That has nothing to do with it. I gave a dinner here last night for business reasons. You know that perfectly well. And you know that's how I get some of my best tips."

"Yes, and it's how people get some of your best tips," she countered. "I don't know if you're aware of it or not, but there's a saying in Wall Street that the way to become rich is to get drunk with Thurlow Breen."

"Indeed? Where do you get all this wonderful Wall Street information? Out dancing with that silky pup Ackley, I suppose! Is that what you were doing last night?"

"It's none of your business."

"You mean to say it's not my business that you haven't time to be a decent mother to your children? I want to tell you, once for all, I'm fed up on this Ackley business. And if you don't ——" He was interrupted by a knock at the door, and Lloyd came in.

"Excuse my disturbing you," he said to Breen, "but the market will be closing shortly, and Atlas is up twenty-two points. I wanted to make certain you knew."

"Gosh!" shouted Breen exultantly. "What do you know about that! It's twice as much as I expected. Phone Clifford to unload as fast as he safely can. Tell him to sell Victor's five thousand too." And as Lloyd moved briskly

(Continued on Page 90)

"I Thought She Was at a Dance, But They Drove to Baltimore. She's Eloped"

The Wild Wheel in the Business Machine

By Garet Garrett

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

Industry is Deeply Shocked by This View of Waste

EINSTEIN, in his message to Edison, said: "The technical geniuses of the world, of whom you are one of the most successful, have confronted mankind with a new situation in the course of the last half century—a situation to which it has not yet succeeded in adapting itself."

Man in a new world of his own making and not yet wholly adapted to it! You could not imagine a statement of stranger fact.

For more than a hundred years we have been fumbling with the machine age. There was no experience to begin with. The problems, one by one, have been original. We have named it, we have provided it with a terminology, we have invented what we call a science of economics, which is a way of thinking about it in order to explain and foretell its phenomena. Yet it happens again and again suddenly that logical consequences such as you would suppose might have been very simply foreseen take us unawares. One reason for this is that we have never clearly and altogether understood what the machine was for.

The Cost of a Drink of Water

THERE was first the idea that it was to dispense with human labor. Then there was the dread that it would enslave labor. After that was the romantic notion that if only it were altruistically employed, it would set labor free. Steadily, through a confusion of wrong believing, a certain truth pressed its way forward. Only now, and not yet too clearly, do we begin to see what the machine is for. Progressively to cheapen the satisfaction of human wants—that is what it is for. And to this effect there is no limit short of all the necessary staple satisfactions becoming as cheap as water.

Take the cost of any satisfaction to be the amount of human labor that must be expended to obtain it. All cost does at last break down to that basis. Well, then, going to the well and back for water entailed a certain cost. People were not aware of it; they would have said their water cost them nothing. Nevertheless, the energy they spent in bringing water might have been employed to satisfy some other want.

Suppose that when the custom of fetching water in jugs and pitchers was universal because there was no other way—suppose, then, you had suggested to the water carrier the idea of plumbing and running water in the house, so that the only exertion necessary to satisfy this want for water should be to turn a tap. If the water carrier could have imagined it at all, he would have said such a luxury was only for the rich, because the cost of it would be very great; and in that case, why consider it at all, since those already rich enough to afford plumbing had slaves to carry their water? That was the state of the world not many generations ago, and never had it been otherwise. Now running water is our commonest convenience and the cost of water at the tap is so low that no one ever thinks of it.

For the extreme and convenient availability of water at low cost we are indebted not alone to technical invention and mechanical power. Given these two factors alone, still plumbing and running water might be for the rich alone. There is a third factor, and that is distribution. When power and invention had made the modern convenience of water possible, then, naturally, because water was not regarded as merchandise, the idea of convenience was added to water itself as one of life's necessary satisfactions, and for that reason, perhaps, it was that production and distribution were treated as all one problem, instead of distribution being left to take care of itself. So it happens that in the wide range of necessaries water is the one most scientifically distributed, at lowest cost, with least waste.

In the satisfaction of any want there are these two factors—first, production; then distribution. Water, like everything else, has first to be produced. Lifting it out of deep wells with power pumps and storing it in a reservoir is the production of it; and that way of producing it is much cheaper, of course, than for each member of the community to have a well of his own. So then you have the supply, and it has been cheaply produced. Now, how will it be distributed?

If each consumer goes to the reservoir for water, the problem of distribution takes care of itself, but it is very probable in such case that the cost of distribution—cost in terms of human labor—will devour all the saving that has been gained from the use of power and invention to produce the supply in the first place. Almost, therefore, each consumer might as well have his own private water supply as before.

Suppose each consumer runs a pipe to the reservoir. In that case there will be an endless multiplication of pipes, and again the saving is lost. Competitive distributors, each having his own customers and charging a fee for the service, may deliver the water from door to door. That will work.

Any of these ways will work. It is not a question of finding a way that will work. The point is to find a cheap, unwasteful way of distribution. For what is the good of cheapening the cost of production if at the same time you do not cheapen also the cost of distribution?

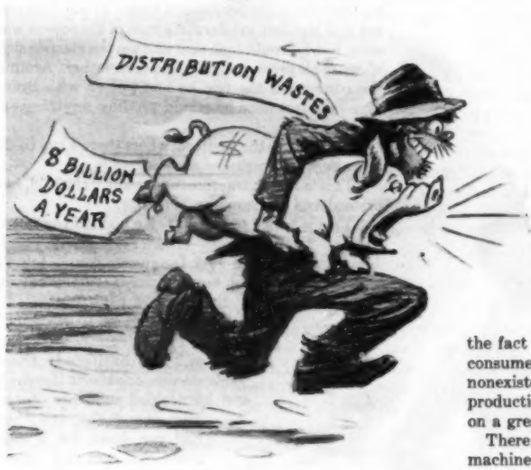
Mass Production for Individual Consumption

WHAT happens with water is very simple, and it happens because production and distribution are considered together. You no sooner consider them together than you see that to cheapen one and not the other is absurd. From the reservoirs go supply mains stepping down in size as the need of quantity falls, and from these mains go small supply pipes to each consumer's house. And this system of distribution is included in the basic design, as part of the waterworks.

In this mechanized scheme of life—what Einstein calls the new situation of mankind—no individual any longer satisfies his own wants directly, nor the wants of another. Individually, that is to say, we produce not by wholes of anything for ourselves or for others. Production is in the mass principle, by specialized operations and chain motions. What we consume individually, we buy. Automobile workers buy motor cars, garment workers buy garments, shoe-factory workers buy shoes, farmers buy food, and so on. It follows, first, that all satisfactions are priced; second, that, as to necessary things which we must buy in order to exist, price is a vital matter; third, that the price of a thing must represent the cost of production plus the cost of distribution; and, fourth, that we are no less dependent upon distribution than upon production.

How to bring power, machinery, method and highly specialized movements of labor to bear upon cloth and leather to make a million pairs of shoes at the lowest possible cost—that is a problem of production. How to get

the mass product to a million pairs of feet—that is a problem of distribution. If the shoes cost two dollars a pair to make and two dollars a pair to distribute, the cost of this satisfaction—namely, a pair of shoes—to the consumer is four dollars. Let the cost of production be reduced to one dollar and the cost of distribution increased to three; the price of the same satisfaction to the consumer is still four dollars. And it makes very little difference to the consumer what part of the cost is one and what part of it is the other. It is not enough, therefore, to cheapen the cost of production alone. That does not necessarily cheapen the cost of satisfactions.



From the beginning the machine has been for what it was for by a truth inherent in itself, and has produced its effects in a relentless manner. At first, on the part of those who controlled it, there was no intent to cheapen the satisfaction of human wants. Their only thought was to cheapen production with the least possible effect upon prices. Their ideal would have been power-loom costs and hand-loom prices. That use of the machine was all very well while it worked, and it worked fairly well so long as there was a positive deficit of goods in the world. This deficit was very great. Never in the history of the race had there been enough of such satisfaction as the machine produced. Thus, production was the only anxiety—how to produce more and more. You could sell it, whatever it was.

But to cheapen only the cost of production was not what the machine was for. If it had been possible in that motive for the people who were first in machine craft to monopolize it—as indeed they meant to do—the machine must have turned out to be a great evil. Certainly, one mechanized nation would have had the power to enslave and exploit all others. But the machine was uncontrollable. It multiplied itself prodigiously, first in Europe, then in America, and then throughout the world, notwithstanding the efforts of its first possessors to guard mechanical secrets with military jealousy. Machines were implanted in this country by men who smuggled the plans out of England in their heads.

The Riddle of Overproduction

LONG before the machine had brought mankind within sight of plenty and surplus for the first time, and while there was yet, even in machine countries, a deficit of goods, there appeared the riddle of overproduction. The economic intelligence of the world was bewildered at the recurring spectacle of panic, unemployment, bitter social distress from a collapse of industry and trade—all apparently issuing from the fact that people had produced more than they could consume. There was, of course, no such fact. Proof of its nonexistence was that after every such crisis from overproduction as everyone supposed, production was resumed on a greater scale than before.

There were two reasons why, formerly, a rapid increase in machine production invariably produced a crisis, with all the illusory phenomena of overproduction. The first was that production was anarchic and blind—an enormous quantity of machine-made goods produced competitively with no thought beforehand of how they were to be sold or to whom, or whether people had the means with which to buy them. Distribution, you see, had not been considered. The second reason was that industry resisted economic truth of what the machine was for. That is to say, it employed the machine in a competitive manner to cheapen only the cost of production, with no intent at the same time progressively to cheapen the satisfaction of human wants. There was all the time that effect, however, wrought through crisis and panic in spite of industry's resistance, only it was neither intended nor foreseen. Early machine industry took its rule from ancient trade. Get it cheap and sell it dear. That rule would work so long as the problem was how ever to get enough of anything. It was doomed by the machine, because the machine represented power of unlimited plenty, to the point of surplus, even satiety.

Always there has been a law of necessity acting through the machine. Since the machine product is increasable to any extent, and since the more you increase it the lower the cost of production will be, it follows that use of the product—what we call effective demand or consumption—must increase in like manner. Use of the product cannot be increased by cheapening the cost of production—merely that. It can be increased only provided you cheapen also the cost of satisfaction to the consumer. That is to say, as costs of production fall, so also prices must decline, else the machine will be suffocated in its own premises. Thus it is impossible for the benefits of machine production to be monopolized or captured by the few. They must be more and more widely dispersed down through the pyramid of human society to the bottom. That is the necessity before mentioned. For a long time it was obliged to act through obstinate resistance, and so, again and again, caused a crisis, miscalled a crisis from overproduction, as by sheer force it swept away hindering price structures and greedy monopolies. The effect in each case was to cheapen the things that satisfy human wants.

We in this country were the first to discover what the machine was for and to accept unreservedly the amazing consequences.

What is that event called the new industrial revolution which is said to have taken place here in the last few years, definitely since the war? The facts about it are that our industrial equipment has been almost entirely made over to raise its efficiency; that by technology, method and

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Everyone is Wanting Something More or Something Better

TWO WRONGS

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

LOOK at those shoes," said Bill—"twenty-eight dollars."

Mr. Brancusi looked. "Purty."

"Made to order."

"I knew you were a great swell. You didn't get me up here to show me those shoes, did you?"

"I am not a great swell. Who said I was a great swell?" demanded Bill. "Just because I've got more education than most people in show business."

"But then, you know, you're a handsome young fellow," said Brancusi dryly.

"Sure I am—compared to you anyhow. The girls think I must be an actor, till they find out. . . . Got a cigarette? What's more, I look like a man—which is more than most of these pretty boys round Times Square do."

"Good-looking. Gentleman. Good shoes. Shot with luck."

"You're wrong there," objected Bill. "Brains. Three years—nine shows—four big hits—one flop. Where do you see any luck in that?"

A little bored, Brancusi just gazed. What he would have seen—had he not made his eyes opaque and taken to thinking about something else—was a fresh-faced young Irishman exuding aggressiveness and self-confidence until the air of his office was thick with it. Presently, Brancusi knew, he would hear the sound of his own voice and be ashamed and retire into his other humor—the superior, quiet, sensitive one, the patron of the arts, modeled on the intellectuals of the Theater Guild. Bill McChesney had not quite decided between the two, and such blends are seldom complete before thirty.

"Take Ames, take Hopkins, take Harris—take any of them," Bill insisted. "What have they got on me? What's the matter? Do you want a drink?"—seeing Brancusi's glance wander toward the cabinet on the opposite wall.

"I never drink in the morning. I just wondered who was it keeps on knocking. You ought to make it stop it. I get a nervous fidgets, kind of half crazy, with that kind of thing."

Bill went quickly to the door and threw it open.

"Nobody," he said. . . . "Hello! What do you want?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry," a voice said; "I'm terribly sorry. I got so excited and I didn't realize I had this pencil in my hand."

"What is it you want?"

"I want to see you, and the clerk said you were busy. I have a letter for you from Alan Rogers—you know, the playwright—and I wanted to give it to you personally."

"I'm busy," said Bill. "See Mr. Cadorna."

"I did, but he wasn't very encouraging, and Mr. Rogers said ——"

Brancusi, edging over restlessly, took a quick look at her. She was very young, with beautiful red hair, and more character in her face than her chatter would indicate; it did not occur to Mr. Brancusi that this was due to her origin in Delaney, South Carolina.

"What shall I do?" she inquired, quietly laying her future in Bill's hands. "I had a letter to Mr. Rogers, and he just gave me one to you."

"Well, what do you want me to do—marry you?" exploded Bill.

"I'd like to get a part in one of your plays."

"Then sit down and wait. I'm busy. . . . Where's Miss Cohalan?" He rang a bell, looked once more, crossly, at the girl and closed the door of his office. But during the interruption his other mood had come over him, and he resumed his conversation with Brancusi in the key of one hand in glove with Reinhardt for the artistic future of the theater.

"What Shall I Do?" She Inquired, Quietly Laying Her Future in Bill's Hands

By 12:30 he had forgotten everything except that he was going to be the greatest producer in the world and that he had an engagement to tell Sol Lincoln about it at lunch. Emerging from his office, he looked expectantly at Miss Cohalan.

"Mr. Lincoln won't be able to meet you," she said. "He jus' 'is minute called."

"Just this minute," repeated Bill, shocked. "All right. Just cross him off that list for Thursday night."

Miss Cohalan drew a line on a sheet of paper before her.

"Mr. McChesney, now you haven't forgotten me, have you?"

He turned to the red-headed girl.

"No," he said vaguely, and then to Miss Cohalan: "That's all right; ask him for Thursday anyhow. To hell with him."

He did not want to lunch alone. He did not like to do anything alone now, because contacts were too much fun when one had prominence and power.

"If you would just let me talk to you two minutes ——" she began.

"Afraid I can't now." Suddenly he realized that she was the most beautiful person he had ever seen in his life. He stared at her.

"Mr. Rogers told me ——"

"Come and have a spot of lunch with me," he said, and then, with an air of great hurry, he gave Miss Cohalan some quick and contradictory instructions and held open the door.

They stood on Forty-second Street and he breathed his preëmpted air—there is only enough air there for a few people at a time. It was November and the first exhilarating rush of the season was over, but he could look east and see the electric sign of one of his plays, and west and see another. Around the corner was the one he had put on with Brancusi—the last time he would produce anything except alone.

They went to the Bedford, where there was a to-do of waiters and captains as he came in.

"This is a ver' 'tractive restaurant," she said, impressed and on company behavior.

"This is hams' paradise." He nodded to several people. "Hello, Jimmy—Bill. . . . Hello there, Jack. . . . That's Jack Dempsey. . . . I don't eat here much. I usually eat up at the Harvard Club."

"Oh, did you go to Harvard? I used to know ——"

"Yes." He hesitated; there were two versions about Harvard, and he decided suddenly on the true one. "Yes, and they had me down for a hick there, but not any more. About a week ago I was out on Long Island at the Gouverneer Haights'—very fashionable people—and a couple of Gold Coast boys that never knew I was alive up in Cambridge began pulling this 'Hello, Bill, old boy' on me."

He hesitated and suddenly decided to leave the story there.

"What do you want—a job?" he demanded. He remembered suddenly that she had holes in her stockings. Holes in stockings always moved him, softened him.

"Yes, or else I've got to go home," she said. "I want to be a dancer—you know, Russian ballet. But the lessons cost so much, so I've got to get a job. I thought it'd give me stage presence anyhow."

"Hoofer, eh?"

"Oh, no, serious."

"Well, Pavlova's a hoofer, isn't she?"

"Oh, no." She was shocked at this profanity, but after a moment she continued: "I took with Miss Cambell—Georgia Berriman Cambell—back home—maybe you know her. She took from Ned Wayburn, and she's really wonderful. She ——"

"Yeah?" he said abstractedly. "Well, it's a tough business—casting agencies busting with people that can all do anything, till I give them a try. How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"I'm twenty-six. Came here four years ago without a cent."

"My!"

"I could quit now and be comfortable the rest of my life."

"My!"

"Going to take a year off next year—get married. . . . Ever hear of Irene Rikker?"

"I should say! She's about my favorite of all."

"We're engaged."

"My!"

When they went out into Times Square after a while he said carelessly, "What are you doing now?"

"Why, I'm trying to get a job."

"I mean right this minute."

"Why, nothing."

"Do you want to come up to my apartment on Forty-sixth Street and have some coffee?"

Their eyes met, and Emmy Pinkard made up her mind she could take care of herself. It was a great bright studio

apartment with a ten-foot divan, and after she had coffee and he a highball, his arm dropped round her shoulder.

"Why should I kiss you?" she demanded. "I hardly know you, and besides, you're engaged to somebody else."

"Oh, that! She doesn't care."

"No, really!"

"You're a good girl."

"Well, I'm certainly not an idiot."

"All right, go on being a good girl."

She stood up, but lingered a minute, very fresh and cool, and not upset at all.

"I suppose this means you won't give me a job?" she asked pleasantly.

He was already thinking about something else—about an interview and a rehearsal—but now he looked at her again and saw that she still had holes in her stockings. He telephoned:

"Joe, this is the Fresh Boy. . . . You didn't think I knew you called me that, did you? . . . It's all right. . . . Say, have you got those three girls for the party scene? Well, listen; save one for a Southern kid I'm sending around today."

He looked at her jauntily, conscious of being such a good fellow.

"Well, I don't know how to thank you. And Mr. Rogers," she added audaciously. "Good-by, Mr. McChesney."

He disdained to answer.

II

DURING rehearsal he used to come around a great deal and stand watching with a wise expression, as if he knew everything in people's minds; but actually he was in a haze about his own good fortune and didn't see much and didn't for the moment care. He spent most of his weekends on Long Island with the fashionable people who had "taken him up." When Brancusi referred to him as the "big social butterfly," he would answer, "Well, what about it? Didn't I go to Harvard? You think they found me in a Grand Street apple cart, like you?" He was well liked among his new friends for his good looks and good nature, as well as his success.

His engagement to Irene Rikker was the most unsatisfactory thing in his life; they were tired of each other but unwilling to put an end to it. Just as, often, the two richest young people in a town are drawn together by the fact, so Bill McChesney and Irene Rikker, borne side by side on waves of triumph, could not spare each other's nice appreciation of what was due such success. Nevertheless, they indulged in fiercer and more frequent quarrels, and the end was approaching. It was embodied in one Frank Llewellen, a big, fine-looking actor playing opposite Irene. Seeing the situation at once, Bill became bitterly humorous about it; from the second week of rehearsals there was tension in the air.

Meanwhile Emmy Pinkard, with enough money for crackers and milk, and a friend who took her out to dinner, was being happy. Her friend, Easton Hughes from Delaney, was studying at Columbia to be a dentist. He sometimes brought along other lonesome young men studying to be dentists, and at the price, if it can be called that, of a few casual kisses in taxicabs, Emmy dined when hungry. One afternoon she introduced Easton to Bill McChesney at the stage door, and afterward Bill made his facetious jealousy the basis of their relationship.

"I see that dental number has been slipping it over on me again. Well, don't let him give you any laughing gas is my advice."

Though their encounters were few, they always looked at each other. When Bill looked at her he stared for an instant as if he had not seen her before, and then remembered suddenly that she was to be teased. When she looked at him she saw many things—a bright day outside, with great crowds of people hurrying through the streets; a very good new limousine that waited at the curb for two people with very good new clothes, who got in and went somewhere that was just like New York, only away, and more fun there. Many times she had wished she had kissed him, but just as many times she was glad she hadn't; since, as the weeks passed, he grew less romantic; tied up, like the rest of them, to the play's laborious evolution.

They were opening in Atlantic City. A sudden moodiness, apparent to everyone, came over Bill. He was short with the director and sarcastic with the actors. This, it was rumored, was because Irene Rikker had come down with Frank Llewellen on a different train. Sitting beside the author on the night of the dress rehearsal, he was an almost sinister figure in the half darkness of the auditorium; but he said nothing until the end of the second act, when, with Llewellen and Irene Rikker on the stage alone, he suddenly called:

"We'll go over that again—and cut out the mush!"

Llewellen came down to the footlights.

"What do you mean—cut out the mush?" he inquired. "Those are the lines, aren't they?"

"You know what I mean—stick to business."

"I don't know what you mean."

Bill stood up. "I mean all that damn whispering."

"There wasn't any whispering. I simply asked ——"

"That'll do—take it over."

Llewellen turned away furiously and was about to proceed, when Bill added audibly: "Even a ham has got to do his stuff."

Llewellen whipped about. "I don't have to stand that kind of talk, Mr. McChesney."

"Why not? You're a ham, aren't you? When did you get ashamed of being a ham? I'm putting on this play and I want you to stick to your stuff."

Bill got up and walked down the aisle. "And when you don't do it, I'm going to call you just like anybody else."

"Well, you watch out for your tone of voice ——"

"What'll you do about it?"

Llewellen jumped down into the orchestra pit.

"I'm not taking anything from you!" he shouted.

Irene Rikker called to them from the stage, "For heaven's sake, are you two crazy?" And then Llewellen swung at him, one short, mighty blow. Bill pitched back across a row of seats, fell through one, splintering it, and lay wedged there. There was a moment's wild confusion, then people holding Llewellen, then the author, with a white face, pulling Bill up, and the stage manager crying: "Shall I kill him, chief? Shall I break his fat face?" and Llewellen panting and Irene Rikker frightened.

"Get back there!" Bill cried, holding a handkerchief to his face and teetering in the author's supporting arms. "Everybody get back! Take that scene again, and no talk! Get back, Llewellen!"

Before they realized it they were all back on the stage, Irene pulling Llewellen's arm and talking to him fast. Someone put on the auditorium lights and then put them out hurriedly. When Emmy came out presently for her scene, she saw in a quick glance Bill sitting there with a whole mask of handkerchiefs over his bleeding face. She hated Llewellen and was afraid that presently they would break up and go back to New York. But Bill had saved the show from his own folly, since for Llewellen to take the further initiative of quitting would hurt his professional standing. The act ended and the next one began without an interval. When it was over, Bill was gone.

Next night, during the performance, he sat on a chair in the wings in view of everyone coming on or off. His face was swollen and bruised, but he neglected to comment on the fact. Once he went around in front, and when he returned, word leaked out that two of the New York agencies were making big buys. He had a hit—they all had a hit.

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"Well, You Watch Out for Your Tone of Voice ——"

FORTITUDE

By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

And at Last the Dark Speck of Land Looming to View Between Two Boiling Squalls. Then a Madness of Surf and Reefs, and Hard Streaks of Green Water Wherein Currents Lurked to Twist Them at Will

THE sea was like marble, sullen and veined with green, sheeted over with lacy foam and threshed by the intermittent rain. Rain made a curtain of mist which hid the horizon, and the sky was a cold, hard white, swept by a moaning wind that subdued the mutter of the surf. Bleakness and desolation lay upon the water, and in the midst there was the island, a few hundred acres of volcanic rock upon which even the trees were stunted and of tortured shapes, and even the grasses and lichens grew coarse and huddled close to the sparse earth. Upthrust through the surf offshore there were smaller islands, reaches of barren dark rock, jags and fingers of cold lava where the seals lived and bred, and the foam drained whitely back after each lunge of the sea. Innumerable birds wheeled and tossed in the windy sky, and a great gray albatross swept over the swells with motionless wings, lifting and falling with the restless water as if welded to an invisible float raised an inch or two above the surface.

Wildness and desolation; the sea, the wind and the rain; the seals, the birds, the stunted trees; and seventeen castaways from the Prince Rupert gathered, breathless and dripping and weary, upon the shingle of the island's north beach, staring bleakly at the wet planks of the two shattered boats.

It was a miracle, they knew, that they were even alive. First there had been fire in the coal, and then, later, that terrible, brief explosion, which had sunk the Prince Rupert in less than ten minutes. There had only been time to drop the two boats—the small gig and the larger lifeboat. And neither craft had been adequately provisioned or outfitted. They had not thought of that in the wild scramble to get away from the plunging wreck. And afterward such thoughts were idle.

Three days, then, buffeted by the gales and the roaring seas. Three days of cold and bitter fighting against the indifferent elements. And at last the dark speck of land looming to view between two boiling squalls. Then a madness of surf and reefs, and hard streaks of green water wherein currents lurked to twist them at will. Finally the miracle that shattered the boats on the sunken shelf, but flung the splintered planking and the men toward the shallows where the shingle ran down to check the broken waves. And now, for a moment, they were safe, the seventeen survivors of the little collier, which rested in a thousand fathoms and the utter dark.

The captain was the first to stir, brushing the water from his iron-gray beard and scanning the faces of the other men with tired gray eyes. He looked last at the tall lean figure of his mate, and then without a word moved toward the shattered boats. The mate gnawed tobacco from half of a wet plug and followed the captain. The men dropped to the shingle by twos and threes, some burying their faces in their raw, wet hands, some staring bleakly after the two officers, some cursing and looking up at the chill white sky.

"We can patch up the gig," said the captain after a while. "The other boat's too badly wrecked."

"One of us will have to go," said the mate. He had his hands thrust into his hip pockets, and he was watching the captain intently. The captain nodded and fumbled with his beard.

"You'll head for New Zealand?" said the mate, without curiosity. A middle-aged, grim man, he seemed content to chew at his quid, largely unconcerned with the cold and wet and the ominous prospect before him.

"New Zealand's too far," muttered the captain. "And then the prevailing westerly gales would handicap the boat. I'll take her, of course."

The mate spat, but said nothing. His cold blue eyes squinted across the sea as if they would pierce the curtain of rain which hid the rim of the world.

"There's nothing to the south but the polar ice," said the captain, as if he thought aloud. "North there's a scattering of islands, but I'd never find one. No compass, no chronometer, no sextant. Nothing!" He paused and stared down at the splintered gig. "I'll go east and hit the coast of Chile. If I locate no one, I'll go through the Strait of Magellan to Punta Arenas."

"There's Easter Island," said the mate tranquilly.

"Uninhabited, or, at the most, inhabited only by a few exiled convicts. No, it's the mainland or nothing."

"What's the chances?"

The captain shook his head, and taking off his thick pea-jacket, he tried to wring some of the salt water out of it.

"Lord knows. Shackleton got through from Elephant Island to South Georgia in a whaleboat, eight hundred miles, and in winter too. And Captain Foster of the Trevessa made fifteen hundred miles in a lifeboat across the Indian Ocean. Say fifty-fifty. There's a lot who've failed."

"Aye," muttered the mate, spitting again. "You'd better start, then. Take most of the provisions, the biscuits and water breakers. We'll manage with the seals and birds' eggs."

"The hardest job will be here," said the captain, wringing the water from the sleeves of his shirt. "Keep the men fed and alive. You're responsible. If I live, I'll send someone to pick you up."

"How many men will you want?"

"Four."

"I'll see to it, sir."

The mate walked back to where the men sat.

"Chips!" he called. The man who had been carpenter on the Prince Rupert got slowly to his feet and hitched up his belt. "Chips," said the mate, "the old man's taking the gig and running to the coast of Chile. See about fixing her up. She's not as badly smashed as she looks. You'll have to make the best of it with what we've got—a couple of axes and the sheath knives. Use the timbers of the

lifeboat. Better deck the gig over some and cover it with canvas. . . . Four men will have to go with the old man. Figure it out amongst you while you're working."

He spat and went back to the captain, who was putting on his pea-jacket again. The men all rose, muttering to one another, looking at one another, looking at the sea, the shingle on which they stood, the splintered boats, lastly at the stocky figure of the captain, preparing to take a tiny ship's gig to the coast of Chile. One or two argued weakly. The carpenter said nothing, but picked up one of the axes and went to inspect his task. The captain and the mate walked to the highest spot on the island—a bare knoll from which even the trees had receded—and standing there in the rain, they talked for a long time.

Late the next morning the gig was carried to the lee side of the island and launched through the swells. A rough task, stumbling over the rocks and shingle, dragging and lifting the boat. Then wading knee deep in the icy water, holding her head on while the crew scrambled aboard. Four attempts before the gig was clear and a tiny rag of sail stiffened at her stumpy mast. The captain waved from the stern sheets and the gig was blotted from sight by a sheet of bitter rain which lashed the sea to foam. Twelve men watched from the shingle, and not one of them waved farewell. The mate spat and felt the captain's revolver, which nestled now in his hip pocket. He knew he would need it before very long.

"Come on," he said. "Let's look around."

They found a cave, a shallow place in the side of the knoll, with its front partially sheltered by twisted, scrawny trees. It was gloomy and cold, but reasonably dry, for the rain beat in no farther than a few feet from the entrance. It was low-roofed, and even the shortest man had to bend double, but anything was preferable to the bleakness of the beach where they had spent the previous night, huddled under the upturned gig.

"We've got to have a fire," said the second engineer, the only officer besides the captain and the mate who had been saved. He was a moody young man, very dark and with abnormally long arms. The men did not like him. He was reputed to have killed someone with a blow of his fist, and his temper was uncertain. The mate looked at him and thought.

"Yes, we've got to have a fire."

He sent a party off to gather driftwood and any dead branches of trees they might run across. Most of the sailors had sheath knives, but the firemen had nothing but the clothes they stood in, and they had to break dead branches with their hands. A careful inventory disclosed only four matches among them all, and these the mate took charge of. They were wet and soft, and wrapping them in some reasonably dry moss he found near the entrance of the cave, he put them beneath his armpit to dry. There was no fire that day.

Pools of brackish water were easily located in hollows here and there. Along the whole of a flat, rocky peninsula gulls' nests were plentiful, and the castaways ate oily, fishy-tasting eggs and some bitter blueberries they found beneath stunted shrubbery which dotted the island. The receding tide disclosed shellfish on the rocks—barnacles, a few mussels. Oysters lay in the shallows along the reefs.

"We'll figure a way to get us a seal sometime," said the mate. He was wondering what he would do when the tobacco was at an end. He needed tobacco so much. Toward nightfall he tried to light a fire, but the matches were not dry enough and he wasted two deciding that point. The remaining two he held beneath his armpit again while he slept, fitfully and with twinges of rheumatism in his joints, and with all his limbs aching from the hardness of the cave floor. The next morning he had the men cover it with moss and green twigs.

They had a fire the following afternoon. The third match ignited, but failed to light the dried moss and the fine dry shavings from the inner hearts of dead branches. Then the mate broke one of the cartridges in his revolver and the last match touched off the powder, which made a tiny flame run through the moss. Twelve men crouched over it and watched, not breathing, not stirring. The mate added more moss, with the delicate care a mother might bestow on a sick child; then fine shavings and lastly small twigs. And so the fire was made and two of the men were told off to keep it going, night and day, turn and turn about. It was the sole wall that shut them off from utter barbarism. The holy flame! Nations had built temples and worshiped it.

The mate spat and straightened.

"If you let it go out, the boys will attend to you."

The two men who were to guard the fire looked about and shivered. Set faces watched them, and one man wiped cold sweat from his forehead.

"All right," he muttered. "Don't you worry." He did not want to die. The fire crackled and burned, hour afte. hour, day after day, week after week. Two men crouched beside it and stared unwinking into the embers and the coals, shielding it with their bodies when the wind threatened or the rain slanted into the cave.

The weather abated, grew milder. The rain ceased for long intervals and the wind was only a murmur upon the ear. The sea turned to sullen purple, rolling ceaselessly, but with a reasonable smoothness. The sky became a sickly blue, gauzed over with faint mists, and a sickly yellow sun peered forth, without heat, but infinitely cheering. The great gray albatross floated on widespread wings, an inch or two above the restless water. It seemed tireless. It seemed to be fascinated by the spectacle of men moving back and forth over the island of volcanic rock. Its hard, bright eye watched them. Sometimes it drifted over the very mouth of the cave. They called it Baldy, and at first they shouted greetings to it, made rough jests. The gulls grew used to the men, but sometimes flocks of screaming, angry birds threshed with wings and beaks at the nest robbers. They learned to cover their hands and faces and take clubs with them when they went out on the rocky peninsula, where the droppings made the ground like snow and strange fumes made the head swim.

"We'll figure out how to get a seal," said the mate, staring longingly at the small islets to seaward. For some reason, the seals did not come to the larger island. They were timorous and quick. Shiny black schools of them would sweep close in, lift themselves out of the water to stare, and then, at a shout or a sudden gesture, dive and

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A Great Gray Albatross Came to Hover Over the Shingle Beach and Watch the Fighters, Two Ragged, Gaunt Men, Grotesquely Unshaven and Unshorn, Swinging at Each Other With Tight-Drawn Arms

HOW TO BE A LION

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. JAMES

Benny Turned and Looked at Her. "Gee," He Said in Surprise and Admiration, "You Really Can Shoot, Can't You?" "I Don't Pretend—Much," She Said

BENNY POWERS and Joe Brady walked down Park Avenue on a bright October afternoon. They were not at home in Park Avenue, as they would have been in Broadway. They couldn't have walked a block in Broadway without being hailed by half a dozen people they knew, or at least who knew them. No one spoke to them in Park Avenue. That made it easier. They didn't have to pretend to be happy.

Benny had expected Doctor Foraker would say his right hand would never be the same again. He'd expected it ever since the night in the Café Babylon. He hadn't known that when Doctor Foraker said the final word, it would mean so much. Benny had thought he didn't really care. He had thought he was ready to do something else. Now he knew how hard it was to give up being famous and go to work at some ordinary job—some job in which he was no better than anybody else.

Joe Brady puffed along beside Benny. Joe Brady was fat and he disliked walking as fast as Benny walked. It prevented him from talking.

"Listen," he said, and stopped short at the corner of Fiftieth Street. "Listen," Joe Brady said in his husky voice; "let's get a taxi."

"I think I'll walk a while," Benny said.

Joe nodded. "I would if I was you." He put his hand on Benny's arm. "It's a tough break, kid. It's a nawful tough break."

"There's no use worrying about it," Benny said.

"No," Joe Brady admitted, "it ain't no use worryin'. But that don't stop you. When you get a break like that you gotta worry."

"It isn't any worse for me than it is for you, Joe," Benny Powers said. He didn't want Joe Brady to know how bad he felt. He didn't want to talk. He wanted to do something—something new and interesting. He wanted to call on Ann Hoyt and see what it was like to go to tea in the East Sixties. He wanted to find out if he could meet the gentler side of life.

Joe Brady shook his head. "Don't kid yourself. You're the best boy I ever had or ever will have. You got the class. Everybody in the game knows it." He looked Benny up and down with paternal pride. "Why," he exploded, "even the customers know it!" He paused, considering the incredible fact. "Yes," he continued, "you got so much class even the customers couldn't help seein' it. They might not have known how good you were, but they knew you wuz better 'n the others. An' as for a guy like me, that's seen 'em all for thirty years"—Joe Brady paused and blinked rapidly, as if he felt tears in his eyes—"why—why, it was a pleasure to see you work." Benny Powers looked away, down the bright breadth of Park Avenue and up at the gilded ornament on top of the Grand Central Building at the foot of the street.

"An' now," Joe Brady finished, and his voice was huskier than usual—"an' now it's all over."

"Yes," Benny said. He clenched his right hand, staring at it. It didn't show the injury. It was just as good as ever for ordinary purposes. It was merely not so good for putting a tough one down and out.

"An' don't you kid yourself about its bein' as bad a break for me as it is for you," Joe Brady said. "I c'n get me another fighter and you can't get another hand."

"I can do something else, Joe."

"What?" Joe Brady asked. "Tell me what."

Benny grinned. "I was on my way to being a good mechanic once. I guess I could still run a turret lathe."

"Yeah," Joe Brady said. He surveyed Benny Powers, noting the derby hat, the quietly perfect suit, the gloves, the stick. "Yeah," he repeated. "I see you in overalls."

"I may get back to them," Benny said soberly.

"You can't do it, kid. You might as well forget it. You're too ritzy now. You gotta find something ritzy to do."

"I'm not ritzy," Benny protested.

Joe Brady raised his eyebrows. "No?" he said with irony. "If," he continued—"if there's anybody in this whole street"—and he indicated the length and breadth of Park Avenue with a jerk of his hand—"if there's anybody in this whole street that's any ritzier than you are, I'd like to know."

Benny laughed. He hoped he did look ritzy. He was going to call on Ann Hoyt, in East Sixty-second Street, and he didn't want to look like something she'd have to explain. He was going to call on Ann Hoyt, but when Joe Brady got his taxi, Benny hesitated. He knew she'd be cordial. He knew she had meant what she'd said in Paris. And yet, what was the use? He wasn't sure he hadn't always been in love with her since that night at the high-school dance, years and years ago. It would be painful to see much of her. She was engaged to Hugo Pritchard. And even if she weren't, she was quite out of his class. He thought of all the reasons why he shouldn't see her, and walked across the street into a drug store and telephoned. Ann Hoyt said that she'd read in the paper that he'd got back from Paris and she'd been expecting him to call up and wouldn't he hurry right over.

II

BENNY POWERS had never met a butler before. This one merely said Miss Hoyt was expecting him, and took his hat and stick and gloves so expertly that Benny wasn't sure afterward what he had done with his things. Ann Hoyt was waiting for him in the drawing-room. She was glad to see him. She left no doubt that she was glad to see him.

"So," she said, holding out her hand—"so you did come after all. I was so afraid you mightn't. We talked about you all the way down to Cherbourg that morning, and Hugo said he'd never felt so small in his life as when he found out who you were and realized he'd dragged you into a café fight."

"He didn't drag me in," Benny said. "Things like that just happen." He paused, embarrassed. He didn't want to talk about that episode. He didn't want Ann Hoyt to know he'd ruined his right hand by using it on the Saginaw Kid's hard head when his hand was tender and shouldn't have been used at all.

"It was lucky for Hugo that you were you," Ann Hoyt said. "If it hadn't been for you, Hugo would be in a French jail still; or else in the hospital."

Benny didn't know what to say. He was too acutely conscious of her—of that cool, delicious voice, that bird's-wing curve to the eyebrow, that gallant poise of the head. She made his dreams of her too real.

She saw his embarrassment and talked on about unimportant things until tea came in. Benny told her he was not going to fight again. He said he thought it was time for him to go into something else.

Ann Hoyt looked up quickly, a cup poised in her hand. "Oh," she said, "I think you're awfully wise. I was talking to father about you the other night. He remembers you as a boy and he wants to meet you again. He said the only trouble with being a crack prize fighter was that your success was so big and so soon over. He said that a young man who found himself at the top couldn't stay there long, and if he was too proud to give up the applause and begin at the bottom in something else, he slipped into being a second-rater."

Benny took the cup of tea she offered him. "And then into a has-been. What we call a ham-and-beaner."

"What's a ham-and-beaner?"

"A man who fights for enough money to buy a meal or two," Benny Powers explained.

"Only," Ann Hoyt said, "I don't see why you should have to begin at the bottom in something else. I don't see why you shouldn't find something splendid to do."

"I'd like to," he admitted. He balanced the cup of tea. It was neither so difficult nor so absurd as he had always heard it was. And balancing it helped you to talk when you were embarrassed. It gave you something to do with your hands.

"But I don't know if I could," he went on. "I don't know of anything I could do. I've done nothing but fight for seven years. I don't know how to do anything else."

"You ought to be an explorer or a soldier of fortune or something," Ann Hoyt said. She was really very young. She was younger than Benny Powers.

"You have to learn how to be an explorer," Benny Powers said. "You have to be a scientist."

"And soldiers of fortune are out of fashion, aren't they?" Ann Hoyt reflected aloud.

"I wouldn't know where to look for a job as one," Benny Powers said.

Ann Hoyt shook her head. "That's one mistake you mustn't make," she said. "You mustn't look for a job. The way to get a job in New York is to meet the right people. I can introduce you to quite a lot of people, and through them you'll meet others and you'll get a chance at something grand, simply because they'll like you."

"You mean not to tell them I'm a prize fighter?" Benny asked. He didn't want to meet her friends under false pretenses. It would be hard enough to meet them if they knew all about him.

"No," she said, "of course not. I mean to broadcast it. Don't you know you are famous?"

"I'm well-known as a fighter," Benny said, "but that would hardly be a help with your friends."

"Oh, but you're mistaken. You'll go over big. You don't know how many young hostesses would jump at the chance to have you at their dinner parties."

"As a sort of freak," Benny said.

Ann Hoyt laughed and shook her head. "Not at all," she said. "If they wanted freaks they could easily get some prize fighter who looked the part, and acted it too. You know, a regular old-fashioned thug. That might give some people a kick for one evening."

"I couldn't even give them that," Benny Powers said.

"Oh," she cried, "don't be stupid. You look as nice and clean-cut and well dressed as any young man from downtown. And you have better manners. You might be some harmless boy selling bonds. Only you aren't. You're Young Griffin, the prize fighter. Don't you see what a kick there is in that?" She leaned back in her chair and looked at him and smiled. "You've got to be a social lion, Benny," she said. "You're all set to be a lion."

Phyllis Bentley came in before they had a chance to argue that. Phyllis Bentley was young and handsome in the modern manner. Ann Hoyt introduced Benny Powers to her. Mrs. Bentley gave him a casual nod, as if to say she wasn't interested at the moment, and turned to the tea table. The effect she got was provocative.

"How original of you, Ann," she said, "to have tea at teatime. I came in for a cocktail. But I'll have a cup of tea."

Benny sat back watching as Ann poured tea. Mrs. Bentley instantly took the center of the stage and Ann was content to let her. Mrs. Bentley had long since discovered the possibilities of combining a particularly feminine appearance with a bold character. She chatted with Ann about mutual acquaintances as if Benny Powers were not present, until Ann was called to the telephone.

Mrs. Bentley put down her teacup, leaned back in her chair and looked up at him; she looked into his eyes as if she had been waiting for this moment.

"I place you now," she said. "You're the prize fighter who rescued Hugo Pritchard in Paris. I saw you fight McLarnin in the Garden last winter. You were much too clever for him."

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"Now!" Hugo Pritchard Said. "I Know You Can Lick Me. But Whatever You Do, I'm Going to Speak My Piece"

NAVY MAN

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

IT STARTED at the Academy during bull sessions in first-class rooms along the decks of Bancroft Hall. After the gang had pointed out Jellicoe's more serious mistakes at Jutland, and cussed those dilly-dumb kaydets for busting up the Army-Navy game, and exhorted some near-bilger to pull himself "sat" in the final exams, they'd get around to this disarmament business.

Savvy Collins, who was planning to resign on graduation and go with an electric company, and Shanks Gilroy, who had been offered a job with a shipbuilding company in Philadelphia and was trying to decide, led the talk.

"This man's Navy is shot to pieces," Savvy would say. "By the time you fellows are J. G.'s, there won't be any Navy left. These pussy-footing pacifists will have you out in rowboats armed with popguns, helping the Coast Guard chase rum-runners."

To which Shanks usually would add a sardonic "There ain't gonna be no more wars, boys. So why a navy and why naval officers? You tell me the answer!"

Well, what was the answer? Midshipman Stuart Knowlton, for one, didn't know. A pipe thrust into the firm, straight line that was his mouth, feet cocked on a radiator, and tobacco crumbs spilled on his open blouse, he would look up from a page of shots-per-gun-per-minute records and glance uneasily at Skipper Church, his roommate. Skipper or Cal Rainey or Jimmy Gay, his particular buddies, could be depended on to hurl defiance at the croakers.

"Get out of the Navy, then," they'd say. "Who is begging you to stay in? Only, when the next war busts loose, mister, you'll come crawling back. I'll rank you plenty, and if they ever send you to my ship, you'll spend your cruise in hack!"

It wasn't a very profound answer. And it always gave Savvy and Shanks opportunity for a gleeful "Nuts to you. We'll join the National Guard and rate brigades when you're all two-stripers."

Midshipman Knowlton used to sit and listen, pretending great absorption in trajectories and windages.

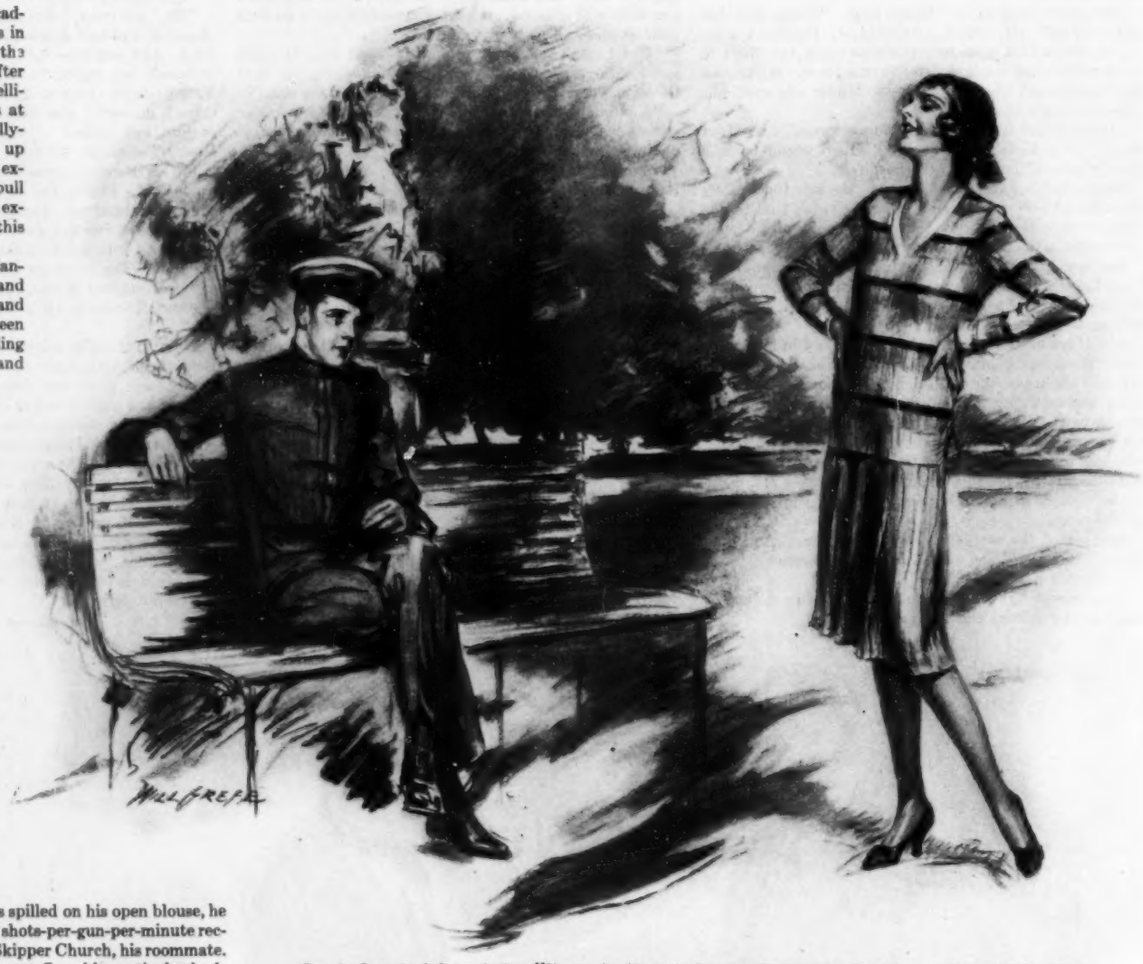
"Looky here now, Shanks. There's always been wars; there's always gonna be wars. It's human nature. You can't change it."

"Yuh know where some of these fellows who are howling for disarmament were in the last scrap? They were doing time in Leavenworth or—uh ——"

"They think we're glory hounds, the fools. What sailor ever claimed war was anything but a dirty, murdering job? Only, it's gotta be done every so often." All this followed by much inaccurate quoting of Fiske, Sims, Beatty, Roosevelt, Kipling and Holy Writ.

Just midshipman talk—kid stuff. Knowlton always managed to put down the tiny doubts it raised. Savvy and Shanks weren't real Navy men, that was all. If that was how they felt about the Navy, it was well rid of them. As for him, he hadn't come to Annapolis to worry about peace conferences. Ships and guns—they were his job. Ships and guns.

So he faced June Week like a true Navy man. He was too nonreg to be honored when the stripes for military were handed out; he got a buzzard to wear on his sleeve and that was enough. Leave marching to the Army! He had been a whiz in "nav" and "math," had led savvy sections in these subjects for three years, but he scorned to work up grease in English and Dago. Did they want officers who could parley-voo frog admirals, or battle-wagon salts who could train high-score gun crews? At that, he stood forty-six in a class of three hundred and eleven. Just far enough down to make sure they wouldn't stick him with ship construction or any other shore detail.



Gracie Laughed Scornfully. "You? Jo Must be Crazy. You're the Seagoingest Man in the Class. You'd Keep Salty in a Sugar Bowl. Jo Ought to Have ——"

Quit the Navy? The idea had never entered Stuart Knowlton's head.

He was utterly flabbergasted when Jo Treadwell mentioned the possibility. Jo was his O. A. O.—Academy slang for One and Only. She lived with her folks in Baltimore and had worn his class ring since the end of second-class year.

Jo and he walked away from the admiral's reception two nights before graduation to have a look at the Severn from the sea wall.

"California is such a long way off," she sighed.

"Why, you should be glad I drew the West Coast," he said in great surprise. "What if I'd been sent to the banana fleet or China Station?"

His girl was rated a 4.0 queen by admiring classmates. Her blond beauty graced a full page of this year's Lucky Bag, and she had inspired numerous sonnets in The Log. Their romance had seemed to her a giddy, lovely whirl of hops and football games, dazzling in the bright golden shine of brass buttons. But since June Week started she had been thinking of the difference between a midshipman's sweetheart and an ensign's wife.

"I don't know a soul in Long Beach," she said, "and the fleet goes to Puget Sound for July and August, doesn't it? And then to Panama for January and February?"

Not realizing the seriousness underlying her objections, he said easily: "If you don't like Long Beach, you could live in Pedro or L. A. I'll probably draw a destroyer or a sub the second year; then you'll be at Coronado. There's a live bunch at Coronado, hon."

"I'm sure I'd enjoy life—with you on a submarine!"

He stared at her, unbelieving.

"Why, Jo, you're not getting cold feet on it, are you?"

She avoided his eyes. "How do you know you're going to like life in the Navy?" she inquired.

"Like it? I'll love it, hon. But see here, I don't want to hold you to this—if you're doubtful."

Oh, no, she wasn't doubtful. Not exactly. But she'd just been thinking—well, about this talk of peace agreements and scrapping all the navies. Her folks had said—well, was the Navy such a good career after all? With his training, couldn't he do much better in some job on the outside where he wouldn't have to be away from home all the time?

While she struggled on with it, he was looking out across the waters of the bay to where the battleships which were to take the midshipmen on their summer cruise rode at anchor. One of them was the New York—he'd been on her for his youngster cruise. Good old tub.

"I'm a Navy man," he said, careful to make his voice hard and matter of fact. "I'm sticking. I thought you were too."

Oh, it wasn't that. She loved him, and if he couldn't be happy on the outside, she supposed she would learn to like Navy life. He, realizing that the glamour of brass buttons was losing its fascination for her, suggested that she take several months to think it over. They quarreled rather badly; she accusing him of wanting to break the engagement and he accusing her of not knowing her own mind. The only result was that the wedding date, indefinite pending news of his first assignment, remained indefinite.

She left early to drive back with her folks to Baltimore. He wandered about the Yard, brooding over the uncomfortable questions she had raised. Maybe Jo was right. He hadn't thought about her side of it before. Perhaps it

wasn't fair to expect Jo to stick. When Savvy and Shanks and Bill Peters and Georgie Kane were shoving off for the outside, could he blame Jo for wanting to duck out too?

He filled his eyes with the shining white stateliness of Bancroft; saw the squat bulk of the armory as a familiar image; marked how the moonlight made the ugly dome of the chapel almost beautiful. Beyond No. 3 Gate lay Crabtown like an old country village miles from the sea. The cupolas of Carvel Hall and the State House pushed above the heavy-scented trees. In this gentle cloister he had learned the art of war.

And was it all for nothing? Had he, as one of "Uncle Sam's pampered pets"—a favorite phrase among young cynics writing for The Log—spent four years learning an outmoded profession? Were these faint rumblings in midshipman chatter and Jo's stumbling, groping sentences prophetic? Were they going to junk the Navy?

He sat down on a bench near the statue of old Tecumseh—noble god of the 2.5's—and tried to fight off his bewilderment with a few choice swear words.

Gracie Allen came by.

"June Week blues, sailor?" she greeted.

Midshipman Knowlton stared at her coldly. Gracie was a pestiferous little "yard engine," so called because, being the daughter of Captain Allen of the "Ac" department, she lived in the yard. She hadn't missed a hop for two years, but credit that to the scarcity of girls in Crabtown. Midshipmen dragged her when they felt snaky and there were no other dates. Gracie had never been any middy's O. A. O.

The trouble with Gracie was that, being a child of the Navy, she wasn't dazzled into "ohs" and "ahs" by brass buttons. A year or so back, the gang had allowed Gracie to edit the annual Femme Number of The Log. Gracie's editorial on Little Tin Gods had aroused the wrath of the regiment. Her discourse set forth that midshipmen, by and large, were a conceited pack of kids who talked stereotyped slang and thought stereotyped thoughts, if any, and heaven help any girl who married one of them.

"Go play with your dolls, sister," said Midshipman Knowlton.

"Don't be like that, Noley," she remarked, in no whit abashed. "I'm making the rounds of the benches and the sea wall tonight. Already I've put new life, new hope into seven forlorn and desperate rhinos. What bows down your manly heart?"

He grinned sheepishly. Gracie was rather a cute kid. He'd always rated her at 3.5.

"The O. A. O. wants to dry-dock me," he admitted.

Gracie laughed scornfully.

"You? Jo must be crazy. You're the seagoingest man in the class. You'd keep salty in a sugar bowl. Jo ought to have ——"

"Jo's all right," he broke in loyally. "She'll stick."

"Oh, I'm not blaming Jo," said the girl in haste. "Never think it. You're the one that's to blame. You've been rushing her with a heavy line, just like all the others. You boys get girls on the outside to thinking they'll rank the admiral's wife if they marry you. Why don't you tell them the truth for a change?"

"What truth?"

"That you'll be nothing but a first-year jayo with grad debts galore to pay off when you join the fleet. That she'll be stuck away in a three-room bungalow in Long Beach. That she can't follow you to Bremerton or Panama or Honolulu until you rate two stripes."

"I told her that—uh—anyway, she knows it," he said sulkily.

"Sure, she knows it now. This is June Week. They always start thinking about what it will be like to be Mrs. Gadget two nights before Gadget graduates."

"Gee, Gracie, you've been a big help. You've cheered me up a lot. Got anything bright to say about peace conferences?"

"Why don't you boys read a newspaper occasionally? You might tell Jo that daddy's going to get his ship—battle fleet—so I'll be in Long Beach," she suggested helpfully. "Tell her she can have the first two or three babies at our house. It'll save her the long trip back home to mother."

"You dear thing!" he said. "I wish you had told me this sooner. I'd have asked for a transfer to the European squadron."

She grinned at him. "I'm a handy gal to have around, Noley. Believe it or not, nineteen foresighted fellow classmen of yours have already engaged me to look after their wives while they're out putting smoke on the horizon for the benefit of news-reel cameramen. Wanta join up?"

"Weigh anchor, woman," he growled. "I'll look after Jo myself. Ten minutes of your gladsome chatter and she'd quit the Navy cold."

He missed entirely the little flicker of Gracie's long black lashes and the sting in the laughing "She ain't joined the Navy yet, sailor," with which Gracie departed.

It got better the next day.

He and Jo made up over ice-cream sodas at a drug store on the Circle. He had seven dances with her at the ball that night. Both were caught in the dazzle of lights and music.

"Let's get married this month. Then you can go West with me," he whispered in a shadow of the balcony.

"Oh, I couldn't, Noley. Let's make it September."

They left it at that.

Graduation morning! Blue dress for parade. Whites for the exercises. Shiny blue-and-gold boards for shoulders as soon as the diplomas were handed out. He and the rest of the gang carried theirs in their pockets, ready to put on. Kid stuff. They had extra caps for their girls, so the ones they threw away at the close of the exercises wouldn't matter. He sat next to good old Skipper, and Cal and Jimmy were two rows behind. Skipper was solemnly sentimental about it.

But Midshipman Knowlton, seated there in the armory, bleak and barren from morning light, didn't feel solemn or sentimental. Not at first. He'd had enough of that stuff. Thinking didn't do any good; not when your mind went back to pessimistic thoughts.

But when the Secretary of the Navy started his address, Knowlton listened with eager and grave attention. He needed reassurances.

To him the address wasn't very satisfying. There was too much talk about peace. How the Navy was "a positive force for peace," and how the Navy "looked hopefully to the day when the world's burden of armaments might be materially reduced."

He and Skipper were packing up in their room, afterward, when he said, "The big chief isn't a pacifist, is he?"

Skipper snorted. "Naw, he's a big-navy man at heart. He's got to be diplomatic, though. Disarmament is all the rage nowadays. . . . What's the matter, old kid? You look worried."

Ensign Knowlton stared down at his bright new sword and full-dress hat, which lay on the bed.

"It's a funny deal they've handed us, Skip," he said from the depths of inarticulateness. "They've given us nothing but war to think about for years. And all the time they're talking peace. We're pretty much out of step, aren't we?"

In a grim flash of insight, Skipper answered: "They're all idealists down at Washington now. We're realists. We're the poor bloodthirsty blokes Uncle Sammy is keeping handy in case idealism doesn't click. Get the point, Noley?"

He nodded, still troubled.

Skipper clapped him on the shoulder.

"Take a brace, old kid," he said. "It'll be different out in the fleet. Ships and guns out there, Noley—ships and guns. 'Turret 1 manned and ready!' . . . 'Aye, aye, Turret 1!' Give 'em hell!"

So he went out to the fleet and became Ensign Stuart Knowlton, deck division U. S. S. Nonega, first-line battleship. And for three months he was too busy learning his new job to think about anything else.

Crabtown faded as any man's memory of

(Continued on Page 52)

He Had Seven Dances With Jo at the Ball That Night. Both Were Caught in the Dazzle of Lights and Music

Pyatiletka—By George Sylvester Viereck

Russia's New Economic Nostrum

WE WERE drinking coffee—a luxury rare in Russia—on the veranda of a foreign embassy in Moscow.

"How long," I asked my host, "do you think Bolshevism can last?"

The ambassador shrugged his shoulders and smiled diplomatically.

"It has lasted eleven years. It may last longer. If a bear can lie for two or three hundred years on the right side, why can he not lie a century or so on the left?"

"But," I said, "if the Russian Bear is cold and hungry, and if he is constantly prodded with prongs, he may wake up, and, growing conscious of his chains, attempt to tear them asunder."

The ambassador smiled again, but he preferred not to commit himself.

The Russian Bear is not permitted to sleep by his new masters. New decrees constantly buzz about his ears like a swarm of bees. Whenever a Bolshevist commissar has a new idea, forthwith a new regulation is promulgated.

Without modifying its ultimate ideal, the Bolshevist oligarchy is constantly changing its methods. Russia is in a state of flux which makes it hazardous to report conditions or state conclusions. The truth of today may be the lie of tomorrow.

PHOTOS. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The Symbol of the Soviet Republic—a Star in a Circle—Formed by Russian Youth, Young Men and Women Together. This Was a Feature of a Gymnastic Exhibition Staged in Moscow

Only a Few Years From the Millennium

IN SPITE of such changes, which render figures illusory, conditions are not improving. More and more commodities are rationed. The breakdown of transportation has assumed the aspect of a catastrophe. Undisturbed by the long snakes in front of all food shops, the Bolshevist oligarchs still export foodstuffs to pay for foreign machinery and Bolshevist propaganda. It cannot be denied that there is something heroic in such an attitude. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the Bolshevist oligarchs themselves, though living frugally, are not starving. The Bolshevist leaders affect workmen's blouses. But at least they are decently clothed. Millions of their countrymen must go in rags.

Lenin's Institute, Occupied Mainly by the Central Committee of the All-Russian Communist Party

Undismayed, the Bolshevist oligarchs continue to carry into effect the plans for their economic nostrum—Pyatiletka, the Five-Year Plan. Pyatiletka is the rainbow painted in the Bolshevist sky by the lords of the Kremlin. The Bolshevist creed lacks a heaven. Pyatiletka, in the opinion of one of the best-informed newspapermen I met in Russia, supplies this deficiency. Pyatiletka is the Bolshevist millennium. It is the promise of heaven on earth by 1933.

For the sake of Pyatiletka, Bolshevism goes back on its promise to labor. The new dictatorship of factories conceals itself under the euphemistic cloak of "unique command." This plan gives the factory bosses freedom from meddling party "cells" and shop committees. It substitutes for the dictatorship of the proletariat the dictatorship of the Bolshevist oligarchs.

In Russia, especially among the intellectuals, rhetoric frequently takes the place of action. But the Five-Year Plan, which promises an earthly paradise to all good communists if they endure privations five years longer, is more than a grandiloquent gesture. Every furnace in Russia is going at full blast. Every wheel is turning at an accelerated speed. Every smokestack pours forth thick volumes of smoke. In their hectic desire to carry out their ambitious schemes, the Bolshevists frequently overreach themselves. In their anxiety for new machinery, they destroy with a sweep of the pen whole factories which could be easily salvaged.

Pyatiletka—the Five-Year Plan—provides approximately 10,500,000,000 rubles for the heavy industries, 6,500,000,000 for reconstruction, 13,000,000,000 for housing workers. It calls for a three-shift system, a seven-hour day for 75 per cent of workers, and an increase of 70 per cent in wages. Pyatiletka foresees an increase of 440 per cent in the output of clothing in 1932 to 1933. At the end of the five-year period collective farms are expected to cover 20,000,000 hectares. Between the Soviet farms established by the state-controlled Grain Trust, and the collective farms, private enterprise will be completely eliminated if the plan is successful. The government makes collective contracts with whole communities of peasants and deals with several villages as one group. These contracts will cover long periods. The collective farmers must introduce improved methods. The government undertakes to provide machinery and expert advice. All of which sounds very promising, but you cannot live in 1929 on the increased production of grain in 1933, and you cannot protect yourself from the bitter cold of the Russian winter with textiles that will be spun five years from now.

Concessions

THE plan undertakes "to increase the marketable output of agriculture and the marketable supply of manufactured goods." It also undertakes to "end the famine in goods and to accumulate reserves" for 150,000,000 people. The Soviets propose to rationalize both industry and farming and to "liquidate"—a favorite Bolshevist term—"the technical and cultural backwardness of the country." In other words, communism proposes to do in five years what capitalism, under the Czars, has been unable and, perhaps, unwilling to accomplish in as many centuries.

In Red Russia Young Girls are Trained as Pilots to Handle War Planes

Russia has now 20,000 engineers, 20,000 technicians, 11,000 agricultural experts. She needs 54,000 engineers, 44,000 technicians and 23,000 agricultural experts to carry out her ambitious scheme. With this end in view, the Bolshevist Government makes every attempt imaginable to lure foreign experts. While outlawing the native capitalist, the Soviet beguiles foreign capitalism into the Bolshevist parlor.

The Germans were the first nation to rush in for foreign concessions. They look upon themselves as the logical intermediaries between Russia and the rest of the world. However, experience has considerably subdued their original fervor. Some of the greatest German companies have withdrawn from the Russian field and are by no means loath to leave it to us.

Foreign concessions, it seems, are very fine on paper. It is possible that some of our gigantic corporations may succeed where the Germans failed. If the General Electric or Henry Ford were to withdraw from Russia, the blow to

Russian prestige would be enormous. Very powerful interests may exert pressure even in Russia. The pen that writes the checks on American banks may be mightier than the Bolshevist hammer. But those who are less powerful should walk warily before they entangle themselves in Russia.

I have spoken to some men who have had substantial interests in Russian concessions. Some have made a good deal of money, others have met with reverses. They tell me that the Russian is very clever in circumventing his obligations. Contracts do not always mean what they appear to say. It is best to consult those who have had previous experience in dealing with the Bolshevist Government before signing.

Foreign concessionaires frequently meet with insurmountable difficulties when they try to turn their paper profit into real money. Money, it will be remembered, is a prisoner in Russia, and it is not always possible to transmit either rubles or foreign currency to the world beyond the Russian wall. Engineers and technical experts sometimes find themselves unable, previous promises to the contrary notwithstanding, to send a portion of their salaries to their families at home. Red tape is more often responsible for delays of this type than Red malice. There is no doubt, however, that the government discourages in every way the transfer of money from Russia to other countries. The Bolshevists fear the effect of such withdrawals upon the artificial structure of Russian currency and the compulsory rate of exchange established by the State Bank.

The Head of the "Down With Illiteracy" Society Instructing Housewives in Reading and Writing Russian, in the Fight Waged by the Government Against Illiteracy

Russia's New Currency System

THE theorists who drew up the Five-Year Plan base their calculations in part upon an increase in the purchasing power of Russian money. Unfortunately, that power is shrinking steadily. In spite of inflation, Russian business is famished for capital. When I talked to V. S. Korobkov, director of the State Bank, a short time ago, there was little indication of inflation in the Russian currency. However, Pyatiletka—the Five-Year Plan—the new economic nostrum, requires an expansion of the currency which, according to recent dispatches, leaped from 1,750,000,000 to 2,500,000,000 rubles of paper money within a year. This is the beginning of a new wave of inflation. Citizen Korobkov is in charge of the foreign relations of the Soviet State Bank. He was recently in the United States, so to speak, as the ambassador from the Proletarian Paradise to the Inferno of Capitalism. He makes the impression of an able and aggressive business man, well able to argue his case.

"Russia," Korobkov remarked, when, after meandering through numerous rooms, I at last faced him at his own desk, "owes her rescue from financial destruction solely to herself. When we were in the mire of financial disorganization not a hand in all the world was stretched forth to help us. We had the right to expect assistance. We met not with assistance but with resistance everywhere. Whatever we may have accomplished, we have achieved ourselves. We wrested new wealth from the soil by the labor of our hands in the sweat of our brow.

"A decree of December 14, 1917, nationalized all the banks. Until 1922 there was no State Bank and no budget. We had to build anew from the ground up. We retired the old currency. The State Bank then issued the *chervonetz*. We hoped to avoid the necessity of a secondary currency. Unfortunately, conditions made it impossible for the government to maintain this position. The government still issues rubles. But the two systems are correlated because we have established a rate of exchange of one *chervonetz* for ten rubles."

"Are your bank notes exchangeable for gold?"

"Not at present, but a date for such convertibility will be fixed by the government."

"How does the State Bank invest its funds?"

"Chiefly in industries, credit institutions and coöperative societies. Very few credits are granted to private persons."

"Is the bank controlled by the government?"

"The affairs of the bank are in the hands of its directors, but the supreme authority is the People's Commissar for Finance."

"What rate of interest does the bank allow?"

"Usually 6 per cent on current accounts, 7 per cent to 8 per cent on deposits."

"What is the price of money in Russia?"

"We have practically three money markets. The State Bank lends money at 8 per cent to 10 per cent. State securities, short-time bonds and lottery loans pay 10 per cent to 18 per cent. Private market and mutual credit societies charge 36 per cent or more per annum. These rates fluctuate in accordance with economic exigencies."

"We are accustomed to high call money in the United States, but not to the fantastic rates which your banks demand."

"I can only repeat that we are faced by extraordinary conditions and that we were compelled to create a new economic world."

"Have you not received considerable aid from American bankers?"

"American money," Korobkov replied, "is welcome. But it is only a drop in the bucket. We have now reached a point where our solvency is so well established that we are entitled to long-term credits. We must pay more for short-term loans than is justified by our economic condition.

"America has a stake in our prosperity. Our purchases in the United States last year were three times as much as they were in 1913, the last year before the war. The balance of our trade with America runs against us to the tune of $293,000,000 for the last five years. We have paid every loan punctually on the minute. No capitalistic country could be more scrupulous in its transactions."

Korobkov Speaks About Russian Credit

"NEVERTHELESS," I remarked, "our bankers are afraid that the government may interfere with your financial policies. You yourself have told me that the Commissar for Finance is the supreme head of your system."

Korobkov waved aside my objection.

"Does not," he replied with a counter question, "Mussolini interfere with Italian banks? Mussolini makes Italian finance subordinate to his policies. He tampers with financial affairs more than our authorities. If state interference is wrong in Russia, it is also wrong in Italy. Yet you readily give money to Italy and you refuse money to us. England, New Zealand, Germany, Italy, the United States—every great country has its own system of banking. The fact that our system differs from yours is no reason for refusing credit to us, in view of the punctilious discharge of our obligations."

"How can you maintain your financial structure," I asked, "with the ruble selling for one-third to one-fifth of its value in other capitals?"

"We have no interest whatsoever," Korobkov replied, "in maintaining the ruble at par in international markets. We pay in goods, not in money. All our imports are paid for by exports. We satisfy our debtors in their own currency. We do not ask them to accept our rubles."

"But evidently," I said, "your own people have little faith in your financial stability or they would not sell rubles at any old price."

"We cannot," Korobkov replied, shrugging his shoulders, "prevent the smuggling of money across our border, just as you cannot entirely prevent bootlegging, but we have stopped 90 per cent of the leaks through

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PHOTOS, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A Military Demonstration by Russian Troops in Front of the Winter Palace of the Former Czar

THE LIMESTONE TREE

"You Will Have to Entertain Mr. Sash Until I Could Get Back," He Informed Her With Emphasis. "Remember, it Won't Take Less Than an Hour, and Maybe Longer"

Dark Memory—By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WHEN, at Maysville, Mayor Trigg mustered out the Kentucky volunteers in the war with England, Brevet Colonel James Sash was very well satisfied. He was, he told himself, particularly sick of the plumes and bright buttons of the militia; at last, he hoped, he was finished with fighting and with wars. It was just past noon, almost at the end of November, of a cold gray day; the sky was low, solid with cloud; the Ohio River flowed solid and dull past the Maysville landings. This was 1813. It had been more than a year since, in August, he had been elected captain of a company from Franklin County in the First Rifle Regiment, Kentucky militia. The troops had assembled as usual at Georgetown—three brigades of mounted volunteers, together with regulars under Colonel Wells; and there, standing in formation, James Sash had heard the oration of Mr. Clay and the oration of Doctor Blythe from Transylvania University. After that they marched against Detroit and the British; but, marching, it was learned that Hull had surrendered. This, naturally, disorganized the volunteers—a body James Sash had small confidence in—and they largely vanished. General Harrison was put in command of the Kentucky troops; and early January, James found himself at the rapids of the Maumee with a large American force.

The battle of the Raisin followed. He was seated on his horse, moving at a slow pace through the peaceful town of Maysville, a mounted orderly following him; away from the stir of the river front there was no sound except the impacts of the horses' hoofs; yet so far removed from the River Raisin and safe, long accustomed to the most violent fatalities, a sense of horror overcame him at the thought of that battle. It had proved easy enough to take Frenchtown from the English; but it was far different attempting to hold it without even the common precaution of posting sentinels on the main way of the enemy's approach. Why Wells had stationed his men outside the line of defense, James Sash could not conjecture. That, of course, was what ruined them. When, in no time at all, Colonel Wells was smashed, they had had to leave their defenses and go to his aid.

A hundred of them, with Lewis and Colonel Allen, sallied out, and a hundred, practically, were slain. He had been lucky, both then and afterward. Allen was killed at the head of his men and Lewis badly wounded. That, however, was nothing compared with what followed upon their surrender.

Even now, leaving Maysville, in imagination James Sash heard the yells of the Indians burning a house filled with helpless Kentucky soldiers; the cries of the wounded in the cellar of a tavern where the Indians were hacking and scalping with tomahawks and knives. The streets of Frenchtown, the fringe of the forest, were dreadful with the bodies of murdered Americans, officers and privates. He had escaped on foot by bribing an Indian—with his saddle bags and all they contained—to guide him back to General Harrison's impotent command. This arrangement ended abruptly when, after only a short distance, the guide tried cunningly to murder him. James Sash, in a cold ferocity, cut his throat. Yes, he'd had enough of war and dark memories. Maysville, he recognized, at last was growing; log houses were giving place to brick; the number of stores and taverns had multiplied since he had been there before. He left the town by the old road—Smith's wagon road, it had been—for Lexington. It was wonderfully improved since his first experience of it.

The defeat on the River Raisin had neither begun his military service nor finished it. He had remained in the north until the end of that campaign; Green Clay, with three thousand men, reached Fort Meigs the May of 1813. After Dudley's idiotic mistake and disaster, four thousand more Kentuckians, under Governor Shelby, joined Harrison; and in October, at the River Thames, the British were beaten. The Indians, with Tecumseh killed, vanished into the forest shades. Before all that, in 1792, he had been with Major Adair when, near Fort St. Clair, they were attacked and totally defeated by a force of Indians led by Little Turtle. With General Scott, the year following, he had joined Wayne north of Cincinnati; the militia returned home for the winter, but he remained at Greensville, helping to build Fort Recovery; and in August—this was 1794—James took part in the successful battle of Fallen Timbers. Now, he told himself definitely, his military obligations had been fully met. They were over. James Sash had reached, he saw, the town of Washington. It was laid out, scarcely more than twenty-five years ago, in the midst of a dense canebrake; a single street had been cut through the cane and narrow ways led

back to the few cabins there, but now the cane had been cleared away, and, like Maysville, there were brick houses and stores. Washington, James Sash calculated, must have reached near to a thousand people. Beyond, the country grew richer, the canebrakes disappeared and open wood meadows surrounded him; great trees, nobly spaced, spread wide symmetrical limbs; the farms were orderly with white fences. A deep pleasure enveloped him—he had returned to the land, the limestone soil, of his birth.

The day, when he reached the Lower Blue Licks, gave promise of darkening early; his horse showed a trace of lameness in the off fore foot; Leviticus, his orderly, lagged over the road, but James Sash had determined to reach Paris—to get that far away from the late contentious past—before he stopped for the night. He had come, already, almost halfway. However, James delayed to take his dinner there—a stew of venison with vegetables, cold Kentucky ham and wild turkey and hot apple brandy. The night was accomplished when he rode slowly into Paris. The tavern was full and, rather than sleep in a room then occupied by three teamsters well on the way to drunkenness, he chose a straw bed on the floor of the attic. It was far more comfortable than many of the beds, the camps, he had known in the north; and soon overcome, he carried the vague melancholy settled upon him into his dreams. There was an early breakfast of beefsteaks, sausage and broiled fowl and fish, johnnycake, preserves, and tea with a large dram of whisky in it; and, leaving Paris at a sharp trot, when he forded the Cane Run and entered Lexington the day was still ascendant.

James Sash resolutely turned his mind from the dark thoughts of yesterday and addressed himself to the future. But that, as well, carried him back into the past: early days in his grandfather's house at Harrodstown—but it was called Harrodsburg now—and the log school where he studied Morse's Geography out loud, learned Watt's Songs for Children, and later read Cicero's Select Orations, and the Testament in Greek. They were, however, soon over; he went on to his study of the law under Colonel Nicholas—living with the pleasant Nicholas family—in Mercer County. James had been admitted to practice in the district court at Danville in 1794, when he was eighteen, keeping a close association with his legal instructor until the older man moved away to Slate Furnace. Colonel Nicholas moved again, to Lexington; he died in 1799, a professor at Transylvania University; and soon after that James had gone to Frankfort. To be exact, he changed his place of residence in 1802, when the old district courts were abolished and circuit courts established in their place. He had been, James Sash realized, immediately successful at the state capital, riding the circuit and arguing in the Federal court and in the court of appeals.

In addition, he had served twice in the state legislature—in the lower house from Mercer County in 1798, and, 1807, from Franklin County, in the upper house. He was, he informed himself, done with politics as well as with war. He wasn't, it happened, suitable to either. He owned an instinctive and unconquerable hatred for all obscurity and violence. No one, he silently continued, could be less well adapted to the pursuits that had lately occupied his years. James supposed it was on account of his imagination. Things were vivid, terrifying, to him before they had actually happened. It was just as bad if, after all, they never occurred. A small army of fears occupied the back of his mind. He did not allow them to appear; they were, he hoped, powerless to affect his determination or conduct, but just the same there they were. Politics had been a continual difficulty for him—he had no taste for the combination of purely selfish and venal minds that, in the long run, were more powerful than the finest projects and men. He liked far better than the small complications of the present the few wide issues that had engaged Kentucky in his earlier years—the struggle against the influences of Spain, the difficulty of transforming Kentucky into a state, the assault of a French republicanism against the traditional American spirit—the tradition of Alexander Hamilton and of President Washington. James Sash was a bitter Federalist. He had absorbed that attitude, he liked to think, from his grandfather, James Abel. It was the only legacy from the past he regarded with approbation.

He rode over the long preliminary reach of East Main Street into Frankfort, past the middle of afternoon, and he was conscious once more of the pleasure he had in its orderly fineness. Lexington, it was asserted, was bigger; Lexington was growing more rapidly than any other town in Kentucky. That might be so, but it could never have the importance, the calm authority, of Frankfort, the state capital. There was nothing in the larger place to compare with the sightliness of Wapping Street, with its dignified brick houses set in wide lawns, and flower gardens reaching in terraces down to the river; no dwellings like Liberty Hall; where Mr. Brown lived, or like John Crittenden's. Lexington, as a matter of fact, had no men comparable with the Crittendens and Justice Todd and Judge Bibb. When James Sash had first come to Frankfort, there was no courthouse; the courts sat in the second story of the state house; but now there was a commodious brick building in Capitol Square, with locust trees planted in the yard. The Square had been set off by a substantial post-and-rail fence. In addition to all that, Frankfort had a water system—wooden pipes were laid from the spring at Cedar Grove to some very convenient places about the town.

James Sash passed the foot of Broadway and High Street and, at the corner of Ann Street, arrived at Daniel Weiseger's tavern, where he kept a room. Before he could dismount, Mrs. Weiseger, in even more than her customary hospitable excitement, appeared; he was immediately the center of a considerable and clamorous gathering.

There had been rumors of an American victory on the Thames, but nothing certain was known; and it was not

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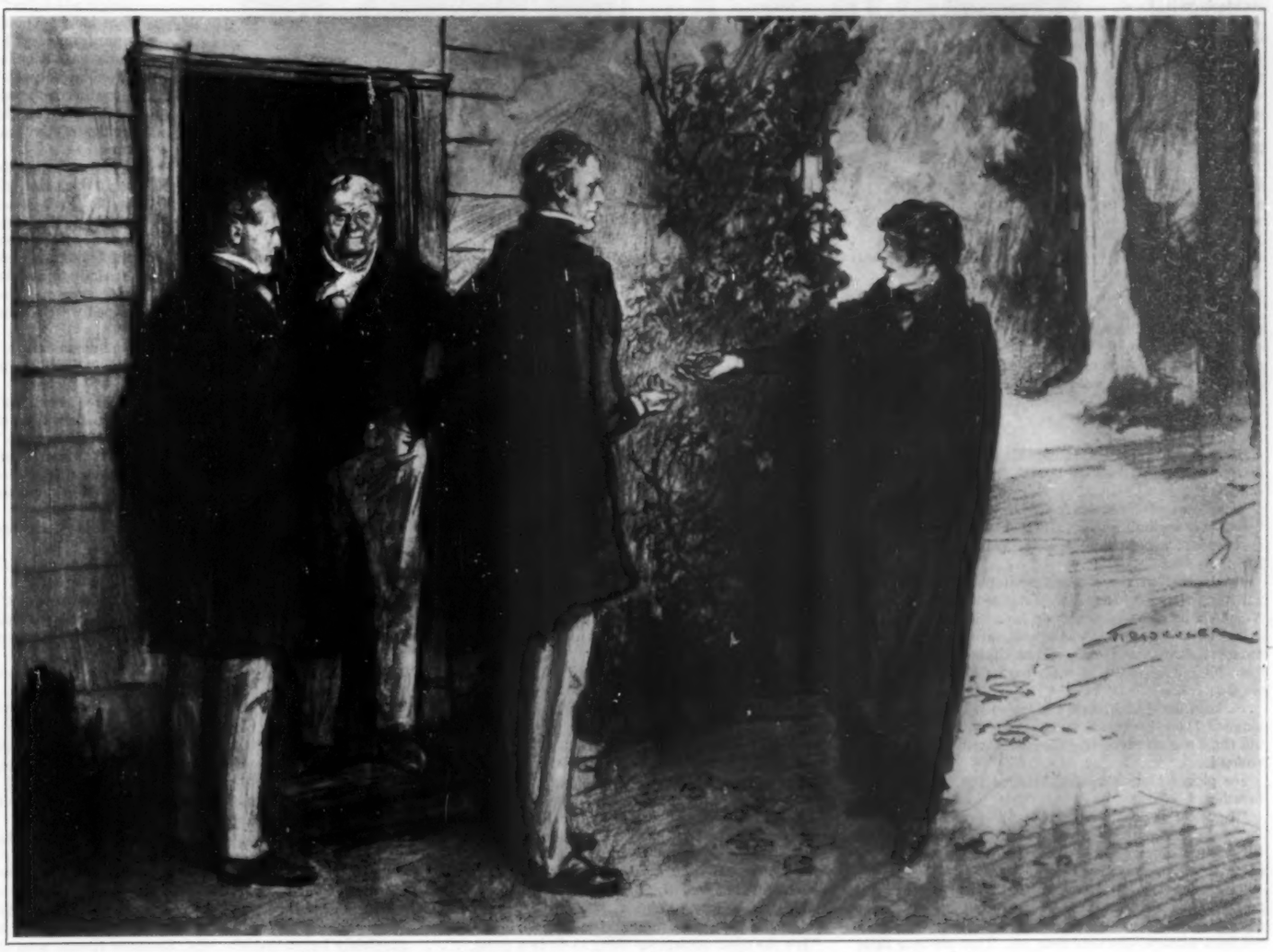

"This Ten Dollars," She Repeated to James—"it Belongs to You. Henry Gourdo Sent It"

BIG RICH

By CHARLES BRACKETT

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

II

SINCE Susan Spruance had said "Luncheon is at two," Joe didn't think that, with any decency, he could take a train earlier than the one which got to Mantasket at 1:15. He telephoned the hour of his arrival to the Spruances' major-domo, but was met by Shad's chauffeur at the train, and driven in Shad's car to Sea Meadows.

Sea Meadows was a Tudor manor which looked as though it must have broken adrift with its part of English coast and floated overseas. It couldn't have been so very old, for architecture in America hasn't been so accurate as Sea Meadows very long, but already ivy was tickling its leaden eaves, and the trees transplanted to its entrance court were so large and so full of pigeons that literate guests were very apt to quote "the moan of doves in immemorial elms."

Joe was shown across a great oriel-lighted hall to a vaulted cloister which did duty as a porch. Everybody who'd been at Shad's dinner was there except, as he noted with regret, Susan Spruance.

"Take shelter, comrades!" Shad shouted as he entered. "Here be is! Have you got a bombproof around here, Mrs. Spruance?"

"It's All Part of a Scheme." "Yes, a Scheme of Your Mother's. You Aren't Falling for That Social-Ambition Stuff, are You, Susan?"

Joe took the hand Mrs. Spruance, who had risen, extended to him. There was ice in her "How do you do?"

It was a thoroughly uncomfortable moment, and Joe couldn't help questioning Susan's kindness of heart that she'd left him to face it alone.

"Miss Spruance said ——" he stammered. "You see, Miss Spruance invited me."

"So she told me."

"Any poor old animals around that you're trying to keep in comfort during their old age?" Shad inquired insinuatingly of Mrs. Spruance.

"Oh, Shad, you're such a fool," Nan Halstead said. . . . "Wasn't it beginning to get a little hot in town, Joe?"

It wasn't like Nan to feel that she had to make conversation.

Joe knew that the strained atmosphere of the whole gathering must be because they realized that he'd forced himself in on the bare hint of an invitation.

"It was a little hot," he said, and, with a brave attempt at nonchalance, sank on a wicker chaise longue not far from Nan, only to feel it crash to the floor beneath his weight.

At least Joe had broken the ice as well as the chaise longue. The others made an effort to control themselves, but there was no concealing the fact that they were highly amused.

Joe picked himself up and brushed the dust from his breeches.

"I guess I've done for that," was all he could say.

"It doesn't matter," Mrs. Spruance told him, a smile tucked in the corner of her mouth. "It was French and really too frivolous for use here."

"He doesn't mean to destroy," Shad explained jubilantly. "It's just that he was built for a more heroic age than ours and doesn't realize it. Try a chair that was hewn out for a welterweight next time, Al. That one over there might do."

He pointed to the heaviest, squarest armchair in sight. A butler carried away the crippled chaise longue.

"Hadn't I better just sit on the floor in future?" Joe asked.

"I'm rather fond of this flagging," Mrs. Spruance advised against that course delicately.

"Why, you're here!" a voice said.

Susan Spruance in lettuce-green sports clothes had stepped through one of the long windows.

"Yes."

At the sight of her, Joe was glad she hadn't been there for his accident. She'd seen him in enough ridiculous situations and apparently hadn't let them prejudice her against him so far.

"I went to meet you at Westport," she said.

"I got off at Mantasket."

"Well, what gave Jackson the impression that you were arriving at Westport?" Susan sat on the arm of Betty Mercer's chair and pulled off her tight hat. "That's what he told you, wasn't it, mother?"

"I can't figure that out," Joe said, and sat in the big armchair, which gave way with a crash.

I am sorry to say that no one who had seen Joe's first mishap acted like a lady or gentleman. To say they laughed gives no impression of what they did. "Yowled" is perhaps the most accurate term. Shad couldn't even stay on the porch. He reeled down some steps into the garden and walked up and down its paths holding his aching sides. Susan Spruance did not laugh, however. She watched the others for a second; then, with a gleam of comprehension in her eyes, she addressed them:

"You demons! You fiends in dog form! You'd fixed that chair. That was why I was sent to Westport."

"What a spoilsport you are, Susan," her mother said. "This could have gone on almost indefinitely."

"It's the most outrageous thing to do to a guest. . . . I hope you'll pardon them, Joe."

"I'm sure Mr. Davis was glad to provide so much innocent pleasure."

"Delighted," Joe said, "but I guess I will sit on the floor in the future."

He didn't mind about the chairs any more, of course—but not to have guessed that it was a put-up job! To have had to be told by Susan!

"Joe was marvelous when the second chair broke," Nan Halstead said. "I've never seen that expression except on a child who's blown a balloon too hard."

"We oughtn't to get so much fun out of the Albatross," Shad panted, coming up the steps. "It's not fair. This afternoon let's see if we can't find an incurable ward for a change."

Therewith he sank into a chair; as it was one of the ones that had been prepared for Joe, it gave way amid loud delight which Shad's own laughter made unanimous. The party was off on that juvenile track which is a rather dangerous beginning for the parties of the mature.

When they got to the table, the roll beside Joe's place was made of cotton, varnished and painted to a miraculous imitation of the rolls everyone else had, and his knife and fork, being equipped with hinges, collapsed when he picked them up.

"This will entirely destroy your faith in human nature," Mrs. Armstrong, who sat next to him, said. "You'll thank us to the end of your days."

"Yes, but don't I get anything to eat?" Joe asked, simulating rage. "It wouldn't look well in the papers if one of your guests was found dead of starvation, Mrs. Spruance."

"I think it's perfectly possible," Mrs. Spruance said. "Shad got out of his plane today looking like an April-first version of Santa Claus. . . . I do wish you'd keep better control of your plate, Mr. Davis."

It was squirming a strange little jig, incited by a rubber bulb hidden under the tablecloth.

"It certainly must be great to have the heart of a child," Joe remarked, looking at Shad.

"Well, you know how it feels to have the brains of one," Shad returned, and, diving under the table, he grabbed Joe's feet and tried to pull him from his chair—an attempt Joe resisted.

It looked as though the table were going to be overturned.

"Will you stop them, please, Fred, or Mr. Armstrong?" Mrs. Spruance almost squealed.

Recognizing real agitation in her voice, Joe freed himself with one hard shove of the feet, saying, "Be your age, Shad."

Shad's head bumped against the table and he didn't like it.

"Why can't you fool without half killing a person?" he queried angrily of Joe.

"Want me to kiss the place and make it well?" Joe inquired, but Shad wouldn't smile.

"It's a good thing you didn't tip the table over," Betty Mercer told Joe. "Do you realize that this Lowestoft is absolutely irreplaceable? Mrs. Spruance spends most of her time collecting china. It's her great passion."

Mrs. Spruance was apologizing to Shad.

"I'm so sorry to have interrupted," she said, "but we're having a big dance here tonight, and I thought it might be nice if there were something left of the dining room."

Shad grumbled something about the foolery having gone too far anyway. The luncheon was under the cloud of his displeasure, and there were no more practical jokes until sweets were passed, and then something went wrong, for Nan Halstead got a rubber chocolate evidently intended for Joe.

She bit on it hard and emitted a sharp cry: "Shad Hermann, if you've made me break my bridge work I'll kill you."

Her surprise and rage restored Shad's good humor, and when they reached the porch again he challenged the world to a bout of anagrams, a game in which he excelled.

Mrs. Spruance, Nan Halstead and the Armstrongs accepted the challenge.

"For five dollars a letter," Shad named the stakes.

Betty Mercer, who knew her limitations too well for anagrams, got a well-worn if uncut copy of The History of Philosophy and carried it out to a big chair on the terrace. The rest sat on the arms of the anagram contestants' chairs and watched the battle; Hal Mercer, who had elected to sit by Nan Halstead, making suggestions about stealing words; all of which were based either on some mistake in spelling or a failure to take into account some letter in the word she was trying to steal.

Susan Spruance, on the arm of her mother's chair, was directly opposite Joe. They'd been separated at luncheon—by design, he suspected—and a great bowl of Persian lilacs had cut off his view of her, so it was the first opportunity their eyes had had since the theater. It wasn't long before they were lost in each other's gaze, just as they had been there.

Mrs. Spruance glanced up and noticed it.

"Can't you think of some way to steal 'porous,' Susan?" she queried a little brusquely.

"I'm no good at it, you know, mother."

Then Hal Mercer whispered to Nan that she should take "orange" with an *i*, by making it "groaning"—which was a bad enough suggestion to be supremely irritating.

"I wish you kibitzers would clear out," Nan snorted.

Hal merely grinned, but Susan and Joe took advantage of her words to stroll away from the table.

"What would you like to do?" Susan asked.

"Could I just wander around the place?" Joe ventured.

Susan looked back at her mother, who was busy puzzling over the letters. "I'll be your guide," she said, and they went down the steps.

"I suppose I shouldn't," she added tardily.

"Why not?"

"I ought to stay and entertain."

"You're entertaining me."

Susan looked at him.

"I think you know what I mean," she said.

"Shad?"

"Yes."

"No one has a right to insist on your doing anything like that," Joe said.

"Nobody does," Susan told him, "and I don't know why I bleat about it to you, anyway."

"I wish you'd bleat more explicitly."

"Well, I'm not going to."

They walked a few steps between two wide beds of Darwin tulips.

"You wonder why I asked you to come out here, don't you?" Susan said. "Well, I don't know. You can't do any good."

"In fact, I seem to do just the contrary," Joe said, studying her face. "Look here, Susan. You know I'm terribly in love with you, don't you?"

Susan Spruance had a small *crise de nerfs*.

"Oh, don't," she begged him. "Please, please, please don't."

"I'm sorry," Joe said abjectly.

Tears had gathered in her eyes, but his tone made her smile.

"Don't be," she told him. "I guess that's just what I wanted you to say, really. But let's talk about something else. This is the garden."

"I thought it was."

"The swimming pool is up past those woods, and beyond that is a big field where Shad landed his plane. Let's go and look at it."

"Fine."

They left the warm, gaudy space of flowers for the sweet cool under the trees.

Behind them the stone and old pink brick of the house lay dappled with sunlight.

"Lord, it's a beautiful place!" Joe said.

"I adore it," Susan told him. "I suppose it's silly to feel about a place that's only nineteen years old as I do about this. I'm romantic about it. I don't believe a girl could feel differently about an estate that had belonged to her family for centuries."

"It looks as though it had."

"My father spent the last ten years of his life building it. It was a dream he'd had always. Mother calls it *'pastiche Plantagenet'* when she wants to be funny, but it seems to me I see in it something besides just an imitation."

"I suppose you were crazy about your father."

"Yes."

"It's terrible that he can't see you now, and know how right you are for what he made."

"Twice lately I've dreamed that he wasn't really dead, and waked up feeling so happy and safe. Isn't it strange? I was only seven."

"You say you feel safe. Don't you always feel safe?"

"This is the swimming pool," Susan pointed out. "Those are dressing rooms at the deep end, and this is a tea house."

"I wish you'd answer me."

"Of course I do. . . . Let's go and look at the plane."

It wasn't far. The red-winged thing lay stretched on a marvelously smooth meadow which might have been made for airplane landing.

"You've seen the cabin?"

"Just a glimpse. Let me look again."

They climbed up.

"They're so thrilling to me," Susan said. "I've never been up in one. Isn't it silly? Mother's afraid."

"They're really quite as safe as a motor."

"Mother said it would be all right if Colonel Lindbergh took me up, but the day Colonel Lindbergh was going to it was terribly windy."

"I've driven this one lots of times," Joe told her. "Would you like to hop off for a few minutes?"

"Could we?"

"It has a self-starter. Of course, with the luck I've been having lately, I can't give any guaranties; but it's a swell day for flying, and this plane is always taken care of as though it were a piece of jewelry."

"I'm not a bit afraid."

"Here goes, then."

Joe put his hand out for the starter, when he was interrupted by a cry of "Hey!"

Shad stood in the field beside the plane, his face screwed into a knot—possibly because the sun was in his eyes.

(Continued on Page 94)

No One Who Had Seen Joe's First Mishap Acted Like a Lady or Gentleman. To Say They Laughed Gives No Impression of What They Did

SPARE PART

By EVERETT H. CLARK

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

PRIVATE JONES' route from the motor-transport billets to José's Place led down a sun-broiled street, flanked on either side by a continuous wall of adobe-fronted Nicaraguan houses, each house a miniature fortress built tightly against the next, so that the entire square formed a secure citadel. Tall and ponderous doors opened inward from sidewalks befitting a gloriously independent citizenry, each owner having modeled the tile walk before his property according to highly individual ideals of height and breadth. Jones cursed silently at the cloud of hot dust raised by a passing carriage, squinted ahead at the Cold Beer sign over José's Place, and stepped aside to avoid a barefooted market woman who bore down upon him balancing a huge basket of bread on her head and a naked child, astride, on each hip.

A neatly dressed but dirty-faced boy of about seven appeared in his path and demanded tribute.

"Good-by, my frien'," he greeted the marine, stretching his palm upward. "Gimme fi' cent'."

"Get out of my way," answered Jones, "or I'll give you a poke in the nose."

The small highwayman grinned broadly and extended a second palm beside the first. "I spik Engleese," he announced, and added, by way of proof: "Go hell."

Jones edged by and started to move on. "You shouldn't be beggin' on the streets," he said. "A kid with shoes on an' good clothes don't need money."

The boy grasped Jones' belt with both hands and threw his ineffectual weight into an attempt to halt the marine. "Money," he repeated. "Gimme money, American."

"You ought to be in the hills with the rest of the bandits," said Jones. "I'll show you how they treat 'em up there." He seized the lad by the shoulders and thrust him toward the nearest doorway.

"What You Want?" "We Want a Marine That Jumped the Wall in José's, an' We Want Him Bad"

The boy squealed in dismay, and a vision of intense feminine indignation suddenly appeared in the doorway and took charge of the situation.

She shook a diminutive forefinger at Jones and released a torrent of deliciously broken English.

"You leave alone my brother," said the vision, "an' min' your business. What you mean to fight small boy? You be ashame'."

Jones became conscious of minute spatters of mud and oil on his khaki uniform, of dust on his shoes and leggings, and of the manner in which his weather-beaten campaign hat was blown upward in front. The girl was not more than five feet two. She was a half pint of Spanish passion, and her deep black eyes flashed with indignation.

"You un'erstan'," she continued, "you big mule!"

Jones' open mouth closed suddenly, and he grinned. "Gee, sister," he said, "you sure know how to look mad in a nice way. Whyn't you go in the movies?"

"I move you," she replied. "Bum! Push somebody big, not babies!"

"Aw, I didn't push your kid brother hard."

"You did push him!" she said. "I saw you. You baby pusher!"

Jones laughed.

"Baby pusher," he repeated. "Say, sister, you're some baby yourself. If I went around pushin' babies, young Pedro here would be safe as soon as you showed up." His face became serious. "Do I look like a guy that would hurt a kid his size?" he demanded.

The girl looked at Jones with a new expression. Anger faded from her face as she took in the erect figure and the well-cut features, tanned by tropical suns till the keen blue eyes were almost startling in their dark setting. Even though it was not immaculate, the uniform fitted and added to the effect. She smoothed her gaudily flowered chiffon dress and half lowered her eyelids.

"Maybe no," she said, stepping slightly backward. "But hees names is Carlos, not Pedro. I am Rosita."

"Gimme fi' cent'," said Carlos from the protection of his sister's arm.

"I'm a motorcycle rider." Jones reached into his pocket. "Here, Carlos. Here's your nickel."

Carlos clutched the coin in a grimy hand, said, "T'ank you," after sisterly prompting, and sidled off.

"My name's Jones," continued the marine.

"Chones," the girl repeated. "That's nice name." Her eyes brightened. "An' you ride motorcycle? Then you stay in Managua all the time, no?"

Jones snorted and gestured abhorrence at the idea.

"Naw, I'm goin' up to the hills an' chase bandits. I ain't goin' to stay in this place no longer than I can help."

Her face fell. "When you go?"

"Well, I don't know exactly," answered Jones in some embarrassment. "You see, I been tryin' to get away, an' they won't let me go yet."

He Scaled the High Wall and Dropped Into the Next Yard

"Then you don' go away," smiled the girl. "You can come see Rosita sometimes."

"Yes, I do go away," asserted Jones. "An' I ain't goin' to have a chance to be seein' girls. You don't savvy. I'm a marine. I been in the outfit two years now without fightin' nothin' but motorcycles, an' now that I'm this close to real fightin', I'm goin' to get in on it. Besides," he added, "you've prob'ly got a dozen marines an' two or three gooks comin' to see you."

"No, no, no. Nobody. If I have marine, I have only one."

"Well, that don't sound so bad. Maybe, while I'm stuck here in Managua — But listen, baby, I know how you Nicaraguan girls throw them big black eyes at anything with pants on, an' I won't stand for it. I gotta go now, but if I ever come back to see you, you better remember that I don't like two-timin'. G'-by."

Jones moved on down the street and stopped under the Cold Beer sign to look back. Rosita was not in sight, but perhaps it would be a good thing to locate the house well in his memory, so that he would be sure to know which one it was. Let's see, it was only a couple of steps from José's. One, two, three houses up the street—the yellow one with green doors. He entered the cool shade of José's Place.

A dry and plastery odor from the walls mingled with stale cigarette fumes. In one corner of the front room a marine sergeant and a Nicaraguan civilian were heatedly arguing international politics. Jones passed through the room to the patio, where a broad tile porch on the near side of the inclosed garden was equipped with a miniature bar at one end and several tables at the other; the tables being strategically placed at sufficient distance to allow José an even break against time, in case of silent raids on his supplies when he ducked out to serve a front-room customer.

A swarthy-faced private sat with his rickety chair tipped back and waved a glass of beer at the three other members of the only group present.

"An' then a dynamite bomb lit right under his mule," he was saying. "Boy, he come outa that saddle like he had springs in his tail."

His audience listened with the nervous inattention of men who have better tales to tell and intend to tell them

when the first pause offers opportunity to break in. Chicowski dropped peanuts into his glass and watched them rise and sink. Cooney carefully removed the wet label from a bottle, preparatory to sticking it on the table top. Blumstein poured poker dice from their leather cup into his palm and back again.

"Kin I sit in?" asked Jones, doing so without waiting for an answer. "José!" he called.

"Have you got any money?" asked Blumstein.

Cooney took advantage of an opportunity. "Well, up in Telepaneca ——" he began.

The original speaker hastened to retrieve control of the conversation. "But this guy had guts," he continued. "He shoves right into the middle of it with a grenade in one hand and his .45 in the other. He's one medico that oughta been a marine instead of a Navy doctor."

"Horse feathers," said Jones. "A medico ain't supposed to fight. He's gotta stay back where he won't get hit, so's he can take care of the casualties."

The front legs of the other man's chair struck the floor with a crash. "What do you know about it?" he barked. "Runnin' that tin bathtub around Managua an' drinkin' cold beer while the rest of us fights don't give you no license to argue with the shock troops. You ain't no marine. You're just a spare part."

Cooney leaned forward and crumpled his wet label in both hands. "When I was in Telepaneca ——" he started.

The veins stood out on Jones' forehead. His face flushed beneath its tan. "Kelley," he said, "if it wasn't for these M. P.'s that's always poppin' up when they ain't wanted, I'd hand you a poke in the nose right now. Maybe you an' Cooney an' Blumstein an' Ski has been to the hills an' everything while I been stuck in Managua, but you know it ain't my fault. I been tryin' to make a combat patrol ever since I got here."

Blumstein laughed. "We heard that before," he said.

"Well, listen to it again!" shouted Jones. "I said I been tryin', an' that's what I meant. If anybody here don't believe it, they can come on out in the patio."

José thrust forward on noiseless feet and set a heavily laden tray on the table. "Beer," he announced triumphantly. "Much beer, but no combate." He jerked his thumb vaguely toward the front of the establishment and added, in a stage whisper, "M. P."

"To hell with the M. P.'s," murmured Jones, in a tone that somehow lacked sincerity.

Chicowski laughed from deep down in his throat. "Dat's your outfit, Chones," he said—"de M. P.'s. Plenty of fight an' stay in Managua chust de same."

"He don't want to fight that bad," said Kelley. "He only wants to tell the combat troops how to run the campaign."

"Is that so?" demanded Jones, his voice rising again. "Well, I can certainly tell some of you birds a few things about it. You razz a man that really wants to go an' then you come back with a lot of military dope that's just apple sauce, an' you peddle it for white man's tactics because you're too thick to know what it's all about."

"Yeah?" said Blumstein, rolling four kings and an ace without noticing them. "If you're so wise, you oughta be wise enough to get yourself out to the hills and tell some of them officers what to do. There's always some way to go. Why don't you find out what it is, an' quit beefin'?"

Jones kicked his chair back and stood up, his fists clenched. "That's just what I'm goin' to do!" he shouted. "I'll show you birds where you get off. You went because you had to. I'm goin' to go because I want to." He snatched his hat from a chair.

"You didn't pay for your beer, Napoleon," Kelley reminded.

Jones threw a quarter on the table. "There's my beer," he said, "an' what's more, I'll buy a case for the crowd if I'm not on my way to the hills inside of a month."

"When I was in Telepaneca ——" Cooney began.

Jones plunged out into the sunshine. He headed away from camp. He intended to go back to camp immediately, but, even in the heat of anger, remembered that the direct route lay past Rosita's house, and he had no desire to talk to Rosita in his present mood. The one thing he did want was to leave Managua, and the only way he knew of getting his wish was through the first sergeant. He had already asked so many times that the first sergeant had threatened to throw him out of the office. Gee, it would be a job to make the old fogy see things his way. But it was a job that had to be done. Let's see, now, there ought to be some good arguments that might get under the top's thick skin.

He was still thinking up arguments as he strode past the transportation dispatcher's office at the gate of the headquarters-company compound.

"Hey, Side-car," the dispatcher hailed him. "The first sergeant's been lookin' for you."

"He's got nothin' on me," retorted Jones. "I'm lookin' for him too."

He knocked on a shaky screen-door frame at the grimy shack that served as a company office.

"Come in."

Jones entered and a weighty individual with bushy eyebrows swung in a swivel chair to peer at him.

"Now, just where have you been?" asked the weighty individual. "Do you think I got time to comb every cantina in town when I want to put my hands on a motorcycle driver?"

"Just my luck," thought Jones—"to catch the old buzzard on the warpath." Aloud he said, "What 've I got to do, top? Park in the middle of the road every time I come in off a run? The dispatcher didn't tell me they was any more trips today."

"No," conceded the first sergeant, "and the dispatcher caught hell, and I caught hell, and now you're going to catch hell. The lieutenant wants to get out to Tipitapa. He's gone over to the post exchange right now to buy himself some cigarettes or something, and you'd better snake out that mechanical bedbug of yours and be waiting for him by the gate when he gets back. If he has to be stalled off once more, somebody's going to suffer, and it's

(Continued on Page 35)

"Listen, Baby, I Know How You Nicaraguan Girls Throw Them Big Black Eyes at Anything With Pants On, an' I Won't Stand for It. I Gotta Go Now, But You Better Remember That I Don't Like Two-Timin'. G'-by"

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 18, 1930

British Empire Free Trade

A CONSIDERABLE volume of political excitement has been stirred up in Great Britain by the so-called Empire Crusade launched by the press controlled by Lord Beaverbrook. It is a project of the Conservative Party, including a red-herring trail across the path of the Labor Party and a bait to the Liberal Party. According to this propaganda, the Empire is to be regarded as a single economic unit, trade within the Empire is to be free—with certain qualifications—a tariff wall is to protect the Empire from the rest of the world, and within the Empire the interests of the mother country and of the several dominions are to be safeguarded by agreements, quotas and compensations resembling cartelization. The scheme is calculated to make appeal to a country suffering from unemployment and a languishing foreign trade.

But, on analysis, it seems to please neither the Tory, the Liberal nor the Labor man. The qualifications to free trade within the Empire seem to include perpetuation of dominion tariffs, such as those of Ireland, India and Australia. Protection is growing in the several dominions, not receding. Thus the free trade would be largely on the part of the dominions with the mother country, not on the part of the United Kingdom with the dominions. A tariff wall between the Empire and the outside world does not appeal to the British as it does to the citizens of the dominions. What the United Kingdom needs is enlargement of exports with the outside world, not merely larger trade with the dominions. The proposal is really a compromise, embellished and decorated, but still a compromise—a policy not far different from that whose repudiation brought the Labor Party into power.

Ready Money

NOTHING quite takes the place of ready money. Consider those who had it, as many did, during the recent market crashes. Happy were they whose savings-bank accounts, or whose life-insurance policies upon which substantial loan values had accrued, saved them from being wiped out. Their name was legion. Happier still were those who had no speculative commitments that required protection, but who had ready money they could put into the market when it was scraping bottom, for the outright purchase of standard stocks at prices 40 or 50 per cent below those which had prevailed only a few weeks previously.

The buying power exerted, perhaps a little tardily, by these ready-money rescuers was a mighty force in checking the sinking market.

It was those who had nothing under cover who were wiped out. Hundreds of thousands of speculators, old and young, in every walk of life, were shown to have no first lines of defense behind their hazardous operations.

Even in gambling it is possible to exercise some common prudence, but at the crest of a ballyhoo bull market prudence is the least popular of the virtues. Prudence is not among those present when so many of us, according to one of the sages of Wall Street, are not content to have a dollar earn a nickel in a year, but try to sweat a nickel into earning a dollar in half that time.

Nationally speaking, we have become market-wise and ticker-broken too fast for our own good. The enormous expansion of the New York Stock Exchange and its activities, the extension of ticker service to communities remote from Wall Street, and the countless stories of easy money which fill the air, have made stock speculation easier, more tempting and more widespread than ever before. We have learned so much that is new, whether it is true or not, that it has crowded our old knowledge into the background. It has elbowed out of the minds of many of us the facts that the savings bank is just as sure and just as safe an avenue to wealth as it ever was; that compound interest has been rendered no less efficacious as a means to riches than it was before we witnessed the mania for stocks at forty or fifty times their earning power; that at those recurring periods when it will buy two dollars' worth of equities, a dollar in the hand is worth two in the hereafter.

There is a numerous saving remnant to which these observations do not apply. This was amply demonstrated by the unsuspected volume of under-cover savings which have been coaxed out into the open by unusual conditions. Other striking testimony as to our national thrift is found in the extraordinary increase of life insurance written and in force. The sum total of our savings-bank accounts, though apparently heavily depleted when the withdrawals of the past year are stated in dollars, suffered a decrease of only about 1 per cent. Loans upon life-insurance policies have been regrettably heavy, and past experience teaches that many of them will never be repaid; but it cannot be denied that money is to be used as well as saved; and in a large proportion of cases the ready cash made immediately available by the insurance companies saved the day for countless hard-pressed stock buyers who found themselves in a jam.

Whether it is in the savings bank, in the checking account, in old-line life insurance or in government securities, the perennial virtue of ready money will never depart from it.

Commissioner Hull, Exporter

MUCH jubilation has been expressed over Treasury figures revealing the wholesome growth of our export trade and the growing popularity of American goods in other lands. The steady rise in volume and in percentage of our exportations of finished manufactures, which now comprise above 50 per cent of the total, reassures us that American labor is reaping a substantial share of the benefits which arise from our growing foreign trade.

Machinery, motor cars, electrical devices, both great and small, and modern equipment of all sorts which makes for efficiency and convenience in factory, office and home, are in heavy demand. We not only make the goods the world wants but we have been fast learning how to sell them, to the advantage both of our foreign customers and of ourselves.

All these circumstances are sound reasons for rejoicing; but there is one record-breaking item of our exports, unconsidered and numerically small, which affords us singular satisfaction. According to an oral statement given out at the Bureau of Immigration, the number of aliens deported during the first three months of the current fiscal year was 3877, which sets a new record for three-month periods. This figure represents an increase of 1008, or 35.1 per cent, over the deportations in the corresponding period for the previous year. It was further said that if deportations continue at this rate the total for the year will substantially exceed the 12,908 made in the fiscal year 1929.

These are encouraging figures. They are headed in the right direction, but they are still far below what they should be. Lack of men and lack of money have been, and still are, Commissioner Hull's chief handicaps—not forgetting the political pressure continually brought to bear upon him—in his job of ridding the country of undesirable aliens who have come hither unlawfully. So narrow have been the resources of the Bureau of Immigration that it has been impossible for it to do more than touch the high spots and keep hands off thousands of unwelcome guests who are known to have entered the country unlawfully and who are ineligible owing to criminal records, disease, incapacity, insanity or revolutionary activities—a procedure forced upon this important arm of government by its shortage of funds wherewith to do the work cut out for it.

Of late, somewhat better conditions have prevailed, and the Bureau of Immigration has responded to them by increasing its activities in this direction as far as circumstances would permit. Its task is necessarily a disheartening one, for its executives are in the position of a medical officer who is asked to cope with the spread of an epidemic with resources which permit of little more than a halfway quarantine. It may be better than nothing, but nothing like perfection can be expected from it.

Congress should more sharply visualize the effects of the disbursements it makes available for deportation purposes. It should realize that every dollar spent by the Bureau of Immigration in this manner saves ten dollars to our states and municipalities, or, rather, to their taxpayers. It lightens the tax burden placed upon us for the maintenance of criminal courts, penal institutions, hospitals and public asylums for the insane, the incurable and the half-witted.

Important as it is, this is the smallest and the most temporary immunity that these deportations confer upon us. As far as they go, they tend to quarantine us against further pollution of our national blood stream by new injections of the worst blood of Europe and Asia—blood which is bound to reproduce itself in subsequent generations and breed native crops of substandard offspring predisposed to crime and subnormal in body and mind.

Such considerations are the whole heart and kernel of our immigration problem. Once we groped in the dark. Now we know the facts.

Rubber Control Again

AFTER the collapse of the Stevenson Plan for the control of the price of crude rubber it was expected that trade would remain free. But this is not to be, if the ideas of certain of the producer groups can be converted into action. One group of British rubber producers is formulating a scheme of producers' control, without aid of government, but dependent upon the coöperation of Dutch producers. One group of Dutch producers seems to lean in the same direction, and it is expected that conversations will soon begin between the British and Dutch producers. Such a deal would be at least a producers' private monopoly, not a state monopoly, and to that extent less distasteful; but one doubts its practicability.

New methods of tapping rubber trees, new methods of reclaiming used rubber and new methods of giving longer life to automobile casings have changed the older relations between supply and demand of rubber. The world production is supposed to be around 850,000 tons, the consumption around 800,000 tons, and the surplus of 50,000 tons is what the producers' plan aims to hold under control. Of the total world consumption, around 300,000 tons are used outside of the United States, and this proportion is on the increase. We have the largest stake in the price of rubber. Of all the users, we are in position to pay the highest price for rubber; but, as shown at the time of the Stevenson Plan, we do not submit to price extortion. We are convinced any form of price control will fail unless producers adjust production to prices rather than prices to production.

THE TRANSATLANTIC RACE

By Isaac F. Marcosson

NOT since the World War, when ocean lanes were danger zones, has sea activity so focused interest as now. Both peace and combat branches of the maritime service are front-page news, but in striking contrast. The problem of disarmament, now happily on the way to equitable solution, makes for tonnage reduction. The rise of the new American merchant marine, on the other hand, has for its objective an expanded fleet that will be able to hold its own against all comers. The Jones-White Law, enacted in 1928, is stimulating Yankee ship construction and helping to free the industry from the incubus of government ownership and operation. The old glory of American shipping, with its glamour of clipper prestige, is on the way to impressive revival.

Linked with this significant development is transatlantic speed rivalry, renewed, after a long lapse, by the achievement of the Bremen, symbol of a reasserted German marine power. The most spectacular, and likewise the most expensive, of all races is on.

No phase of contemporary transport is more picturesque than is embodied in the possibilities of transoceanic air travel as revealed by the feats of the Graf Zeppelin. A dirigible passenger and mail line to ply between the United States and Europe, and financed by one of the great New York banks, is in process of formation. The lone route blazed by Lindbergh is likely to become an active aerial highway before many years. Travel, whether aloft or below, is in revolution.

Behind the merchant ship is its twofold need. One is that it constitutes an auxiliary of the Navy in time of war and becomes a bulwark of national security. The other, which is more important because it is more permanent, grows out of its function as carrier of our overseas commerce. Hence it is a prop of the national prosperity.

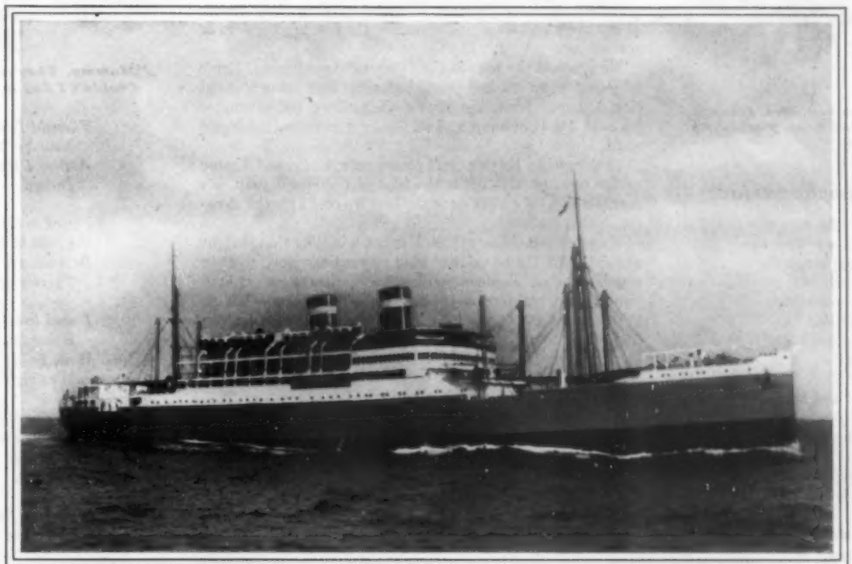
Competing Carriers

ONCE upon a time our exports were sporadic because they represented just so much surplus stock. From mere velvet they have developed into an essential to our economic well-being. During 1928 the total turnover of our foreign trade was more than $9,000,000,000, to which exports contributed $5,128,000,000. Imports are largely raw materials. Some of them, like rubber, are indispensable to our premier industries.

At no other time, perhaps, since a modern cargo ship first touched at an alien port has the struggle for overseas trade been so intense as at the moment I write. Great Britain and Germany look to the outside markets for the lifeblood with which to regalvanize depleted economic bodies. Germany in particular sees in an expanded foreign commerce one of the elements that will help to pay her reparations obligations. Her phenomenal return to sea authority shows the importance that she attaches to this phase of her rehabilitation. If we are to hold our own we must measure up to a competition that is bound to become more acute each year.

The annual cost of our growing deep-sea cargo haulage is approximately $750,000,000, which should go into American coffers. Instead, the great bulk of it for years has been paid out to Britain, Germany, and other shipping treasuries. Why has this happened?

There were various contributory causes. One was the failure to renew a merchant marine that for generations had ranked with the best, as the achievements of the old clippers, which ranged from Shanghai to Liverpool, showed. What many people have forgotten is that in the sailing-ship era our vessels held the cargo-carrying palm. We lost merchant supremacy in the evolution from wood to iron. Our clipper prestige was won partly because we had an unlimited supply of timber in our seaboard states. England was forced to import wood for vessels from Scandinavia or Russia. With the steam epoch, Great Britain's superior ability to turn out metal hulls and machinery gave her ascendancy. Our decline began. When we did reassert ourselves, it was in terms of subsidized loss due to bureaucratic government control and operation.



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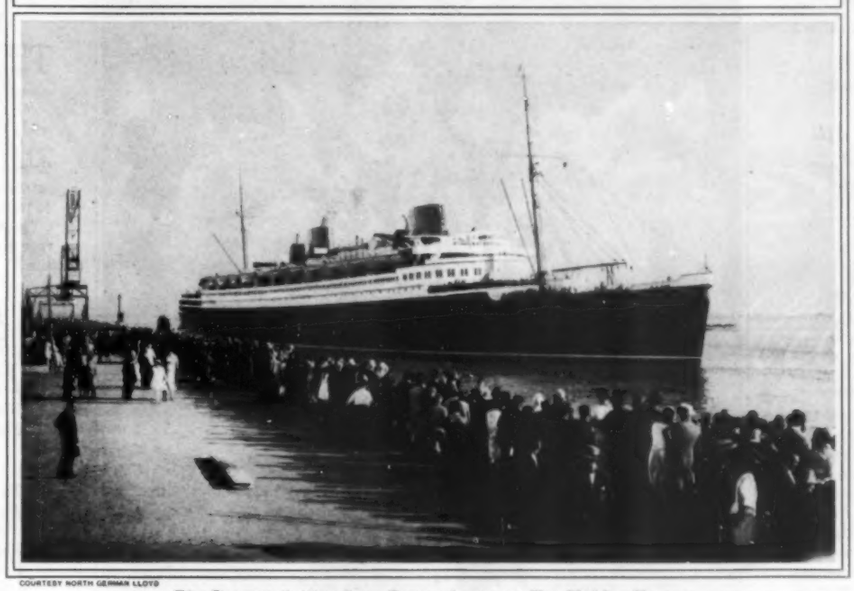
The Santa Clara, Built Exclusively for Foreign Travel as a Result of the Jones-White Bill



COURTESY NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

The Bremen Sailing From Bremerhaven on Her Maiden Voyage

Out-of-Date Ships

A LOOK at the figures will show graphically how our authority waned. In 1830, 89.9 per cent of our alien commerce was carried in American bottoms. By 1870 it had decreased to 35.6 per cent, and in 1910 the low-water point was reached with 8.7 per cent. In 1920, thanks to the emergency war construction, we had gone back to 42.7 per cent. It was a temporary return, because by 1924 a decline to 36.2 per cent was registered, while for 1927 it was a bare 30 per cent.

Here we come to the irony of the situation that then obtained. We had, roughly, 1500 merchant ships. More than 500 traversed the ocean highways, serving practically every important port of call. Mere possession of ships, sufficient to haul half our foreign trade, did not signify a competent merchant marine. The trouble was that our fleets were outclassed and outspeeded. Twenty per cent of the foreign vessels that last year conveyed nearly two-thirds of our shipments abroad were built since 1921. Most of the American ships were older and therefore not commercially serviceable for practical competitive purposes. A merchant marine, like a navy, must be up-to-date. We had achieved a militant motor advance on land, but neglected internal-combustion development for sea transport.

The will to build a new merchant marine was not lacking. Confuting every sincere attempt to rehabilitate our ocean carriers was the high cost of ship construction in the United States. Generally speaking, it costs 59 per cent less to build a 10,000-deadweight-ton cargo steamer of nine-knot speed in Great Britain than on this side of the Atlantic; 60 per cent less for a 9850-ton steamer; and 54 per cent less for a combination passenger and cargo steamer

(Continued on Page 131)

POST SCRIPTS

Wife: "I'm Havin' Him Watched, Mrs. Finney—for Goin' on Three Weeks He's Been Washin' Up After Work!"

Epitaph for a Hypochondriac

PLEASE shed a tear for him who fills
This grave, and say a prayer too.
He suffered all the grievous ills
That human flesh is heir to.
He claimed his innards were askew,
He boasted bad bronchitis,
And since his boyhood always knew
The tortures of gastritis.

Describing pains in heart and head,
His tongue was never idle.
When symptoms were discussed, he led
In being germicidal.
Such ailments caused a quick decline
And hastened him to heaven.
Born: '82; Died: '29—
His age was ninety-seven!
—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Finished Both Ways

ETHYL: So your new boy friend is a furniture finisher.

METHYL: Yeah.

ETHYL: Does he polish or move?

Triolet on a Window Sill

I THINK I'll just look out again—
Perhaps he's at the corner now.
I can't expect him yet, but then
I think I'll just look out again.
Of course he's never early when
I watch for him, but anyhow,
I think I'll just look out again—
Perhaps he's at the corner now!
—Margaret Fishback.

Chapter Chatter

Report of the House Committee

BROTHER PRESIDENT: At the last meeting of the chapter it was decided to do something about the showers on the third floor and the soap in the downstairs washroom.

Well, since the last meeting, Brother Hager and myself have been working out on the problem, and we think that we have got something really constructive accomplished in the way of fixing these matters up satisfactorily.

We called up the plumbers, and as you all probably know, they have fixed up the third-floor shower so that it doesn't leak down into Brother McCabe's room any more.

And while we are on the subject, I'd just like to say that if the brothers who take showers on the third floor would just turn off the water when they get through, we probably won't have any more trouble from that direction.

I'd just like to say at this time also that Brother McCabe's overcoat has been found under some junk in the second-floor cloakroom and it was not lifted by one of the plumbers, as Brother McCabe was around telling everybody. It seems to me that Brother McCabe went off sort of half-cocked on this matter, and it did not help the House Committee any in their relations with the plumbers to have Brother McCabe making dirty cracks about them and watching them like they were gangsters or something.

Now, about the soap in the downstairs washroom. Some of you fellows wanted powdered soap and some wanted liquid soap. Well, the House Committee got estimates on both kinds of soap and we finally decided on the liquid soap.

In things like this we can't please everybody, and if some of the brothers don't like the idea of the liquid soap, it's just too bad. We have done the best we could for the chapter in this matter.

If any of you fellows think I'm not handling things right around here, I'd be mighty glad to turn the work over to somebody else. Some of you fellows who are sitting around doing all the crabbing ought to tackle a few jobs like letting the contract for new soap wells and maybe you'd learn a few things about the business of the house and the problems Brother Hager and myself are up against all the time.

—P. MAJOR.

Clairvoyant Infallibility

I USED to think, when but a boy
Of ten or twelve, that when I grew
To be a man I'd have more joy.
I do.

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"Alfred, Come Right Out of That Mud Puddle or We'll Tell Ma!"
"Hully Chee! That's What Comes of Bein' Raised With a Lot o' Sisters"

"Mummy, They're Having So Much Trouble—Couldn't I Say a Word for the Stock Market?"

Thought I, a Middle-Western kid,
New York would satisfy my need,
And so I traveled East. It did
Indeed.

I used to think no greater fun
Could be than tennis, burning hot
Beneath a blazing August sun.
There's not.

I used to think I'd like to play
Poker the whole, the livelong night.
Well, I—the truth insists I say—
Was right.

How sweet, I thought, if I could win
The love of children and of wife!
Well, I was never righter in
My life.

Who is, I thought, a glorious bard
The world, I thought, were surely his.
But that, I thought, would be too hard. . . .
It is. *—Franklin P. Adams.*

Why He Was Careful

THEY were having a Save-a-Life campaign, and the teacher was describing a careful driver.

"He drove slowly and cautiously," she said. "He obeyed the speed limit. He cut down the speed of his car when he turned corners. He stopped at every street intersection and waited for other vehicles to pass. He ——"

"Gee!" a small voice piped up from the rear row. "That guy musta had a flat tire!"

Qualified Quatrains

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

I SIT and listen while you chin
Of things I have no interest in,
Waiting my chance, at length, to spout
Things you don't give a whoop about.

LOYALTY

"To thine own self be true
And it must follow as the night the day"—
You can be false to everyone, and you
Can kid yourself it's right to be that way.

FAITH

"And will you love me, by and by,
When I am old and plainly show it?"
I will, my dear. If that's a lie,
I'm far too much in love to know it.

HOPE

How many pleasant dreams we spin
Of fortune when our ship comes in,
Meanwhile forgetting all about
The fact we never sent one out.
—Berton Braley.

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BEEF
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CELERY
CHICKEN
CHICKEN-GUMBO (OKRA)
CLAM CHOWDER
CONSOMMÉ
JULIENNE
MOCK TURTLE
MULLIGATAWNY
MUTTON
OX TAIL
PEA
PEPPER POT
PRINTANIER
TOMATO
TOMATO-OKRA
VEGETABLE
VEGETABLE-BEEF
VERMICELLI-TOMATO

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That's the tune I like to play;
And don't I give my tummy fun
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MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

THE BUSINESS TIDE

By David Lawrence

WHAT do business men know about politics? About as much, it might be offered in reply, as the politicians know about business. And when we penetrate this paradox we find invariably that mass psychology forms the background of political ambition, while mass merchandising has an altogether different inspiration. The one plays on the emotions; the other is a matter of cold facts and dollar values.

And yet the mixture of business and politics is growing. It is producing a strange amalgam. Little by little the business mind is finding a compelling reason for watching the currents of politics, while the politicians are, on the other hand, persuading themselves that their own political fortunes depend on the currents of business.

The Group of Labor Leaders Who Met in Conference With President Hoover at the White House in November, 1929. In the Center of the Group are Secretary of Labor Davis and William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor

Nearly a decade ago a big business man was credited with a political blunder of first magnitude. He was Julius H. Barnes, intimate friend of Herbert Hoover, grain merchant, staunch Republican, leader in the activities of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Hailstones of criticism were heaped on his head by the friends of the erstwhile Food Administrator. For Mr. Barnes was accused of having had so little political insight as to divert Herbert Hoover from a presidential nomination in 1920. Julius Barnes was as eager as anybody else in the Hoover camp to see "the Chief" elevated to the presidency. The regular Republicans were indifferent; in fact, many of the hard-boiled leaders, ignoring the wartime achievements of Herbert Hoover, scoffed at the suggestion that he could have a Republican nomination. The Democrats, on the other hand, were looking about for a standard bearer to succeed Wilson, and greeted with enthusiasm an editorial in the New York World suggesting that the Democratic nomination go to the man who had taught the nation how to conserve food.

The political mind was, therefore, astonished when Julius Barnes, speaking with the authority of Mr. Hoover himself, announced at a dinner of the National Retail Dry Goods Association in the spring of 1920 that Mr. Hoover was a Republican and would definitely affiliate with that party. It was like throwing away a presidential opportunity that seemed within his grasp. What did business men know about politics anyway? For the politician would have said that even a first defeat in 1920 could ultimately be turned into victory four years later. Political parties are never discouraged by a single defeat.

So Julius Barnes made known the decision, and it is conceded that Herbert Hoover was influenced in that decision by the practical business sense of Julius Barnes. Both thought that the day would come when the Republican Party would be compelled to turn to the business-man type for its nominee.

It was, nevertheless, a humiliating moment in the Republican convention of June, 1920, when Governor Baxter of Maine, the lone delegate who stood out for Hoover, cast his ballot again and again for the man from California, but could not persuade more than six out of a thousand or more delegates to join him. The I-told-you-so chorus rang in the ears of Julius Barnes after that convention. He should have known, it was hurled at him, that the Republicans would not accept a man of Mr. Hoover's ability because he was not politically trained, whereas, they averred, the Democrats would have given a man with a reputation a chance.

Within ten years the dream of Julius Barnes of a business man at the helm has come true.

"It seemed to be the right thing to do, to face the facts as we do in business, irrespective of the expediency of the moment," said Mr. Barnes the other day, in recalling the 1920 episode, "though lots of people thought it was unwise politics. It occurred to me that the job before the country was one of reconstruction and that logically the old elements in the Republican Party and the country would sooner or later welcome a business man as President."

Inside or Outside the Cabinet

IT IS an open secret that Julius Barnes could have been a member of the President's cabinet, but he preferred to remain outside. As a friend and adviser, he insisted, he could be of more service without the restraint of official procedure, and the events of the past few months have proved that again he was right.

Nearly every President has had a confidential adviser in touch with the business of the country. Calvin Coolidge had Dwight Morrow. Woodrow Wilson had B. M. Baruch. It was not a mere accident whereby Julius Barnes, once the head of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, was persuaded to become chairman of the board of that organization at the very time when his friend Herbert Hoover was installed in the White House. It was an opportunity for business and Government to work together.

"I was just past forty," Mr. Barnes remarked the other day, "when I came to Washington to volunteer my services in 1917. Having had some experience in the grain business, I naturally went to the Food Administration. I never knew Herbert Hoover before. Gradually we became acquainted, and I must say that before that experience I had not had much of an enthusiasm for the so-called trained mind. Perhaps I did not know what it was. But I came to have a real admiration for the mind of Hoover—the mind that seeks exact facts and precise information, and is earnestly practical all the time."

Within the past year Mr. Barnes himself encountered the practical side of the President, for with Mr. Hoover even suggestions from friends must undergo the scrutiny of practicability. When the committee which Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, had appointed to study recent economic changes, made its report in May, 1929, Mr. Barnes, although not a member of the committee, was so impressed with the work that he urged the President to establish some sort of permanent organization to apply the principles contained in that report. It meant organizing business on a scale never before attempted. It meant forging a link between Government and business. But Mr. Hoover, in the relatively brief period that he had been actively in politics, had learned something of mass psychology and, to the surprise of Julius Barnes, he rejected the idea—at least he doubted the practicability of such an organization. Here was the business man in the White House struggling with the vagaries of political restraint.

What would people say? Would they approve of a business organization dictated from the White House? Would not the politician raise the cry of special privilege? How could important government agencies, like the Federal Trade Commission or the Interstate Commerce Commission, or even the inquisitorial committees of Congress, be reconciled with such a plan to synchronize business and the action of Government? These and other questions troubled Mr. Hoover, and he thought the time was not ripe for such an experiment.

Julius Barnes went back to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and laid the matter before the directors of that organization. He recognized that there were other associations and other business groups besides the chamber itself which would be interested in any plan which could do what the Committee on Economic Changes had said it was important to do—namely, to maintain a balance in buying power. The directors talked about it from time to time. Mr. Barnes urged it again on the President. And then, all of a sudden, the stock market crashed and mass psychology came to the rescue. Politics and business were driven together in a common cause to advance the economic progress of the country. Things that could not have been attempted before were now possible. It was like the compulsion of war times—an emergency had transformed political obstacles and suddenly substituted political coöperation.

Between the fatal Thursday and the following Tuesday in October when the stock markets were being raided by a state of mind which had had no parallel in the history of the Stock Exchange, a cry of distress went up from New York City. Business men looked to the Government for leadership to instill confidence, and the White House was strangely silent. One group urged an expression from the President; another group urged action instead of words.

Unknown to the general public, Julius Barnes gathered together in New York during those hectic days a group of twenty business men—the leaders of American industry, the heads of gigantic organizations. They saw eye to eye the necessities of the situation. It was no longer a question of whether speculation had run its course. It was a matter of preventing the psychology that brought security prices down, from depressing to disastrous levels the prices of commodities.

(Continued on Page 105)

The shining City of Sunbrite.

"WHAT do you suppose keeps my kitchen cabinet sweeter and shinier than anything else? Sunbrite!...I suppose it's because Sunbrite purifies as it cleans. Sunbrite saves so much time for that very reason. And it saves my hands. I couldn't keep house a minute without Sunbrite!" . . . It saves time and effort all over the house — this famous "double-action" cleanser. Try it and see how its unique *purifying* and cleansing power lightens your household tasks. Order a supply . . . today.

Swift & Company

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WHEN BEGGARS RIDE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

X

A SLEEPY servant answered Nona's ring. He opened the little door with an absurdly large key, then the wicket gate with another, admitted her, and made her wait while he went through the process of relocking. Only the lights in the hallways were on. She climbed the stairs slowly, started to glide past her mother's door, then hesitated, and returned to stand listening with her ear against the panel. She made sure she heard the deep breathing of sleep before she slipped away to her own room.

She had told Marie by no means to wait up for her, and no sooner had she managed to draw her damp and wilted frock over her head than she felt an unconquerable lassitude. Kicking off her slippers, she switched off the night lamp and threw herself headlong on the bed, every muscle relaxed. If she had felt like it, she would have cried, but somewhat to her own surprise, she didn't feel like crying. All she wanted was to rest, to sleep and never wake up; but sleep would not come to her. She turned on one side, then on the other, and finally on her back. With her legs and arms outthrown, and her head braced as high as possible on a doubled pillow, she gave up the attempt and fell to musing.

Dawn began to glimmer pallidly through a crack in the drawn curtains, proving that someone had neglected to close the steel shutters. She was startled to find the time had passed so quickly, but the fact that her brain, recently so befuddled, was now as clear as a bell, seemed little short of a miracle.

She was too young to measure the resilience of her own youth or to have learned the extent of the subjection of the body to the mind. What had cured her was the intensity with which she had been thinking of Herring. It not only transcended physical discomfort but made it genuinely nonexistent, leaving her free to exercise to the utmost such native shrewdness as she had inherited from her mother.

Considering Herring calmly amid the pulseless silence of the zero hour, she could toy with Ivor's conception of him as a rum bird or her mother's suggestion of a lackey; she could credit him a waster, and even an idler with unattached women, but there she stopped, with her head against a wall. Nothing—nothing on earth, not even himself—could make her believe he was a coward. Then, why? Why? He had started to knock Selin down; why hadn't he done it? If only he had! She would have gone with him—anywhere.

The unexpected conclusion of that thought dismayed her. Where was she drifting? Where had she already drifted? Feeling an intolerable need for escape in action, she rolled from the bed, went to the window and drew back the curtains. The sun, newly risen over the roofs of the houses in the Rue Pergolèse, laughed at her, and immediately she laughed back. Then she went into the bathroom, turned on the cold water and stood listening to its icy gurgle.

Slipping off her remaining clothes, she grasped one rim of the tub, leaned over to seize the other, and was presently suspended on her arms, her drawn-up, naked body swinging like an agitated pendulum. She dipped one foot and snatched it out again. "Oo!" she moaned. "Oo!" Then she dropped with a smacking splash.

Half an hour later she was scattering consternation among the stable hands of the *manège*. No grooms were yet about, much less the manager, but her insistence forced the saddling of her mare. She mounted and was off alone, but her watch told her she was fully half an hour late. A glance at the kiosk as she passed showed it to be empty, so she started down the Sentier des Poteaux at a canter, keeping close watch on the intersecting paths.

A Sardonic Gleam Came Into His Eyes; Then Abruptly They Flamed. He Leaned Toward Her and She Toward Him

The Bois seemed abnormally deserted, far more forsaken than it ever was at summer midnight or during the smaller hours of the morning. She felt she had ridden for miles before she encountered the traditional baron with his half-conical hard felt hat, flowing cape and curly virgin beard. He sat his beautiful horse like a monument to Talmudic law, but his piercing eyes did not vouchsafe her so much as a glance, nor did those of his respectful groom.

After a considerable interval she came upon Miss Elizabeth Tracy, of all people, and was brought to a stop by an astonishment quite unconnected with amazement at finding her there at all. It was only a few weeks since she had last seen her on the evening of the historical dinner, but this Miss Tracy was old and bedraggled, barely recognizable as the exemplar of perpetual rejuvenation. Wisps of discolored hair on the way back to nature straggled across her withered face, yet her eyes managed a faint gleam of amusement as they caught Nona's expression.

"Yes, my dear," she said quickly, "I've given up the ghastly fight." Her lips twisted spasmodically. "Never grow old, Nona; kill yourself, but never grow old! You're not looking for that Herring chap, are you?"

"Yes," breathed Nona, stinging tears in her eyes.

"He took the fork to the Cascades. You'd better cut across to Bagatelle."

At the Croix Catelan Nona caught a glimpse of a familiar figure speeding along the Allée de la Reine Marguerite. She set out in pursuit and almost caught up with it, only to see the gap begin to widen again as Herring rode away from her at a furious gallop. Urging her mare with heel and crop, it was all she could do to come up with him, but come up with him she did.

"Whoever owns that horse ought to have you taken out and shot!" she cried angrily as soon as she came abreast of him. "If there was an S. P. C. A., I'd report you for the way you pounded him on the crossings."

Herring cast her a bitter glance. "You caught up with me, didn't you?"

It was a strange opening for two people who had lately parted at so high an emotional pitch, and it led only to silence. Having failed in his effort to escape, Herring dropped the reins on the neck of his horse, and the winded animals moved along at a walk, occasionally throwing sweat from their heads with a motion which cast flecks and blobs of foam to right and left. Nona leaned far forward to wipe out the sockets above the mare's eyes with a diminutive handkerchief, and with her forefinger she stripped the moisture from all of the long nose that she could reach. The handkerchief became a tiny sodden ball. She gave it a rueful glance and threw it away; then she turned to look at Herring.

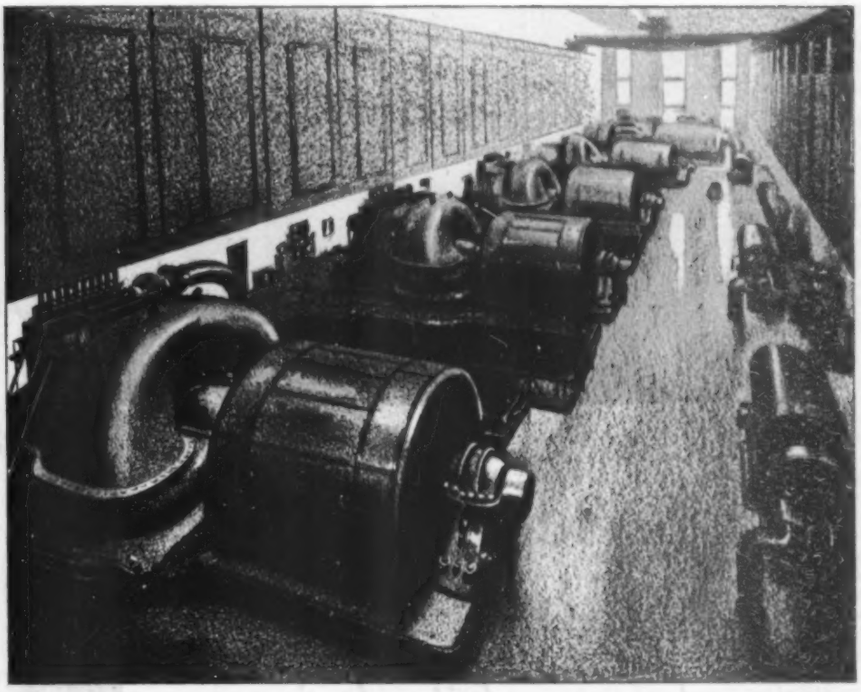
Ivor had spoken of him as a phœnix who rose to joyful flight from the ashes of a wild night, but the metaphor scarcely held this morning—at least, not in the sense of rejuvenation. He had the lean clean look of a hound's tooth, but his face was drawn and pale, his eyes cavernous. She felt a surge of impatience with herself. Why couldn't she read him, bore into his brain, and save herself from the alternative either of a futile question or blinded speculation?

It occurred to her to wait, to apply to himself the thumbscrew of silence which he had recommended in her relations with others. Her immediate reward was a new appreciation of the Bois. Why had it never occurred to her before to taste it at this early morning hour? The softened air, the clean woods, the emerald expanse of the Tir aux Pigeons, still drenched in quivering dew, seemed to give forth a breath as of babes newly awakened. No papers or trash marred the sylvan setting, and as for mounted police with Irish brogue and forbidding eye, there was none. Not a *sergent de ville* was in evidence, and one could imagine that the only way to summon them would be to kill oneself, when they would come running to clean up the mess. This thought so amused her that she would have liked to share it, and she glanced at Herring again. But when she saw the deepened gloom in his face, she forgot simultaneously her wit and her resolution.

"What's the matter?" she asked with simple earnestness.

He turned grave eyes upon her. "You," he answered. "I've tried playfully to get away from you before, but this morning I was in dead earnest. If there'd been any fence

(Continued on Page 33)



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Majestic Radio

MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

(Continued from Page 30)

I thought you couldn't have jumped, I would have taken it at the risk of a broken neck."

Nona believed him and her lip trembled. "I'm sorry. You asked me to come, and I said no, but then this morning, when I saw the sun, I wanted to. I'm awfully sorry."

"What's the good of your being sorry? It doesn't help me any; it only makes it worse. I would have given anything I owned not to have been in that human swamp last night when you came to bloom."

"Came to bloom?" questioned Nona at a loss.

"What else could you call it? One moment you were what I've always known you to be—a pretty enough sprig on the green bay tree of luxury—in other words, nothing—less than nothing. The next, you were a flower swaying above the mire. God knows what happened; I don't. All I know is you ripped the heart out of me. You think that swine shamed me, don't you? Well, his slap was nothing more than a love pat compared with the knockout I'd got from you."

"Why are you ashamed of caring for somebody?" asked Nona hopelessly. "I love you, and I'm not ashamed." Her lip trembled again. "If you'd knocked Selin down, as you started to do, I'd have gone with you—I'd have gone with you anywhere."

"Knocked him down!" exclaimed Herring furiously. "If I can't afford to have your cur friends yapping at my heels, how do you suppose I could stand to be caught out in the sewers of Paris?"

"Do you realize what you're doing to me?" asked Nona desperately. "I was there, and I was with Selin. If my friends are curs, is that what you think of me too?" Her eyes filled with tears, but she did not shed them. "Oh, what's the matter with me?" she asked earnestly. "I'm clean; I don't mean two baths a day—I'm clean inside. I won't say no boy ever kissed me—of course they have—but I've never been manhandled, dragged in and out and up and down, like—like ——"

"Like the gang you run with," finished Herring for her. "I believe you," he continued, frowning. "There's nothing the matter with you as regards yourself, and just as you stand you're worth a dozen of the bunch you run with. But as regards me, you're all wrong. I'm not trying to slap you; I say you're perfectly all right. But it's me. The more attractive you are, the more lovable, the more desirable, the worse it is for me."

"Why—why should it be?"

"Because you stand for everything I can't afford to play with—the luscious peach on the tree of total ignorance of life and death. Nothing that interests me can possibly interest you, and I'm not crowning myself with flowers when I say it. It's only the ancient story of Capulet and Montague. You live in the camp of voracious appetite, while I happen to belong to the stick-in-the-muds who have finished with that kind of fare. I'm not saying it isn't all right for you, but I know it's all wrong for me. I know where I'm going, and I won't turn back—not if it kills me."

"What do you know about me?" demanded Nona rebelliously. "Nothing. What do I know about you? Who you are? Where you came from, and where you think you're headed? Nothing. I may be horribly ignorant, as you say, but I know what I feel, and I'm not afraid of it. Have I asked you to marry me? I wouldn't be that soft! Haven't you got the nerve to love me and kiss me?"

He stopped, his horse stopped, both horses stopped. He stared at her in a vacuous astonishment which changed slowly into an admiring smile. "You are one and indivisible," he murmured, "unique among women. I'll back you against the angels, the earth, the universe, the firmament, the devil and all his works. I say it again; there's nothing wrong with you—there couldn't be. You're complete. You're an orbit in yourself, and I predict that wherever you go, stars, planets, a moon and several suns will follow in your train. But not me, Nona."

Her face, which had become illumined in answer to his smile, suddenly fell. "Why—why not? Don't you like me? Am I worse than the girl you had last night? If you saw me walking up the Champs-Élysées alone, and didn't know who I was, wouldn't you bother to pick me up?"

His eyes blazed far more abruptly than they had smiled. "Cut that!" he ordered. "I'd rather see your face light up than to have watched Aphrodite rising from the foam. A touch of your fingers would make an armful of her. To kiss you just once—once only, mind you—I'd trade barrels of the nectar of the gods."

"Then try it," said Nona, urging her mare against his horse. "Kiss me for nothing."

A sardonic gleam came into his eyes; then abruptly they flamed. He leaned toward her and she toward him. Throwing one arm around her, he gripped her throat with his right hand, held her head imprisoned with his left, and kissed her violently. Fire shot through her blood, scorching its way to her heart, but even in that instant of immolation she was conscious of an unyielding negation within him. She sensed in his brutality the subtle division between passion and surrender, and knew herself defeated. He had taken little enough; he had given nothing.

He sank back in his saddle, profoundly ashamed. "That was a rotten thing to do," he murmured, "a low-down dirty trick." Then he looked up at her. "You think I'm a waster, a night hawk of the streets. Keep on thinking it. It's possible I've had my moments of decency, but whatever I've been to others, I've certainly been a cad to you."

Nona did not meet his glance. She bade him good-by in a stricken whisper, turned her mare and rode slowly away. She was beyond wondering what had come over her, for the boundaries which divide joy from sorrow and pleasure from pain, had been overwhelmed, swept away. Had anybody asked her if she was happy, she would have said no; had they asked her if she was unhappy, she would have said no again with exactly the same emphasis. With equal truth she could have testified to the simultaneous presence of dull pain and a torturing joy. She was awakened out of her bewildered trance by a cry from Miss Tracy:

"Nona, my dear child! What on earth has happened?"

Nona looked up, her drawn face an open book. "Nothing," she answered.

"Forgive an old woman for butting into your private affairs, but I can't help it. When I saw you half an hour

(Continued on Page 58)

"Why are You Ashamed of Caring for Somebody?" Asked Nona Hopelessly. "I Love You, and I'm Not Ashamed"

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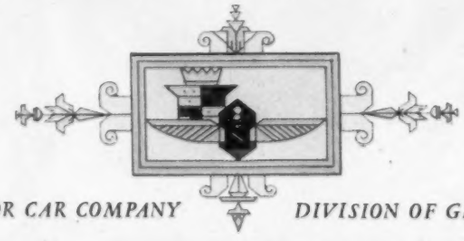

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

SPARE PART

(Continued from Page 23)

not going to be me. Savvy?" The swivel chair swung about and his broad back bent over the desk.

Jones hesitated. Then he stepped forward a pace and swallowed hard. "Say, top," he said.

The swivel chair swung rapidly and the first sergeant stood up. "I said," he bellowed, "that your side car will be waiting for the lieutenant by the gate when he gets there! Isn't that clear?"

"Yeah," agreed Jones, "but, top, I—I don't wanta be fresh or anything, an' I'll get the lieutenant all right, but ——"

"Well, spit it out."

"I been two an' a half years in the outfit," blurted Jones. "I been drivin' here six months, an' there ain't been no kicks. You got mad at me before, top, but I'm serious. I can't stand a bunch of bums kiddin' me no longer, an' I want to get out to the hills while this campaign's still on. It may be the last fightin' there'll ever be in the marines."

The first sergeant put a hand on each hip and screwed his facial muscles into a one-sided grimace of disgust. His words rang out like two shots. "Get out!" he said.

Jones backed toward the door, but he was still game. "Kin—kin I see the company commander about it?"

The first sergeant took one step forward. "No!" he bellowed.

Jones fled. He got his motorcycle, checked up on gas and oil, started with a roar, and pulled up at the gate with a skidding stop that evoked comment from the dispatcher.

"Try that with the lieutenant aboard, fella, an' you won't get outa the brig till Butler's major general commandant," he said.

"To hell with the lieutenant, an' the first sergeant too!"

"So? I see the first sergeant's been partin' your hair for you, on the inside, but what's the lieutenant done?"

Jones didn't answer. The lieutenant, of course, had done nothing, except to demand transportation at the wrong moment. The lieutenant, by the way, might be a regular guy. He had more power than a first sergeant, at any rate, and it wouldn't be a bad idea to sound him out, even if it was contrary to regulations to speak to an officer on official matters without getting the first sergeant's permission. Jones decided he'd try it. The lieutenant couldn't any more than say no. If he did get mad and reported him for going over the first sergeant's head, things wouldn't be so good. He'd probably get a deck court, but it was worth taking a chance on.

The lieutenant appeared, stepped into the side car and said "Tipitapa."

"Gee," thought Jones, "this bird is certainly cocksure. Supposin' I'd been waiting for some major." He sped around the corner, through the city streets and out onto the dusty country road. Now and then he glanced sideways to see if his passenger looked at all friendly, but the lieutenant merely sat and stared glumly at the road ahead. Jones decided that he would have to open the conversation himself.

"Am I goin' too fast for the lieutenant?" he shouted.

"What?" shouted the other.

Jones leaned over and repeated his question.

"No!" shouted his passenger in reply, and settled back in his seat.

"I'm sorry the lieutenant had to wait for me," continued Jones. "I was out on business."

The officer made no reply.

The motorcycle became enveloped in a great cloud of dust, stirred up by an automobile ahead. Jones slowed down, hoping to be able to see whether or not the road ahead was clear enough for him to pass, but it was no use. The dust was too thick, and Jones knew that ahead, for the eight remaining miles, it lay ankle-deep, ready to swirl and choke any fool who tried to follow another vehicle at too short an interval. He twisted the grip and his machine leaped forward, dodged the offending touring car, and took the clear road ahead. The driver of the touring car didn't seem to like dust either. He wanted to repass. There was no more use in trying to talk at the speed he'd have to use now to keep ahead of the big machine.

At Tipitapa he slewed to a halt, shut off his engine and jumped off quickly to run around and open the ridiculous little door of the side car, but the officer already had one leg over the side. Jones saluted as the other leather-clad leg followed and the lieutenant stood up to stretch and brush the dust from his clothes.

"Could I speak to the lieutenant, sir?" asked Jones.

"I guess so. What's on your mind?"

"Well, sir, I thought maybe, seein' the lieutenant is an officer, he might be able to help me out."

"Money?" asked the lieutenant sharply.

"No, sir. Duty, sir. I got over two years' service, sir, six months of it here, an' I been wantin' to get some patrol experience. I thought the lieutenant might be willin' to use some influence in gettin' me transferred to the hills."

"If I had any influence I'd go myself," said the lieutenant.

"Yes, sir. But I thought that, a private bein' unimportant, a word from the lieutenant might ——"

"Why not speak to the first sergeant?" broke in the lieutenant irritably. "What are you trying to do—play politics?"

"No, sir. But the first sergeant said—that is," Jones stammered, "I know, sir, that the first sergeant would think—I mean, he might say ——"

The officer squinted at Jones in a way that brought terror to the motorcycle driver's soul. "Did you have the first sergeant's permission to speak to me about this matter?"

Jones stood silent, his face red.

"Why don't you say something?" barked the officer, but when Jones began, "Well, sir ——" the lieutenant said, "Shut up. You look guilty as hell."

Jones stood rigid and looked over the other's shoulder.

"I'd like to know what you mean by going over the first sergeant's head. I know by your look that you've asked him and been turned down. What's the idea of trying to pull a sandy like this?"

"I just wanted to go to the hills, sir," answered Jones. "I never had no field duty yet."

"Have you been in any trouble?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you're in trouble now," decided the lieutenant. "When a man's desire for hill duty makes him break regulations, I'll see that he gets a little sample of hill-duty work. Unless you get orders to the contrary, you report to me at the office in Managua at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. I'll be back with the Matagalpa truck train."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Jones.

The lieutenant strode off toward a row of tents. Jones kicked his engine over and slammed into gear in a fit of blinding anger. Why couldn't the lieutenant be human? A sample of hill-duty work. Jones knew what that meant. He'd have to dig a flock of deep holes to bury old cans and refuse. And what the lieutenant gave him to do would be nothing compared with the riding he'd get when the first sergeant found out what had happened. His only consolation was that the lightning wouldn't strike until morning. He might as well make a night of it and spend the rest of his money at José's. It might be a long time before he got away from camp again. Gee, what a bunch of tough breaks. Not a chance of getting away to the hills, in wrong with the first sergeant and the lieutenant, due for some more sour kidding from the boys around José's, and a lot of extra duty and at least a month's restriction staring him in the face.

A horn honked behind him. Another gook car trying to pass, eh? He'd show 'em they couldn't feed dust to him. Without turning to look behind, he opened the throttle and tore down the road, raising a choking cloud behind him. The horn sounded again. That fellow certainly could step. Must have a big car. Well, the harder they pushed him the sooner he'd be at José's. He put on an additional burst of speed and covered the rest of the distance to Managua at reckless speed, the big car sometimes close behind, honking to pass, and sometimes dropping back for temporary relief from the dust.

It was getting dark when Jones struck the outskirts of Managua and turned north to weave his way through narrow and rutted streets to the motor-transport billets, where he parked his motorcycle and stopped at the galley just long enough to swallow a few hasty mouthfuls before striking out for José's. Even Rosita, he reflected, meant nothing to him now. With the restriction he anticipated, a dozen girls would be no consolation. A girl was no good unless you could get away to see her. Rosita was probably kidding him, anyhow, about being the kind that likes only one fellow. Still, she was a nice girl, and a peach as far as looks went. Maybe, after his present troubles were over with—well, he'd see, but right now —— He passed by her house, hoping she wouldn't be near the doorway, and then felt disappointed when he found she was not.

José's Place was being well patronized. Every chair in the front room was occupied. On the patio were several groups, among them his four enemies of this afternoon. Didn't those bums know enough to go home? They must have eaten here. He tried to avoid being seen by them, but Blumstein waved a friendly hand and shouted, "Come on over, Gold Brick!"

Jones moved over, a little unwillingly, but complying was easier than arguing. He sat down.

"Hello, Spare Part," grinned Kelley. "How's prospects?"

Jones glanced sideways at Kelley. "Rotten," he grunted. "I been bawled out by everybody but the comp'ny clerk. How's chances for a beer?"

He signaled José.

Cooney seemed to have unloaded his story during the afternoon. He didn't mention Telepaneca. "How about that case you was goin' to buy for the crowd?" he asked. "You might as well buy it now as later."

"Aw, pipe down," said Jones. "I'll buy what I want when I'm good an' ready."

Kelley put his chin in his hand. "It's tough I won't be able to help you drink it. I gotta take off at five A.M."

Jones sat up with sudden interest. "Where you takin' off to at five A.M.?"

"The hills, Useless—the hills. They's a big detail leavin'. Secret orders too. Nobody knows anything about it but the bootblacks and the washwomen an' the newspapers. The marines won't know nothin' till after we're under way, unless they're goin' along, like me."

"How's to take care of your girl while you're gone?" asked Blumstein.

Kelley laughed. "Girl!" he snorted. "If I had a girl I'd put in to have Jones, here, go in my place. I been all over town an' there ain't a good-looker in this locality that ain't hooked up with some of the S. O. S."

"I used to know a girl ——" began Cooney.

"Say," broke in Kelley, "there's one right in this block that I'd like to get friendly with. She's some baby. But I've been askin' around an' I found she was all wrapped up in that big provost sergeant in charge of the M. P.'s. He's down there most every night."

Jones felt his heart beat loudly. Bending his attention to the task of pouring beer into his glass very carefully, he asked, "Who is she?"

"How should I know? Her name's Rosina, or Rosita, or something like that. She lives up the street here a couple of doors."

"Which house?" asked Jones.

"I don't know for sure, but it seems to me it's a yellow house with green doors on it. What're you so interested for? You goin' to beat the provost sergeant's time?"

Jones drained the glass he had just filled. "Naw," he said, "I was just askin'." He might have known, he reflected bitterly, that Rosita had somebody else on the string. And the provost sergeant, of all people. Well, there was nothing to do but check her off as another piece of hard luck. He wondered vaguely, why he should hate Kelley so intensely for having told him about it.

"Drink up, you guys," he said. "I'm buyin' a round."

"Good," said Cooney. "I'm glad to see someone in the back area that's willing to buy one for the fighters."

"He ought to know how," added Kelley. "He's been buyin' 'em for himself for the last six months while we was up where you can't get it."

"That's enough of that stuff," Jones' voice was sharp and threatening. "A couple more remarks like that an' I'm goin' to buy someone a coffin instead of a beer."

"The boy's gettin' hard," grinned Kelley.

"Yes, I'm gettin' hard. Any of you buzzards that think it's a joke, just open your traps once more—especially you, Kelley. I never did like you, an' you may as well know it."

Kelley tilted back in his chair. "What're you goin' to do about it?" he asked derisively. "Throw that motorcycle of yours at me?"

Jones kicked the tilted chair suddenly and stood up as Kelley went sprawling. "I'm goin' to give you a poke in the nose!" he shouted.

The noisy talk and laughter at the other tables ended abruptly. Faces turned toward the center of action and necks craned to get a better view. José shuffled rapidly from behind the bar with a protesting "No, no, no," but he was too late.

Kelley rose from the floor and advanced slowly, one arm held forward and one by his side. "You dirty scum, I'll knock ——"

Jones took a step forward and started a long right-handed swing from behind him and low down. Kelley saw it coming and tried to duck, but by some miracle the haymaker went through his guard unhindered and landed with a resounding smack squarely on the intended target. The impact drove him backward and he tripped on his own overturned chair and went down, blood streaming from his nose.

The onlookers went into action. There were yells of "Cut it out!" and "Stop it!" Cooney grabbed at Jones' arm and Jones struck at him blindly, feeling intense satisfaction as his knuckles met flesh. Blumstein and Chicowski plunged in, trying to restrain Jones and the now thoroughly angered Cooney. Jones opened up on whoever came nearest to him, and backed into the patio, holding them all at bay.

"Come on!" he shouted. "I'll take the whole gang on! Come and get it!"

From the front room someone shouted, "The M. P.'s!" Jones' rage turned suddenly to panic. He had forgotten the chains of military discipline and the dire results of starting fights in cantinas. He caught a glimpse of Kelley, bloody and dazed, holding his wrist, and of a burly marine, with a blue brassard on his arm just entering the door. He turned and fled diagonally across the patio, scrambled up a pile of empty boxes,

John Boles

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and dropped over the wall into the patio of the next house. He was trembling as he looked around. He couldn't stay here. Lucky for him, there seemed to be nobody home, but the M. P.'s were sure to come over after him. He couldn't afford to be caught trespassing in a native house. That would be worse than the cantina brawl. Perhaps he could get over the next wall and out through the front door of that house before the occupants could stop him.

He scaled the high wall and dropped into the next yard. It was deserted, and the doors leading to the street were closed. He raced across and climbed a third wall, letting himself down on the other side amid a clatter of loose bricks. Excited screams greeted him. It was all over now. He turned with a gesture that was meant to have a quieting effect, and saw an old woman, a small boy, an excited female servant and Rosita. All hope fled. The provost sergeant's girl! And the provost sergeant called on her every night.

"Chones!" said Rosita in amazement. "What you do here?" She shrilled a quieting volley of Spanish at the rest of the household as Jones moved quickly toward her.

"Is anybody here?" asked Jones excitedly. "Any Americans?"

"No. What you want here?"

Jones heaved a sigh of relief and licked his wounded knuckles. "Listen, Rosita," he said; "I'm in trouble. There was a fight at José's and I've got to get back to camp quick, without anybody's seein' me. Savvy?"

"Trouble? You kill somebody?"

"No, worse luck. But they're after me. Let me get out, will you? And don't tell anybody I've been here."

"Who is after you?"

"The M. P.'s—the M. P.'s! Show me the way out, quick."

Rosita giggled. "The M. P.'s," she said. "Don' be afraid."

Jones started through the house toward the street. "Is this the way? Look up the street for me, will you? See if anybody's coming."

Rosita stuck her head out. "Two M. P.'s," she said. "Go back there."

Jones darted through a door in the partition and found himself in a bedroom. The partition that separated it from the living room went only part way to the ceiling. The clumping of two pairs of regulation shoes on the sidewalk was plainly audible.

The clumping stopped abruptly and a deep voice said, "Hello, sister. Did you see a marine around here."

"Oh, sure," said Rosita. "Plenty marines."

"Tonight?" asked the M. P. "Just now?"

"No," answered Rosita, "nobody."

"Sure you ain't got one in your house there?"

The second M. P. spoke. "Better lay off, Shorty. This is the sergeant's girl."

"So Kelley was right," thought Jones.

"What of it?" asked the first M. P. "I'm for searchin' the house anyway."

"Don't be a fool. The sergeant'll lock you up for life. We should have followed him over the wall."

"Yes, an' get mixed up with the State Department for violatin' Nicaraguan homes. Not me. I'm goin' to tell the owner what I'm doin' before I go in any of these houses."

"Well," said the girl, "I can' stan' here all night. What you want?"

"We want a marine that jumped the wall in José's, an' we want him bad. I don't know his name, but if you see him, just yell."

"Sure," said Rosita. "Good-by."

Jones came out of the bedroom as the footsteps died away.

"Thanks," he said. "You're a good kid."

"Chones. You come see me tomorrow, by the front door."

"Naw, I can't do it."

"Why can't you?"

"You've got a fellow already. You got the provost sergeant."

"Oh, him. He is old man. I like you."

Jones sighed. "Nope. You're a nice kid, but I can't be makin' dates. Take a look out the door an' see if the coast is clear."

"It's all right," she said, after looking. "Why don' you like Rosita?"

He hesitated. "I do like you," he said, "but—good-by."

He ducked out and walked rapidly up the street. What a fine mess he had made of things, he reflected glumly. He didn't want to tell Rosita that he couldn't make dates because he expected to be locked up tomorrow. The M. P.'s were certain to get his name sooner or later, and when they did, they'd pile on three or four extra charges. He walked past the dispatcher's office like a doomed man, his head hung low, and sought out his canvas cot in the leaky shack that served as a barracks. There was no way to escape the brig. As soon as they got his name —— And he had a few other things to face tomorrow, too—the lieutenant's report and an irate first sergeant. Plenty of trouble, no girl and no chance for hill duty, but he certainly had had one sweet moment of satisfaction. He slid between the folds of his blanket and fell into a deep sleep.

The shaking of his cot and the rumbling of a deep voice awakened him. It wasn't morning. It was still dark. The deep voice he recognized as belonging to the first sergeant.

"Hit the deck," it was saying, "and roll your pack."

Jones sat up in blank amazement. "Huh?" he grunted.

"I said hit the deck. Where were you half the night, anyhow? I've been looking for you."

Memory came back, and with it came resentment. They didn't have to wake a fellow up in the middle of the night to take him to the brig. "Lookin' for me? I ain't done a thing."

"No? Well, you're all through running motorcycles in this detachment, anyhow. Roll your pack. It's four o'clock. You've got to report at the Campo de Marte in half an hour. Heavy marching order."

"What for?"

"You're going to the hills—that's what for. What did you mean yesterday by feeding dust to the American Minister all the way in from Tipitapa? You might of got by with it if the commanding general hadn't been riding with him. The general says the bird on that motorcycle can't drive any more transportation ever. I thought I was going to have you hanging around here for a week or so doing nothing, but a man named Kelley, on the detail going out at five this morning, went to the sick bay last night with a sprained wrist and a smashed nose, and I got you on in his place. Get a move on now. I want you to be out of this place in ten minutes."

A broad grin spread over Jones' face. He rubbed his skinned knuckles affectionately. "Anybody tries to stop me," he stated, "is goin' to get a poke in the nose."

OUT-OF-DOORS

A Vacation on Horseback

THE ideal vacation trip is economical, adventurous, thrilling, invigorating for mind and body, and leaves us with an entertaining story for our friends. If the yarn can make them envy us, so much the better. They have bored us so often with tales of Europe, auto-camping, and hitchhiking that it is good to have done something that excels all these.

I went on a horseback camping trip one summer that satisfied me in every respect. It was nothing like living at a Western dude ranch and negotiating mountain trails with costly pack trains and guides. My trip was in New England and it was different. I went where I pleased when I pleased. And it cost me less than two dollars a day.

Since I had my own horse I was spared the cost of hiring a mount, but this would not have been over twelve dollars a week. One livery stable I visited a few miles from the city limits quoted me a price of eight dollars a week for a good horse. Of course I would have to provide the grain for the animal.

On this first trip I carried much more equipment than was really necessary. I counted on sleeping out-of-doors, and the horse was burdened with a small cooking kit, blankets, and so on. However, I found the farmers so hospitable that I spent every night under a roof.

A U. S. Cavalry saddle, saddlebags, a slicker, leather putties, and high shoes; enough money and a knife are all one needs to have a bully good time. Inside the saddlebags are the rider's personal toilet articles, a feed of oats for the horse and lunch for himself. Matches, pipe, and tobacco are optional.

The way will be made easier if maps of the country are included. Those prepared by the Government are best and cost ten cents each. They show every road and house.

My friends gave various and ill-founded reasons for not joining me. They feared the stiffness from all-day riding; some of them even feared the horses and stoutly asserted that such a trip would be too expensive.

I had done very little horseback riding that winter, but by covering only a few miles for the first three days I was soon toughened sufficiently.

At dawn on a morning in early June we set forth. The mare's shoes clacked rhythmically on the pavements as I steered a course that would put us on dirt roads as soon as possible. Hard surfaces are bad for horses' feet, so we went no faster than a walk.

What lay ahead of us no one knew. We were by ourselves and able to exist without much help from other people. With a small compass we chose routes going north and east whenever possible. By noon we were away from paved roads and ready to take any path that met our fancy just as long as it did not lead back to the city.

The pace was deadly slow for one accustomed to an automobile. By checking with the signposts I found that my mare would walk a steady two miles an hour. A trot carried us at the rate of eight miles an hour, and once I galloped behind a car for a mile. Such bursts were just for joy. They could not be maintained. Walking was slow, but it packed in more real rest and pleasure to the square inch than any other sort of speed I have ever experienced.

We were able to appreciate the country through which we moved. It took on an entirely different aspect. We didn't have to get anywhere in particular. It did not matter when we stopped. We were free of the world and were learning more about it every minute.

Instead of whizzing past a beautiful clump of trees we approached it slowly enough to see it, to think about it, and, should the notion come to us, we could stop an hour or a day under its shade.

Our first lunch was eaten at a pretty little cottage beside a dirt road. The barn had been turned into a garage, but one stall remained and there my steed munched her oats while I devoured sandwiches from the saddlebag. A maid came out from the

(Continued on Page 41)

How to Keep a New Car New

By giving it the care it deserves

80% of all repair bills caused by one thing easy to avoid

When driving away your new car resolve to keep it new

THIS is to men and women running cars that are new this year. And to those who expect to buy one. A way is open to save substantially on repair bills.

It ends at the same time the squeaks and squawks that develop when breaking in a new car. And it prevents trouble that may turn a good car into a sorry disappointment.

Careless and improper lubrication, automobile service records show, is responsible for 80% of all repairs on moving parts of a car.

A Nation-Wide Service

So car manufacturers have provided the Alemite High Pressure Lubrication Systems on 95% of the cars in America. And genuine Alemite-ing stations conveniently located everywhere now insure you the kind of lubricants suitable for those systems.

Lubrication experts who thoroughly know the Alemite system on your car serve you at these stations

These stations are pledged to the highest quality lubricants. They thoroughly know the location of each of the Alemite fittings on your car and how to fill them properly.

That type service is what your car demands. So don't trust to unknown and incompetent stations that may give you cheap inferior grease under the name of so-called "high pressure lubrication".

No Extra Price

The way to be sure of proper lubrication—and the way to avoid repair bills—is to go to a station displaying the Alemite sign pictured here. Go there every 500 miles.

The certified record that increases your car's trade-in value

The price is the same. The location is convenient. And the results are amazingly better.

Alemite stations keep your car's pedigree by recording every Alemite-ing in the registration book they give you to carry. That's a great asset when you trade or sell your car. This record shows not only that your car has been lubricated regularly — but also that it has been lubricated properly. It shows that the best of care has been taken. It will add many dollars to the value of your car in months to come.

Getting this additional service makes it worth while to look for the Alemite sign for all your lubrication. It protects the investment you've made in a car you want to serve you well.

Cuts Down Depreciation

Car owners everywhere are now figuring upkeep and depreciation costs more carefully than ever before. Automobile manufacturers are building longer lasting, better performing motor cars. If you want the best your car can give remember that the maker equipped it with the Alemite lubrication system to help you gain smooth performance. So use in that Alemite system the best lubricants you can procure. Go to a 100% Alemite-ing station. Let experts do the work with the lubricants recommended by the makers of the Alemite System. You'll cut down the depreciation of your car's value, besides enjoying a car that runs like new.

100% Alemite-ing Means:

1. BEARINGS: Alemite High Pressure Lubricant forced into every vital chassis bearing with Alemite equipment by expert Alemite mechanics—every 500 miles.

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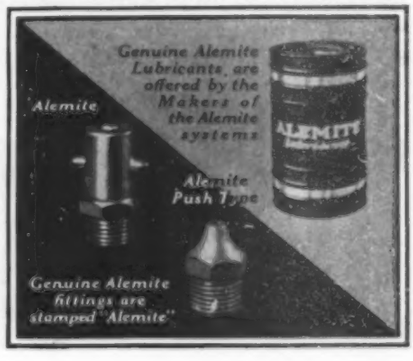
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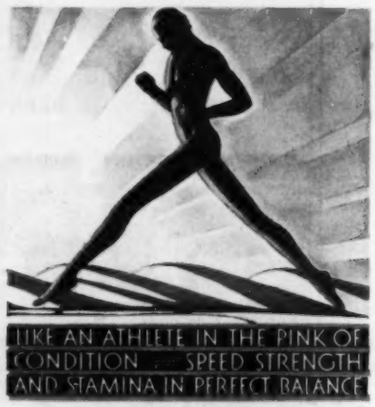


ANNOUNCING

a startling New Idea in Tires

Greater strength without needless weight. A 12% larger cushion of air. Increased mileage with improved AIR-CUSHION riding comfort. More beauty and style.

THE BIG PROBLEM in modern tire-making is to gain strength without needless weight—to insure *long mileage* and real *air cushioned riding comfort*. For years leading tire manufacturers have sought the answer. Now Federal announces the accomplishment of this scientific feat.

In this new-type Federal Tire, five important engineering improvements produce *greater* strength with *less* weight. It is a triumph of finer quality and more scientific balancing of weight over mere brute bulk. Read these five startling features to the right.

The new-type Federal Tire provides *much more air space* and *more flexibility*. You ride on *more buoyant* air—not on an excess of heavy, inflexible material. Your riding on rough roads is quietly *cushioned* as a modern tire is supposed to cushion it. You get motoring comfort of a *new* and most enjoyable kind.

Steering, too, is noticeably easier. Acceleration is more sprightly. Traction is more positive, braking more definite. And practical tests prove a saving of 5% to 7% in gasoline consumption.

50,000 miles and more

Yet this new-type tire insures *even greater mileage*. The new Federal "DeLuxe," for example, has a life expectancy of *50,000 wonderful miles and more*.

You may never use up these 50,000 miles. But you will know that at 25,000 miles or 30,000 miles your Federal DeLuxe will be as safe and dependable as many *new* tires. Federal quality gives you this margin of safety.

Of modern style and beauty

The new, easy-riding Federal Tire, in addition to long mileage and air-cushioned riding comfort, offers modern style and dressy appearance. The elimination of needless weight and bulk permits smarter and more harmonious lines. Even the new and exclusive Federal Full-Contact "Rim-wide" Tread, while scientifically designed to give perfect traction and silent running, is more refined.

"Money-back" Guaranty!

To equip your car with new-type Federal Tires will cost you no more than with any other leading make. Furthermore, you are not asked to accept this radically new development on faith. Every Federal dealer sells new-type Federal Tires with this "money-back" guaranty.

> "If after 30 days' use you are not fully convinced that these new-type Federal Tires give you more luxurious, air-cushioned riding comfort, better acceleration, easier steering, firmer braking, and the assurance of maximum mileage, return them and your money will be refunded."

See the Federal Agency nearest you for details of this startling new idea in tires. If you do not know the location, write us at once.

FEDERAL

FIVE NEW EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

1 NEW FEDERAL "INLAID" CORD SYSTEM—
A patented and exclusive Federal feature

2 NEW FEDERAL "MULTI-CABLE" ANCHORING BEAD—
Another outstanding engineering achievement

3 NEW LARGER AIR CHAMBER—You ride on a bigger cushion of buoyant air at lower pressure

4 NEW TYPE FEDERAL "RIM-WIDE" TREAD—
A radical forward step in modern tread design

5 NEW FEDERAL "CANTILEVER" SIDEWALLS—
Greatly increased flexibility—with longer life

THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY
CHICOPEE FALLS · · MASSACHUSETTS

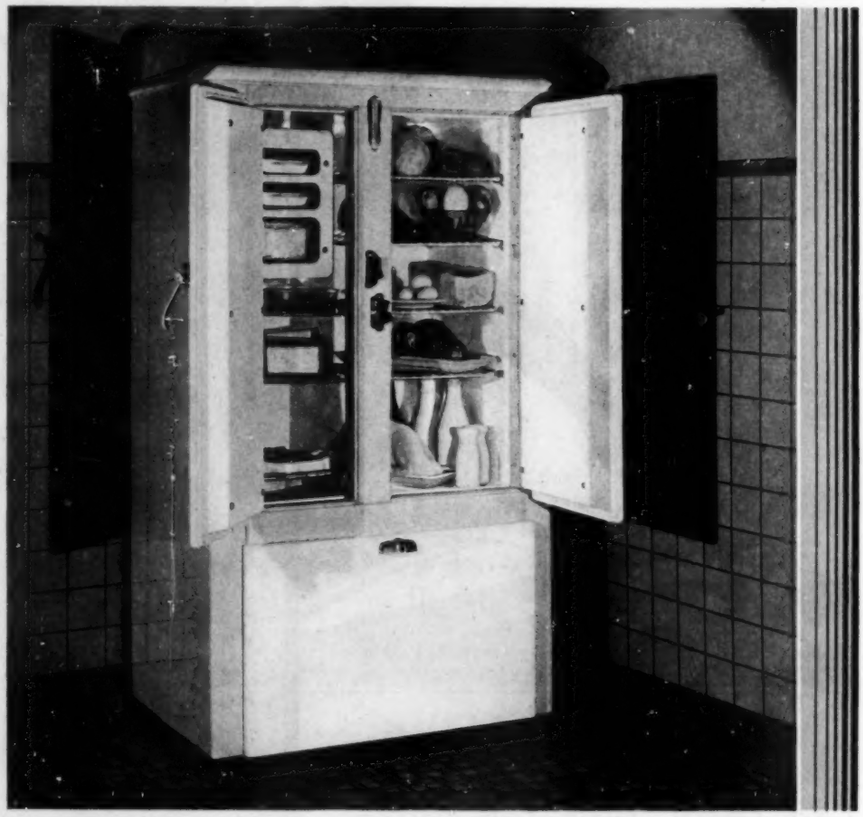
TIRES

YOU RIDE ON MORE AIR

12% MORE AIR

50,000 MILES AND MORE

100% super-automatic refrigeration and record fast freezing with ICE-O-THERMIC TUBES



TODAY Kelvinator, with exclusive Ice-O-Thermic Tubes and other radical advancements in its newest electric refrigerator, projects electric refrigeration years in advance of existing types.

Super-automatic in every phase of its reliable performance, whether perfect preservation of foods, cold storage of meats and game, or freezing ice in faster time, the new Kelvinator places electric refrigeration on an entirely new plane.

It is not too much to say that the new Kelvinator is one of the few 100 per cent efficient servants you can install in your home. It stays on the job 24 hours every day—quietly and automatically bringing the gift of properly kept foods to protect the health of your family.

All this without a thought on your part—for by super-automatic, Kelvinator means the elimination of all necessity for varying adjustment and regulation.

Kelvinator in these new models offers not only completely automatic refrigeration and far faster freezing of ice cubes, but finer, more durable construction of the refrigerating cabinets themselves.

1 Ice-O-Thermic Tubes — Give new fast freezing of ice cubes. Fully automatic in every phase of refrigeration, cold storage and freezing. Ice capacity up to 35 pounds. Faster freezing of ice creams and desserts.

2 Super-Automatic Refrigeration — Food compartments always between 40 and 50 degrees. Not affected by lower temperature of ice chamber. Cold-Keeper cuts down starting and stopping of mechanical unit fully one-third.

3 Cold Storage Compartment For Meats, Game, Etc. — Larger size Kelvinators have separate compartment where perishable foods can be kept indefinitely. Renders a service identical to that of public cold storage plants. Invaluable for large homes, country estates and clubs.

AS LOW AS
$185
F. O. B. DETROIT

You can enjoy Kelvinator advantages now by making use of Kelvinator's attractive ReDisCo monthly budget plan

From the smallest Kelvinator of four cubic feet capacity to the de luxe models for the largest families, all cabinets are ruggedly built and as beautiful as they are durable. Interiors are of glistening white porcelain with wide, rounded corners for easy cleaning. All shelves are at convenient non-stooping levels.

Moderate in price, these new Kelvinators offer more value for the refrigerating dollar than even Kelvinator has ever before provided. See them today and compare their advanced and exclusive features point for point with any electric refrigerator you have ever known. Your nearest Kelvinator dealer will gladly explain the easy terms on which any Kelvinator may be purchased.

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, 14250 PLYMOUTH ROAD, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
KELVINATOR OF CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO
KELVINATOR LIMITED, LONDON, ENGLAND

THE NEW SUPER-AUTOMATIC

KELVINATOR

(Continued from Page 38)

house with a glass of milk and some doughnuts from a thoughtful hostess who had kindly given me permission to rest ourselves on her place.

One rite I was always careful to perform at every stop for a meal. I unsaddled the mare and washed her sweaty back with cold water. Saddle galls must be prevented on such a trip, and washing with cold water I found to be a certain preventive of them. And I made it a rule to stop to water the horse once in mid-morning and once between lunch and supper.

How we delighted in seeing motorcycle policemen on the watch for speeding motorists. It very likely was my imagination, but I played with the thought that Horses eyed them all sarcastically. I have given the mare that name because, like a Grimm's fairy story, she is all the horses I own. Upon meeting with a speed cop I would jocosely scoff, "Well, you can't pinch me for speeding!" At which the officer would turn away in sad disappointment.

About four o'clock that afternoon we were in a town where, according to the citizenry, there was only one stable. This was run by a market gardener. For one dollar and a half he gave us shelter and food and sent us happily on our way in the morning.

Twelve miles had been my distance that day. And though I got into the saddle a little painfully, the stiffness soon wore away.

The dust of the road muffled the hoof beats as we jogged onward. By our almost soundless approach we were shown hundreds of little happenings among the wild birds and animals that would never come to the eyes of motorists. A young fox cub played with grasshoppers in a field. A hawk flashed down past my head and scooped a rabbit from the ditch. Ruffed grouse reveled in warm dust baths and slowly marshaled their broods to one side as we came up. We passed pedestrians who looked at us curiously and we exchanged greetings. The air was clean, unsullied by the fumes of petroleum. The road might have seemed rough to rubber tires, but I noticed not a bit with Horses' careful springy walk.

From Porridge to Pie

The regular time of our starting a search for board and room was four o'clock. Sometimes we went along until a very attractive bungalow and stable offered themselves. More often we left everything on the lap of the gods and inquired at the first house we saw after the hour had been reached.

Several times we stayed at the real old-fashioned sort of farms with pumps in the kitchen and kerosene lamps throwing a yellow light upon our faces around the red-and-white tablecloth. We had a good time wherever we stopped. At one farmhouse they gave me a room that could not be reached without going through the sleeping quarters of the host and hostess. Merely a curtain gave us privacy. Oh, how those good, kind people did raise the roof with their snores! Yet I only noticed it as I dropped off. Riding in the open brings sleeps such as I have never found in any city. I was tired a little, but it was a healthy feeling of fatigue. My nerves were not run ragged.

Perhaps it was the riding; at any rate, the food I ate on that trip has never been excelled by any chef in the world. The quantity I consumed was beyond the ability of any of my urban friends. The meals were not skimp affairs for tired business men; they were platters stacked high for workmen. In the past I might have joked about pie for breakfast. It is a delicious dish. Cooked as only New England farm women know how to cook. Flavored delightfully and making the consumer feel like a king far longer in the morning than a puny breakfast of toast and coffee. We always started the day with oatmeal; that seemed to be a very popular dish. Then came the corn bread, flapjacks and real maple sirup, ham and eggs, coffee, and pie. Most always I accepted the second and third helpings of everything that was offered me. At every home I found folks who were concerned that I did not eat enough. I tried to.

New England Hospitality

For adventure we had the daily thrill at what lay around the next curve in the road. Nothing of any desperate character happened to us throughout those two weeks. Once we came near to meeting disaster. I wanted to try out the idea of spending at least one night in the open. The chance seemed to present itself one afternoon when we passed a corking fine grove of hemlocks far enough removed from the thoroughfare. As I debated stopping and looking for a gate in the fence that surrounded the site of the grove Horses carried us by and around a turn. Ahead was a little white farmhouse and, nailed to a tree beside the road, in the field where the grove of hemlocks was, was a sign saying, BEWARE OF THE BULL. I saw no bull. But even if he was there I had no quarrel with him. I had set out to ride a horse and not to sail through the air, propelled by the vicious horns of an angry bull.

We spent the night at that white farmhouse in a gigantic feather bed. During the night a prodigious crash set me sitting straight up in the dark. Across the narrow hall I heard my host's gruff voice using words I will not repeat. His wife whispered hoarsely, "Ef ye wouldn't toss so in your sleep, pa, ye wouldn't roll out of bed."

This woman, like so many of her predecessors in my patronage, came out with a parcel as I was about to ride off after paying my small bill. "Something for yer lunch," she said, smiling, and waved me good-by.

New Englanders are popularly supposed by the rest of the country to be cold-hearted toward the stranger. However, I met with nothing but hospitality. I was never charged a high price for food and lodging, not over a dollar and a half for myself and horse. Never over fifty cents for lunch. Not infrequently I was told when I asked the price that it was "all right."

Going over the same route later in an automobile I missed the good-fellowship of the open road. It is too easy to cover vast spaces in a car, too easy to slide by the little things that make a horseback ride so interesting.

At the end of the first week Horses and I turned west and south to circle back to work again. We were so happy, just us two together, that I thrust business from my mind until the last possible moment. And when it was all over I looked back on the vacation that had been the finest I had ever had. The whole route could have been covered in a day or two by automobile. It had taken me two weeks. I had been twenty years behind the times but I had had a bully trip. —HORACE MITCHELL.

IF YOU COULD SEE THEIR COMFORT

(as you see their style)

. . . it would be unnecessary to tell you about . . . . . ARCH PRESERVER SHOES

FOR then you would see the difference between Arch Preserver comfort—healthful, invigorating, energizing—and mere freedom from discomfort . . . Your shoes may be perfect fitting, carefully made. Your feet may not bother you. But that is mere passive comfort. Arch Preserver comfort is positive, active, inspiring . . . Arch Preserver Shoes let men walk naturally, tirelessly, eagerly. Arch Preserver comfort is so much more than the usual freedom from discomfort because: . . . The arch construction prevents the strain that saps the strength. The metatarsal support removes the cause of fatigue. The flat inner sole enables nerves, muscles and blood vessels to function freely . . . Truly Arch Preserver super comfort is a real thrill. Try it! . . . $10 to $15 . . . Send for name of nearest dealer and free booklet. Address Dept. S-114.

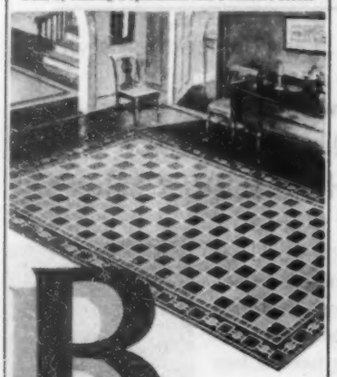
E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC.
Rockland, Mass.
Makers of the Just Wright Shoe since 1875

Wright ARCH PRESERVER SHOE FOR MEN

Look for trade mark. Made for men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass., and Scott and McHale, Ltd., Licensee, London, Canada; for women, juniors, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio.

Style No. 325
Brown or black calf oxford
One of 60 models for all occasions

RUGS
Bright surfaced—felt base
Up-to-date patterns
Easily cleaned · Moderately priced
Sold by leading Department and Furniture Stores



BIRD

Asphalt-slate surfaced
Varied colors
Fire-retarding · Minimum expense
Sold by leading Lumber and Building Supply Dealers

ROOFS
DEFY WATER AND WEAR

BIRD & SON, inc.
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CHICAGO NEW YORK
In Canada
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Montreal

THE WILD WHEEL IN THE BUSINESS MACHINE

(Continued from Page 7)

more power the productivity per unit of human labor has been increased nearly one-third in ten years, and that the cost of production has been cheapened in a radical manner. But the revolution itself is not represented by the ponderable facts about it. The facts are the effects.

In the principle of mass production there is nothing new since the days of Adam Smith. That we have gone further with it than any other people is an achievement of degree only. What is new is the thought that now for the first time animates mass production. The revolution, that is to say, has taken place not in the field of means but in the field of intent, as concerning ends. And it has taken place precisely for the reason that we accept the machine to be for what it is for, and employ it accordingly. A progressive cheapening of the satisfaction of human wants ceases to be an uncontrollable effect—and from the producer's point of view an evil effect hurtful to his profit; it becomes, instead, an end beforehand intended.

Old industry waited for demand to appear with money in its pocket, and then plundered it, every producer doing his utmost to load it with dear goods until it was overwhelmed; business, therefore, was an affair of booms and depressions alternating.

New industry explores, fosters and creates demand.

Old industry was always thinking: "Working day and night, how much can we make and sell at this price before the bottom drops out of the market?"—that is, before the demand was overwhelmed.

New industry says: "At what price will it be possible to sell a greater quantity of goods?" Having determined what price will increase the demand, it says: "Well, then, we will improve our methods, use more and better machines, eliminate waste and reduce the cost of production to a point at which we can afford to sell the goods at that price and still make a profit."

In this case it is demand that determines price, and the producer looks not to the price but to his cost for a profit. In the old case it was price that determined and limited and exhausted demand, and it was to the price the producer looked for his profit. No other way had ever been thought of.

An Expansible Demand

This is the revolution of thought that has happened. Since it began we have heard less and less about overproduction. In the last eight years, so far as American industry is concerned, we have not heard of it at all; notwithstanding the fact that production has been continuously expanding and has in this period touched the highest point ever known. Demand has increased in a corresponding manner. That is the explanation. Demand is no longer a prize to be seized and dismembered; it is the wanting of people for things plus the means they have to buy them with. It is expansible, it may be cultivated, and it has at a given time potentialities that may be roughly determined. As production ceases to be anarchic it relates itself intelligently to the potentiality of demand, and then, how to make the potential demand effective, or, that is to say, how to increase the buying power of the consumer, becomes the first anxiety of industry.

However, as we hear less and less of overproduction we hear more of surplus. They are not necessarily the same. When by surplus one means an actual quantity of goods for which there is no reasonable demand, then the word "overproduction" would do just as well, even better. But there is another meaning for surplus. It is the latency of overproduction, not the actuality of it. It may mean, and now generally does mean, a surplus capacity for producing goods.

This is a new problem. An excess not of goods but of means. A power of production which may or not be greater than our need is, but which is certainly greater than our use is. As to all manner of satisfactions—textiles, shoes, garments, utilities, motor cars, furniture, food products, luxury goods—anything almost that you may imagine—we have the means to produce much more than we are consuming. If we consumed more we could produce more, and if we produced more the cost of production and, therefore, the cost of all satisfactions could be further cheapened. There is that cycle of effect.

Are we touching the limits of our consuming power? If we are, then we must suppose that the process of cheapening productions will hereafter continue, if at all, at a much slower rate because the cheapening of it so fast hitherto was owing to the enormous progressive expansion of both production and consumption, acting and reacting one upon the other.

Everybody Wants Something

What brings this question now to be examined very anxiously by industry is a certain fact of new experience—namely, the fact that to widen the demand for goods is increasingly costly and difficult. And if the demand cannot be progressively widened, or if the cost of widening it should become prohibitive, then it would be more and more difficult further to cheapen the cost of production. Is this the beginning of impasse—a crisis in the use of mass production?

To what may seem an ominous question there is an answer implicit in any view you may happen to seize of people at large, as they work and live and play. Everyone is wanting something more or something better. This has nothing to do with a point of saturation for any particular kind of thing. There may be enough of one thing—kerosene lamps, perhaps. But industry is for making anything people want. Certainly there is not yet enough electric light, and when there is enough of it, the hot electric light may be as inferior to a new, cool kind of light as electricity now is superior to the coal-oil lamp.

Take it that for the first time there is enough food. Let that be a point of saturation. All the more do people want other things because they are not wanting more food than they can get. The Hoover Committee reporting on recent economic changes in the United States said:

"The committee finds that as a people we have become steadily less concerned about the primary needs—food, clothing and shelter. We have long since lost our fear concerning our food supply and so we no longer look on food as a luxury or as a primary source of pleasure. American food standards have risen. We wear less clothing, more rayon and silks, less cotton and wool. Our wants have ranged more widely, and we now demand a broad list of goods and services which come under the category of optional purchases."

How absurd to suppose that people are through with wanting, that they are not willing to exert themselves to increase their satisfactions, or that the peak of consuming power is anywhere in sight! There is in us a habit of wanting stronger than ever before; and this is not the same as a habit of longing. People may long for things they never expect to possess. Such is phantasy. What makes a want dynamic in this generation is the possibility of its satisfaction. There is hardly anything one wants but one can imagine also the pleasure of actual possession.

Nevertheless, the fact is as it was stated. Industry finds it increasingly difficult to widen the demand for goods. What is it that now hinders demand? It is a fundamental question. Anything that hinders demand hinders production, and what hinders production tends to thwart the power of the machine to cheapen the satisfaction of human wants.

Looking at it in all possible ways, it occurred to industry to examine the consumer's dollar and see what was happening to it. This might be anybody's dollar, only so it was a dollar spent for satisfactions. That is to say, it might be the dollar of one who lives from income, or it might be one of those earned dollars disbursed by industry as wages under the American doctrine that in order to sustain the demand for industry's increasing output, it is vital at the same time to increase the buying power of the wage earner.

Well, industry was amazed to see what was happening to the consumer's dollar. Anywhere from one-third to as much as three-quarters of it was spent not for the thing itself but for the distribution of it. Remember that the price paid by the consumer for the satisfaction of a given want is bound to represent cost of production plus the cost of distribution. But when as little as one-quarter of the price may represent cost of production and as much as three-quarters of it the cost of distribution, the relation is wrong. When the case is that the cost of selling goods is more than the cost of making them, two conclusions are irresistible: First, that distribution is too dear; second, that the cost of distribution is hindering demand.

Such were the conclusions industry drew, and it said: "In the process of cheapening the satisfaction of human wants, the next thing is to attack the cost of distribution."

Distribution, therefore, is put on its knees and made to look at itself critically for the first time. The indictment of it contains briefly these counts: That the cost of it is swallowing up the further benefits of scientific machine production; that this cost, contrary to the meaning of the times, is tending rather to rise than to fall; that it is governed by ideas that are fifty years obsolete; that it has no social principle; and that, unless it is reformed, the rate at which we can continue to cheapen the satisfaction of human wants will be much retarded in the future.

Too Costly Distribution

There is nothing in the indictment that says distribution as it is does not work. It does work. Never before were goods in any quantity of any kind so easy of access to the consumer. Whatever you want, there it is, or you have only to make your want known by telephone and the satisfaction will appear at your door. If that were all, the existing system of distribution might be called perfect. The whole of the complaint is against the cost. It works, but it is far too dear. It works, but it is wasteful, and we can no more afford waste in distribution than in production.

At a given time there are just so many dollars to be spent by consumers for goods of all kinds. It is a definite number. What a definite number of dollars will buy is determined by the prices that are charged, and the prices that are charged must represent the cost of production plus the cost of distribution. It is supposed that the total volume of retail sales in the country is forty billions of dollars a year. That is the total of prices charged and the total of prices paid for goods and their distribution. Further, it is supposed by competent authorities that at least one-fifth of this total represents unnecessary cost of distribution. That is to say, the consumer is obliged to spend annually eight billions of dollars for something he cannot eat, wear, use or even identify—namely, the uneconomic and wasteful cost of bringing the things he wants to his convenience and attention and inducing him to buy them. This eight billions, observe, is not the cost of distribution; it is only the unnecessary part of that cost. In place of it, people might be consuming each year goods to the value of eight billions more.

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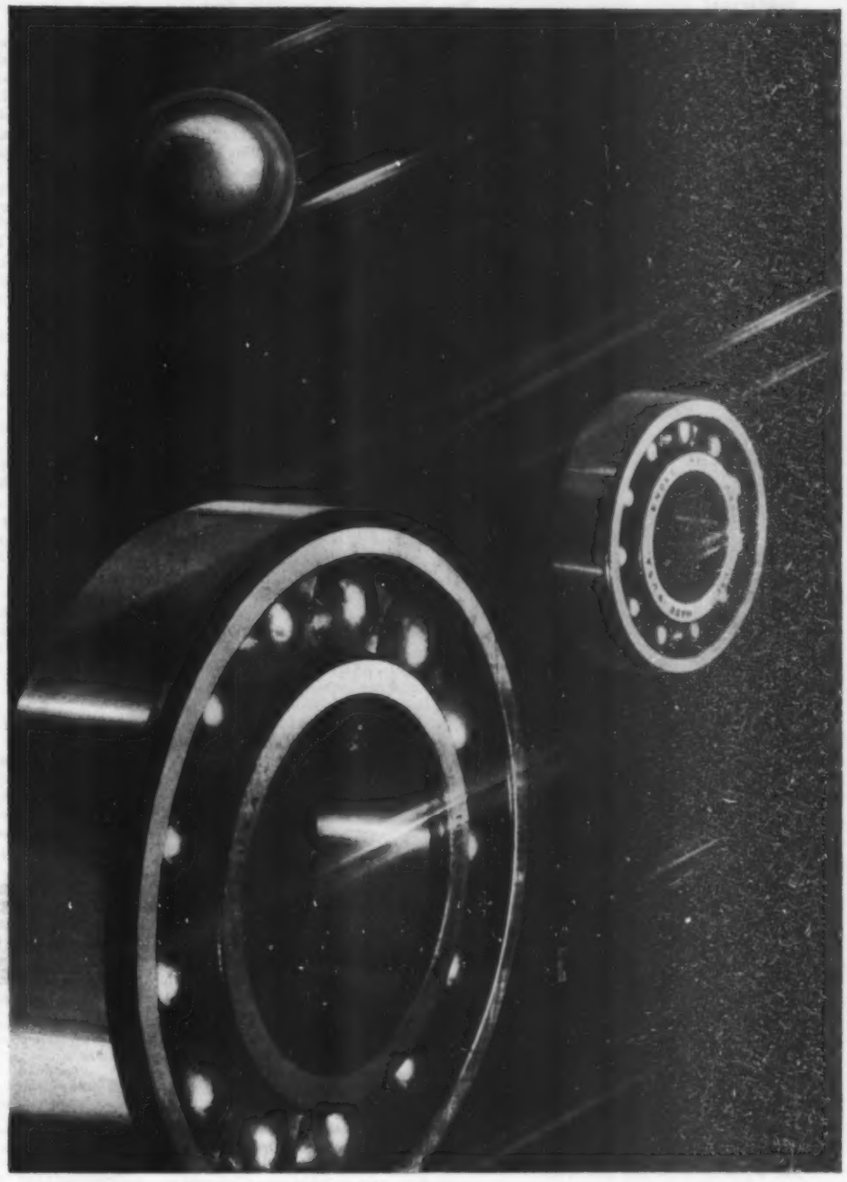
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

THE VANISHING POINT OF FRICTION is the vanishing point of wear. And because New Departure Ball Bearings do reduce friction to the vanishing point, they never need adjustment to take up wear. After long years of severe service, New Departures retain their original efficiency because they are built of finest bearing steel—to the most exacting standards of workmanship and finish—and their design is based on the indisputable scientific principle that nothing rolls like a ball.

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY BRISTOL CONN.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

Saves

TIME
MONEY

AND KEEPS CARS
LOOKING NEW
AND BEAUTIFUL

NO ONE NOWADAYS NEED drive a dulled, old looking car because Simonizing makes it so easy and economical to keep cars looking new and beautiful for years.

When cars are dulled and discolored, the original beauty of the finish can be restored with Simoniz Kleener. It thoroughly cleans off all stains, traffic scum, and prepares the finish for Simoniz. Then, Simoniz gives that distinctive beauty and protection which makes the finish last longer and keeps colors from fading. And, for months after a car has been Simonized, it is easily kept sparkling and beautiful for just a cloth wipes off dust and dirt without scratching and washing is seldom necessary. What a saving!

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—and after years, your car will be worth more when "traded in."

THE SIMONIZ
COMPANY
CHICAGO
U. S. A.

EASILY APPLIED
WITH A CLOTH

(Continued from Page 42)

Industry is deeply shocked by this view of waste. If that eight billions of dollars could be saved from the cost of distribution and spent instead for goods, then with so much additional volume in sight, industry could afford to make large outlays of new capital in order further to cheapen the cost of production, with the effect that a consumer's dollar would buy either many more things or things of higher quality.

Well, it is probably true that there is a needless waste of eight billions a year in the work of bringing and selling the finished products of industry to the consumer. And yet, there could be too much simple excitement about it as a fact representing the whole problem. There is probably a needless waste of an equal amount in the field of production, too, notwithstanding all its pride of achievement. Only a few years ago the wastefulness of industry was the popular text. Now industry for the moment is let alone and distribution for the first time is catching it.

Distribution's Day in Court

It may be a sound generalization to say production has become much more scientific than distribution. It is certainly true that the cost of distribution is absurdly high in contrast with the cost of production. Whether the cost of distribution, on the whole, actually is higher than it was, as now everyone makes free to assert—that is a question that cannot be answered definitely, for the simple reason that nobody knows what it was before. Thinking in terms of cost is a new way of thinking; analysis of cost is a new method. There are thousands of merchants who do not know what it costs them to sell goods, just as there are thousands of farmers who do not know what it costs them to grow wheat. As against these, you will find here and there the exceptional one who does know his costs, and that one will be in the profit-making class, though he gets no more for his wheat or for his goods over the counter than his failing competitors. Only a few years ago this was all equally true of industry, and is still true of a considerable obsolete and dying part of it.

In any case, the whole matter of distribution is in healthy turmoil. Producers and distributors together are taking thought about it and exchanging naked ideas. All at once there is a critical, intensive literature of the subject where formerly there was none, because formerly it was supposed that distribution could be left to the human instinct for bargain, sale and profit. Most of it is hot and current, in the form of pamphlets prepared and issued by the Department of Commerce, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Management Association, academic schools of business and various private and endowed research bureaus. One of the great life-insurance companies has nine bureaus and a staff of trained economists conducting gratuitous research in the field of distribution, charging nothing for it; and it justifies the expenditure on the ground, first, that it has a direct interest in the general well-being of people, and, second, that cheaper and more efficient distribution of life's material satisfactions is vital to continued progress in the state of living.

From the titles under which the discussion is running, one may see how the subject is stalked—namely: Mass Merchandising; the Producer, Distributor and Consumer; The Consumer of Today and Tomorrow, Mergers and Marketing, Industrial Selling, The Truth About Advertising, The Wholesaler of Today and Tomorrow, The Retailer of Today and Tomorrow, What About Chain Stores? The Manufacturer's Relation to the Consumer, Retailer and Wholesaler; What Can the Wholesaler Do to Survive? A Commercial Tower of Babel, Research as an Aid to Improved Sales Methods, The Changing Scene in Marketing, Achieving Efficient Dealer Distribution, Studying Consumer Habits, New Factors in Retail Distribution, What Group Buying Means to the Retailer, The Mercantile Counter Revolution, and so on, up to hundreds of variations.

Then there are national conferences on distribution, held by the United States Chamber of Commerce at Washington, by the Retail Trade Board at Boston, by the chain-store executives and by various associations, and from each event of this character issues a mass of papers on different aspects of the subject. These papers are in eager demand.

First and last, an enormous amount of free clinical expression is taking place, as is, of course, necessary before the problem itself can be stated. Much of it is intrinsically worthless, some of it is acrimonious. Nevertheless, it all tends to clarify the mind. The acrimony is tending to abate. At first there was a passion to pass blame for the state of distribution. Groups attacked one another. The independents denounced the chain stores, retailers blamed wholesalers, and wholesalers blamed retailers; and both blamed the producer for having upset the natural scheme of distribution by going direct to the consumer. To this the producers retorted that they were obliged to go in for direct distribution and control their own outlets, because wholesalers and retailers were not doing their job; they were inefficient, inert and obstructive. One bit of common ground—apparently the only thing they could all agree upon—was that the consumer had become whimsical, sophisticated and unreasonable. A conclusion on which they could amicably unite was that all their trouble was owing to the fact that for the first time they were dealing with a buyer's market in place of a seller's market. A buyer's market, you may know, is one in which the buyer controls the situation because he is less anxious to buy than the seller is to sell A way of describing this condition was to say: "Always hitherto we have been selling goods for money. Now the consumer is selling money for goods."

A New Kind of Census

After a great deal of this, common sense began to speak, saying: "Of such facts and conclusions any or all of them may be so, and yet the problem of distribution is left in the wilderness still, and that is because we have no way of seeing it as a whole."

And that was quite obviously true. Everyone knew something about his own particular facet of the American market; no one knew even the fundamental facts about the market as a whole. Speaking to the Merchants Association of New York last June, the Secretary of Commerce said:

> One of the reasons that we have not made more progress in increasing the efficiency of distribution is the fact that we have relatively little comprehensive information about the movement of commodities. For many decades we have gathered statistics concerning population, agriculture, manufactures, mines, quarries, births, deaths, marriages, divorces, wealth, indebtedness, taxation and many other phases of our industrial and social life, but never have we gathered facts and figures to help in tracing the history of commodities in their movement from the producer to the consumer.

He was commenting on the importance of an innovation in the census bill the Congress had just passed—namely, an authorization for taking a census of distribution. That there had never been a census of distribution shows how neglected the subject was. Statistics of production have been fairly complete for many years. They show where the goods are produced, under what conditions, the total volume, the amount of raw materials consumed, the value added thereto by manufacture, the value of the product per unit of human labor, and so on. Only now has the necessity been recognized to know the comparable facts about distribution.

The new census will show, as the Secretary of Commerce says, the history of goods on their way from producers to consumers, where they go, how they go, through what kinds of stores and outlets they are sold, and how much labor is required to effect distribution by all the various methods in use. The Secretary of Commerce has appointed a committee of merchants, industrialists and economists to assist the Census Bureau in formulating plans of procedure, for this is all new ground.

In preparation for a national census of distribution, several important pieces of sample work have been carried through. The Department of Commerce and the United States Chamber of Commerce jointly made a systematic survey of distribution in eleven cities. When they were put together, the figures disclosed some surprising things. Once for all they killed the myth of the horizontally swollen middleman. He, as a rule, no less than the consumer, is suffering from waste in distribution. True, his mark-up is high—that is to say, what he adds to the price of a thing to represent the cost of selling it.

In groceries the retail mark-up may be 20 per cent. From that it ranges through lines of staple merchandise, according to the kind, all the way up to 100 per cent. On goods that are not staple, the mark-up may be anything. But the retailer is not thereby made rich. His costs are high. Prices are competitive. Side by side, both selling at the same prices, one retailer fails and another survives. The profit, therefore—whether they know it or not—is in the cost, not in the price.

More Profit on Less Business

The survey of eleven cities showed that among 79,000 independent retailers, 46 per cent of the stores did only 5 per cent of the business; one-quarter of the stores accounted for less than 2 per cent of the total business. There were 4524 independent grocers with annual sales of less than $5000 each, and the report says of these that they could not possibly be making a profit of more than $100 a year each. Only 14 per cent of independent stores had an average annual business of $50,000 or more, and yet it is easily demonstrated that a store with less than $50,000 sales a year has a very small chance to survive.

On this head the report says:

> One of the most costly procedures in distribution today is placing merchandise in every conceivable outlet, irrespective of whether the sales volume justifies such action. A great confusion in retail distribution has developed during the past ten years. Today the merchandise seeks the customer. Products of every description are moving to consumers through new outlets. Distributive pressure cuts new channels and deflects older currents. There is a growing belief, and one which has been justified by individual studies, that many manufacturers and wholesalers would show greater net profit if they would eliminate accounts which are so small as to make them unprofitable.

The fact is that very few distributors know what it costs them to sell goods. They do not analyze their costs. This the Department of Commerce discovered when it began to examine wholesalers' and retailers' accounts analytically. It found a typical wholesaler losing money on 6000 of the 12,000 items in his warehouse. Looking at the figures gratuitously produced by the Government experts, this wholesaler reduced his stock to 6500 items, reduced his customers from 1400 to 700, and increased his profit more than one-third. Another Government analysis of cost proved that a wholesaler lost money on every order of ten dollars or less, and such orders constituted nearly one-half of his total business. He had been paying salesmen to procure losing business. A dry-goods house was found sending its salesmen into seventeen states, notwithstanding the fact that 70 per cent of its business came from two states. Until the Department of Commerce experts had called attention to this situation, it had never occurred to this house that all the business procured in fifteen states might profitably be dropped. That was territory uneconomic to work. It properly belonged to others.

(Continued on Page 46)

"Tired out, run down persons become completely changed"

. . says physician of Germany's greatest free hospital

DOCTORS throughout the world know Berlin's great "Charité" —the largest free hospital in Europe's most important medical center.

As physician-in-chief of the medical polyclinic at the Charité and Professor in the University of Berlin, Dr. Julius Citron holds a key post in European medical circles. He says:

"Medical experience confirms laboratory results with yeast.

"In cases of constipation and stomach troubles of long duration, I have had excellent results from its use. It purifies the whole intestinal tract. Skin eruptions can be overcome by eating yeast.

"With the creation of the 'sunshine' vitamin D in fresh yeast, our bodies now get from this simple food that power of the sun itself which helps make bones and teeth strong and sound, and muscles firm. Nearly everyone who works indoors is 'sunlight-starved.'

"Yeast contains large quantities of vitamin B, which increases strength. Run down, tired, exhausted people often become changed persons after yeast has been added to their regular nourishment."

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, according to the directions on the label. Each cake is rich in the *two* vitamins indispensable to health—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

© 1930, Standard Brands, Inc.

Noted physicians cite yeast benefits

DR. PAUL GERBER, of Vienna, noted internal specialist, says, "In cases of run down condition, yeast renews energy and endurance."

DR. GEORGES ROSENTHAL, Laureate of the Institute and of the Academy of Medicine of Paris, declares: "Yeast is one of the best gastro-intestinal cleansing agents."

DR. BORGE PONTOPPIDAN, physician-in-charge of the Municipal Hospital, Copenhagen, says: "The 'sunshine' vitamin which fresh yeast now contains is of vital importance for both adults and children."

" . . my own doctor advised yeast, too"

"I had always been very subject to colds and for two or three years my face had broken out," writes Mrs. F. W. Forman, Jr., from Baltimore. "Both these conditions no doubt were caused by sluggish intestinal activity, yet nothing I tried had any effect. I asked our family physician what he would suggest and he told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast three times a day. I did, and my complexion began to clear and I stopped having those annoying colds.

"The sunshine vitamin now in Fleischmann's Yeast appeals to me for its effect on the children,* as they are confined so much indoors in the winter."

*Physicians recommend Fleischmann's Yeast for children over 5 years of age.

The 4 Health-men of the breakfast table

in this delicious bran cereal

HERE they are—Vitamins, Minerals, Iodin and Lysine. Hidden away in the crunchy amber flakes of good brown rice. You'll choose Comet Brown Rice Flakes, of course, for their rich nutty flavor...but the work-energy and the play-energy stored in every flake are vitally helpful to grown-ups and young folks alike.

Only in Brown Rice can you get the bran, the brown part that holds all the health elements. Only in Comet Brown Rice Flakes will you find the particular combination of taste plus nutrition that grows in Comet Brown Rice.

Doctors everywhere will tell you how valuable these four Health-men are; the four vitamins, the nine minerals, the iodin and the lysine of Comet Flakes. But you won't need anyone to tell you about the taste, once you have sampled a bowl of this crisp, popcorny food in milk and cream.

WHAT MAKES BROWN RICE BROWN?

Brown Rice is natural rice, with its coat of brown bran. And like whole wheat, contains all its original minerals, vitamins, iodin and lysine. **Comet *Brown* Rice Flakes are the *only* flakes made from the genuine Comet *Brown* Rice with all the bran.**

The new Comet White Rice is Hot-Pan-Processed

How the new exclusive method improves the goodness of this nature-perfected uncoated white rice! Sizzling hot, burnished pans are now used to treat the rice kernels, so they come to your table finer, tastier, laden with luscious flakiness. This process, exclusive with Comet products, makes the rice cook faster, white and flakier.

Every rice recipe in the cook-book takes on a newly appealing savor... when made with Comet Rice, hot-pan-processed. Try an old favorite dish with this new rice. Or better still, write for our Recipe Book, containing a splendid variety of appetizing rice dishes.

COMET RICE CO., 189 Franklin St., New York

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Comet Rice

(Continued from Page 44)

On the subject of outlets, the report on eleven cities says:

A great deal has been said recently about the confusion in retailing, but never before have authoritative figures been presented which substantiate this point. . . . Boot and shoe stores deal in about thirty classes, including crockery, drugs, musical instruments and sporting goods; drug stores in fifty-seven classes, many of which are so opposed to one another that the foremost question that arises is: Does it pay? . . . When it is realized that only a small proportion of the retailers in this country have any idea of the internal affairs of their establishments as a whole, we must not look far for the answer—the reason why so many fail or cannot operate with a reasonable margin of profit.

From the statistics in this report you see that about the only commodities not sold in drug stores are coffins, lumber, hay, steel and iron, plumbing and livestock. Hardware stores are found selling art goods and antiques, bakery products, books and magazines, boots and shoes, candy and ice cream, clothing, dry goods, groceries, dairy products, women's hosiery and underwear.

The gasoline situation in nine of the eleven cities was fantastic. One-third of the independent gasoline stations did less than 5 per cent of the total business, with average sales of less than $5000 a year; yet it is proved by accounting that with annual sales less than $50,000, or ten times this average, the profits of the proprietor could not equal the wage of an unskilled employe. That is to say, one-third of these independents were probably losing money; more than 90 per cent of them were making less than twenty-five dollars a week profit. Nevertheless, in these same cities, gasoline as a side line was being sold by bakeries, department stores, drug stores, dry-goods stores, florists, furniture stores, vegetable stores and restaurants.

The idea of utilizing an outlet to the utmost, even with incongruous kinds of merchandise, is probably sound. There is the instance of a hardware dealer who increased his sales of hardware by putting millinery at the back of his store. The trouble is that retailers, seeking only to increase their total volume of sales, stock new kinds of merchandise at hazard, and then never know on what they are making or losing money. If on the total volume of sales there is an illusion of some profit, they are content.

Back of the retailers are the wholesalers, who, by serving every little outlet, may be actually losing money on half their business because the cost of selling and handling a small order will be greater than the margin for profit is. The idea of allocating the cost of storekeeping to different kinds of merchandise, to the different items of one kind, and to the different quantities of sales, is all new and moves slowly among both retailers and wholesalers.

A Grocer Must Know His Groceries

The great advantage of the chain store and the big selling organizations like multiple department stores and mail-order houses is not that they can buy so much cheaper than the independents can, nor that they undersell the independents, but that they know their costs and control them.

Some experts who had analyzed the condition of an independent retailer in one of these research excursions told him regretfully that he was insolvent. "That is impossible," he said. "I have credit at the bank, I own an expensive car and my family is in Europe. How can you say I'm busted?" But he was.

In Louisville, where the Department of Commerce was making a survey of the grocery business, a retailer consented to have them show him how to take inventory. Soon after they had begun to take the goods off the shelves to count and value them, the police arrived, having heard that the store was being looted wholesale. Nothing like that had ever happened in a grocery store before. Generally the small merchant carries his stock in his head, and he is found entertaining the most curious notions about what is profitable and what is not.

The Louisville grocery survey was undertaken by the Department of Commerce at the solicitation of the grocery men themselves. They wanted to know, among other things, why, out of a total of 800 independent grocers in that city, thirty failed each month and thirty-two appeared to take their room. The Department of Commerce experts found this mortality was not owing to chain-store competition, as so many believed, but to ineffective storekeeping and to the ease with which anybody wishing to set himself up in the grocery business could get credit from the store-fixture people, who would make his store ready, and then from wholesalers competing with one another for the pleasure of stocking it on credit. The investigators explored the reasons that led all sorts of people to adventure in the grocery business, and found such as—the petty social prestige of being a merchant, the idea of getting the family groceries at cost, the idea of keeping a wife busy, and the idea of its being an easy way to get on.

Speaking to the National Distribution Conference called by the United States Chamber of Commerce, President Hoover said:

Obviously, one of the greatest wastes in our whole distribution system is the unnecessary number of links. We have more retail and wholesale establishments than we need, and therefore there is imposed on the distribution system a vastly larger overhead than is necessary.

These are glimpses merely of what goes with the eight billions of dollars wasted and lost in distribution. And no matter how it arises, it must at last be charged to the consumer in the price he pays for his satisfactions. Who supports the supernumerary and marginal gasoline stations and retail stores? Who pays in the end for the lost capital? Who pays for the losses and bad debts of producers and wholesalers, all so anxious to sell goods that they not only sell maybe half of them at a loss without knowing it, but sell them to dealers who are bound to fail? The consumer pays. It is charged in the price.

A Few Goods and a Quick Sale

Yet somewhere upon this picture of inefficiency a doubt must begin to rise. Is inefficiency a cause or an effect? Is it the problem itself? In the past ten years certain movements of change have assumed such magnitude that people say a revolution is taking place in the world of merchandising. But revolution does not mean simply change; it means a change of direction.

The movements referred to come mainly under these heads: First, speed of transaction; second, the use of credit; third, chain stores; fourth, department-store syndicates; fifth, automatic vending; sixth, direct selling by producers through outlets of their own; seventh, vertical mergers of manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers. All the changes hereunder are of degree, refinement and extension.

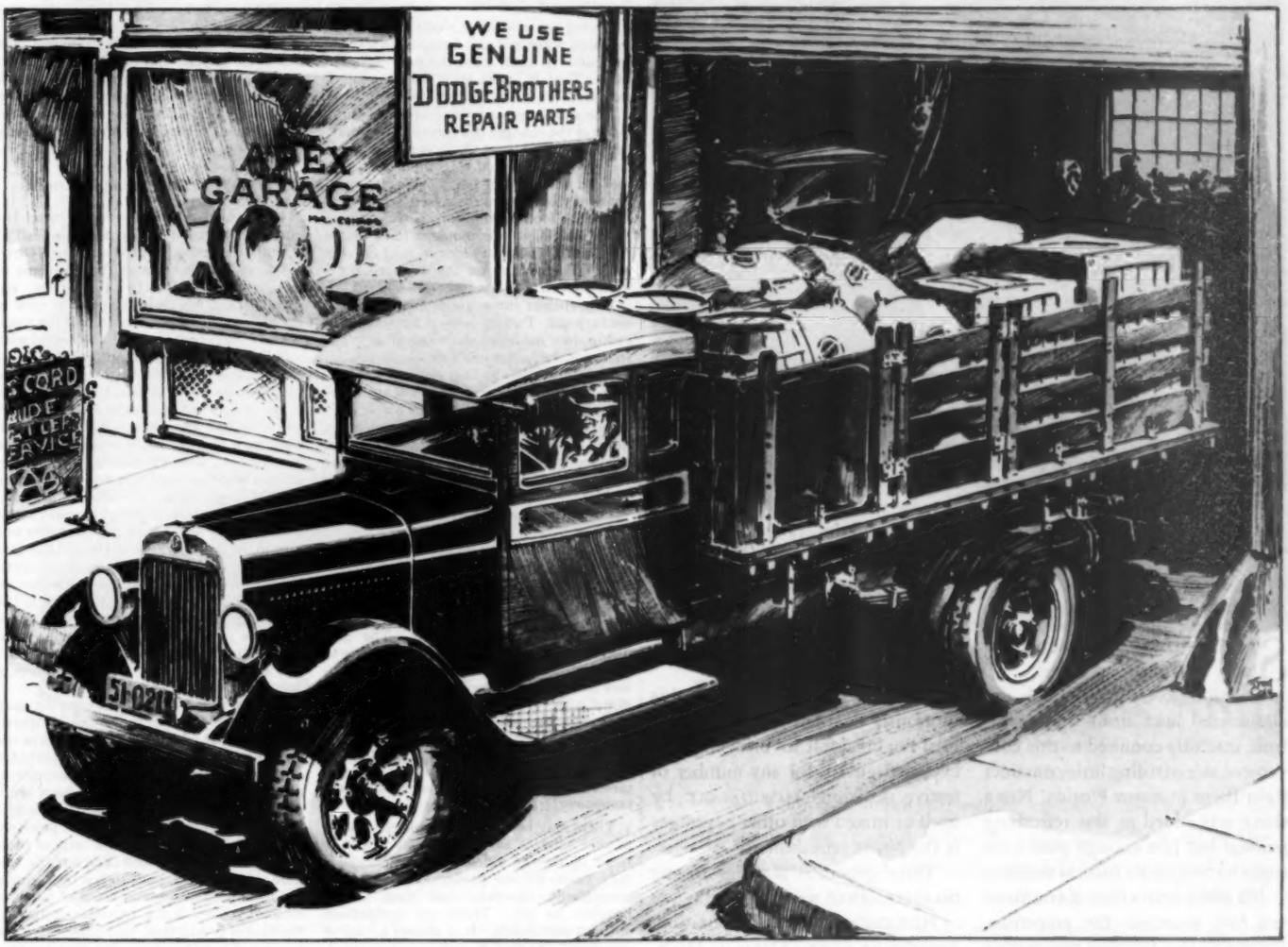
It is true that every transaction in the merchandising world has been made quicker; yet when people talk of quick turnover, hand-to-mouth buying, stocks not deep but varied, as if these were new ideas, it is only because they do not know how old they are. Two centuries ago, Daniel Defoe, who wrote Robinson Crusoe, wrote also a book entitled The Complete English Tradesman, in which one reads:

Let no young tradesman value himself upon having a very great throng of goods on hand; having just a necessary supply to produce a choice of new and fashionable goods, nay, though he be a mercer, for they are the most under necessity of a large stock of goods; but I say, supposing even the mercer to have a tolerable shew and choice of fashionable goods that gives his stock a reputation, he derives no credit at all from a throng of old shopkeepers, as they call them, (viz.) out-of-fashion things; but in other trades 'tis much more a needful caution; a few goods and a quick sale is the beauty of a tradesman's warehouse or shop either.

That will stand today for the latest way of thinking among merchants.

(Continued on Page 48)

ALWAYS AND EVERYWHERE



Year on year, day in and day out, Dodge Trucks go right on working, right on earning for their owners.

The reason: Dodge Trucks are, first of all, built to serve dependably at low cost. And when adjustments or repairs are needed, owners are sure to find, close by, a reputable Dodge Brothers dealer—a local business man—with a complete stock of parts and facilities for rendering service that is prompt, skilled and reasonable in cost.

The dependability and economy for which Dodge Trucks are famed, are thus made doubly secure. Service, today, always and everywhere is assured to every user.

DODGE TRUCKS

Everybody's Drinking Florida Gold GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

and everybody's wife finds it a priceless aid in entertaining

SQUEEZED for you, strained for you. All ready to serve!

Imagine! Every drop of rich, unadulterated juice from ripe grapefruit, instantly confined to this convenient, safeguarding little container right there in sunny Florida. Not a thing was added to this refreshing *freshness* but just enough pure cane sugar to temper its natural tartness.

It's really better than if you yourself had squeezed the grapefruit. For the golden beauties responsible for FLORIDAGOLD were allowed to ripen on the tree up to the mellow bursting point. Think! The time... the trouble... the muss... the money we've saved you!

And how many social needs this gloriously flavored grapefruit juice fills! For breakfast, for bridge, for unexpected guests, for any number of festive occasions, FLORIDAGOLD by itself or mixed with other beverages is the *perfect* refreshment!

Three generous servings to the tin—15c never went further!

FLORIDAGOLD Citrus Corporation, Penobscot Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Also packers of FLORIDAGOLD Grapefruit Hearts. Canneries: Lake Alfred and Eagle Lake, Fla.

FLORIDAGOLD *Grapefruit Juice*

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

FLORIDAGOLD CITRUS CORPORATION
Penobscot Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Please send me one-half case (12 cans) of Floridagold Grapefruit Juice at the special introductory price of $1.80 which I enclose.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Your grocer's name.....

(Continued from Page 46)

As for credit, The Merchant's Manual, published in this country in 1838, had this to say of it:

Instead of being confined to its natural and proper sphere, of filling up the interval necessarily existing between the beginning of legitimate enterprise and the realization of its return, the credit system has gradually been extended to all the minor concerns of life, so as even to include the personal consumption of daily necessaries. From the largest importer or manufacturer down to the pettiest tradesman and his humblest customer, all equally in their respective degrees buy and sell, produce and consume, eat, drink and wear, on credit—that is to say, in anticipation.

Giving the consumer credit to buy with has been organized and financed on a banking basis. We call it the deferred-payment plan. That is about all. The principle is not new.

The sudden great growth of chain stores is one of the changes that are said to be making a revolution; yet the first grocery chain is seventy years old. If the chain-store method had been the perfect solution, independent retailers could not have survived in the field of food distribution. Nothing seems more certain at this moment than that a live, independent retailer can hold his own with a chain store on the other corner—even beat it.

Department stores are more than half a century old. Putting several into one ownership does not alter their character. The feeling on the part of small merchants against department stores at first was as the feeling now is against chain stores; yet the small independent retailer who knew his job survived and multiplied. The new competition raised him up on his toes; that also is what the chain store is doing to the independent retailers all over the country.

Changes in Sales Outlets

Then, as for producers adventuring in the field of distribution and distributors adventuring in the field of production—this also is old, with a very uneven history of success and failure. What is new is the name it goes by—the vertical merger. The producer has never brought any new ideas to distribution really; nor had the distributors brought any new thought to production.

Hunt's Magazine, in 1870, said:

Most of the failures among the dry-goods commission merchants have arisen from the firms' assuming the responsibilities of manufacturers and taking the risks of unprofitable mill properties.

There may be too much facile conclusion in such current sayings as that from the point of view of efficiency, distribution is fifty years behind production, that it is scientifically obsolete, and that it has bungled its job. These are accusations without particulars. It is absurd to say of merchandising that its technic is benighted. Rather it is intensely modern. Anyone who will remember what shops and stores were like twenty or thirty years ago must be aware that an enormous amount of thought and imagination has been employed to improve the art of selling. There is, besides, what might fairly be called a science of selling, based on research, fact analysis, organized experience and studies of human nature. It has the true hunger of any science for more facts, and so is demanding a Federal census of distribution. Moreover, as you begin to consider the changes that have occurred in the work of distribution, you will see that what began to take place some years ago in industry is taking place very rapidly in the field of merchandising. Corporate ownership is displacing personal proprietorship; organized management is displacing individual control. Like industry or transportation, the function of distribution is represented by securities on the Stock Exchange, and the sum of the capital so employed in very large units is enormous.

Simply, it does not make sense to keep on saying that since there is mass production there must be mass distribution, as if, in fact, we had one without the other. There is already mass distribution on a very large scale. One corporation with 1000 department stores in a chain, another with 1400, another with 1500, more than 10,000 chain-store systems of various kinds accounting for more than 100,000 separate retail outlets, besides voluntary associations of independent merchants to practice group buying—what is all that if not mass distribution?

Yet notwithstanding all this modern change, the cost of distribution is said to be rising. Whether actually it is rising or not, certainly bringing science, capital and mass method to bear upon it has not reduced it. Why not? This is a question that goes far below waste.

No positive answer is yet possible, and this is so because the subject is so imperfectly understood. That quality and way of thinking that produced a revolution in the philosophy of industry has hardly touched distribution. There are only faint glimpses of it there.

A Lesson Still to be Learned

It is possible, however, to say what the question suggests, and what is implied in the fact that the answer is wanting. Obviously, in the first place, the problems of merchandising hitherto have been approached entirely from the point of view of the distributor, who is asking all the time, not how distribution may be reformed with reference to the one standing problem of the producer—which is progressively to cheapen the cost of satisfactions to the consumer in order to widen the demand—no—but only how distribution itself, as a business, may be made more profitable for the retailer and the wholesaler. And then, when a way has been found to cheapen the cost of distribution, the idea of the distributor is not how much of that saving or profit he may share with the consumer but how little, and it will be no more than just enough to enable him to beat his competitor. All the rest he thinks of as his own, to keep. And it is his own. But that is the same way of thinking that proved so obstructive in the field of production, when the producer's ideal was power-loom costs and hand-loom prices. All the difference belonged to him.

That is to say, there has been no such revolution of thought in the field of distribution as that which has taken place in the field of production, where the importance of sharing the profit with the consumer in order to increase demand has been truly discovered and now belongs to principle. Sharing or disbursing profit in that principle tends steadily to increase the sum of profits. The margin of profit falls, but the volume of business expands so fast that from a smaller margin a greater total of profit is realized. Such is the principle, acting in the field of production, that has created the wonder of plenty and surplus, that has progressively cheapened the cost of human satisfactions. And the impasse between production and distribution is owing to the fact that one has that principle and the other has not.

Several radical merchants now are preaching the new doctrine. One of them says:

My partners come to me each year with a statement of our profits and ask what I am complaining about. I tell them as a merchant I shall die disgraced unless the cost of selling goods can be reduced.

Another says:

For centuries business has been trying to see what it could do to the consumer rather than for the consumer. Now the consumer has become expert in detecting selfish interests on the part of those who would get his patronage. It seems to me that business has been using the most difficult method, and the time is right for someone to coördinate the tendency to turn square about and pull together instead of pulling apart.

True, a great deal of the machinery and method of distribution is obsolete, and therefore wasteful; but that is only because it has not had time to disappear, as it is bound to do, competition continuing to act.

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Strength from the Sea when the Sun goes South

On September 21, the sun started off for his winter vacation in the south. From November till May he is but a pale ghost of his summer self, and his health-giving rays, so rich in vitamin-power, reach us for only a short time each day.

But, by a wise provision of Nature, we find stored up for us a precious supply of vitamins in the livers of the codfish that swarm off the fishing banks in fall and winter. So bounteous is this supply of vitamins that cod-liver oil is recognized as the greatest natural source of both Vitamins A and D.

Because it is rich in Vitamin A, cod-liver oil helps to promote growth and build up resistance to disease. Physicians very often prescribe cod-liver oil for children at this time of year to help them through the winter—to help keep them free from colds and other illnesses. Grown-ups, also, whose resistance is too low to withstand the exposures of winter, are finding cod-liver oil a sensible thing to take.

Because it contains also Vitamin D, cod-liver oil is a valuable aid in the prevention of rickets. Thousands of happy, growing youngsters have straight, sturdy limbs and sound teeth due to the cod-liver oil which they have taken regularly since babyhood.

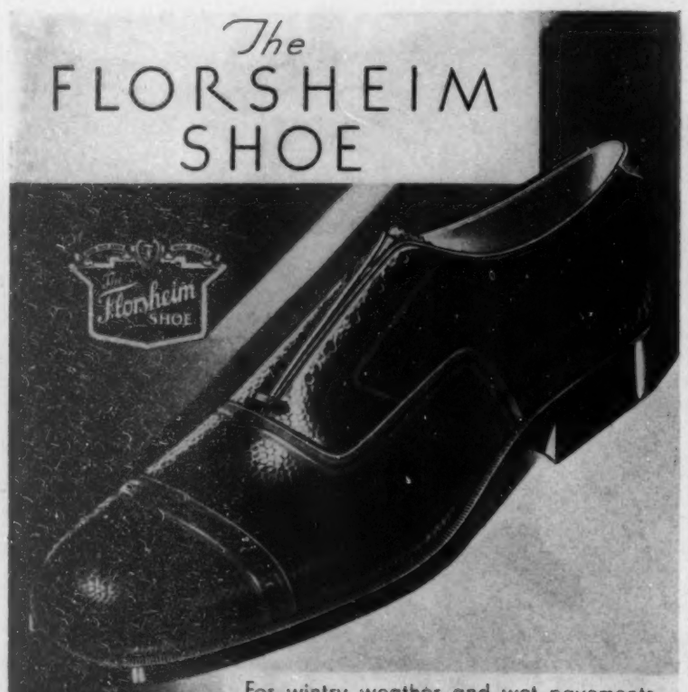
When your physician prescribes cod-liver oil for you or for your children, you naturally want a cod-liver oil of the highest purity—and, above all, one that is exceptionally rich in vitamins. In Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil the quantity of vitamins is definitely measured by a series of rigid standardization tests. Each teaspoonful contains as much resistance-building Vitamin A as one pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much rickets-preventing Vitamin D as 7½ eggs.

Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil. He has it in two sizes—4-ounce and 16-ounce bottles.

PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Parke-Davis
STANDARDIZED
Cod-liver Oil



Most Styles $10

For wintry weather and wet pavements FLORSHEIM suggests this hardy brogue of robust, Scotch grain leather. It offers staunch protection and long service with the style for which FLORSHEIMS are famous

THE WALTON . . . *Style* M-380

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers · Chicago

COLT . . The Dependence of Great National Institutions

The Pennsylvania Railroad includes COLTS among the modern safety devices used throughout its system

. . not "just a fire arm" but a COLT

YOU cannot afford to be less particular in the choice of your fire arms than those public institutions, the very essence of whose service is SAFETY.

For 94 years Colt's has continually devised new tests of materials, workmanship and performance, until, to produce the Arm illustrated—the Colt Official Police, .38 Cal. Revolver—entails 564 machine and 124 hand operations and 322 visual and gauge inspections—1010 separate steps in all.

These tests begin before the steels are forged into shape and end only after the finished Colt has been targeted by an expert marksman. It is this unbelievable accuracy of manufacture which distinguishes Colt Revolvers and Automatic Pistols as the safest and most dependable Fire Arms for national, industrial and home protection.

The Colt Positive Lock embodied in Colt Revolvers makes accidental discharge impossible.

The New Colt's Catalog is an historical, instructive, descriptive Fire Arms Manual, profusely illustrated. Write for Catalog No. 24.

Let Colt's Service Department aid you in selecting the Arm best suited to your needs; in solving your shooting problems and in organizing a local Revolver Club.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
SMALL ARMS DIVISION
HARTFORD, CONN., U. S. A.
Phil. B. Bekeart Co., Pacific Coast Representative, 717 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

COLT PRODUCT . . . *The* ARM OF LAW *and* ORDER

(Continued from Page 48)

This obvious obsolescence may easily receive too much attention. The significant fact is that the basic idea of distribution is obsolete. It has not changed since the time, long ago, when the merchant performed at his own risk a vital function, one that now is disappearing. McCulloch, writing before 1840, said:

A merchant ought to be familiar with principles as well as details. It is his business to distribute the various products of the world according to the effective demand, or to convey them from where they are abundant and cheap to where they are scarce and dear. To execute this business well, he ought to be acquainted not only with the various products of the different commercial countries of the world but he ought also to be acquainted with the circumstances under which they are produced.

Merchandising then was an adventure. There were retailers at that time, too, and storekeepers; there were tailors and shoemakers living and working in the same premises, instead of a garment industry or a shoe industry. These were not merchants. There was a distinction. The merchant was an adventurer, with a tradition centuries old of having called himself such. He formed societies named, for example, The Merchant Adventurers of York or The Merchant Adventurers of Hamburg, with very strict rules, such as that no member should own foreign real estate or marry a foreign woman or sell at retail. Much later the merchants of New York, though not formed into that kind of society, had their own flags. Each owned his own capital, his own ships, his own cargoes. John Jacob Astor was a great merchant. In New York harbor he loaded flour for Oregon; in Oregon he took on furs, but never a full load, because he had always to stop at the Sandwich Islands for firewood, which turned out to be sandalwood worth $500 a ton in China. There he took on tea in room of the sandalwood, and so returned to New York.

Two Parts of One Process

The merchant then was finder and bringer, and there was no reason why he should not charge all the demand would bear. Less and less in the modern scheme does the merchant either find or bring. He has no Sandwich Islands, no hidden sources; on the contrary, the producer is so continually and anxiously pressing goods upon him that he sits still in his office and buys what is brought to him, and is fearful only of getting too much stock on hand. For this is a world of surplus.

It may be the time has come when the old distinction between production and distribution should be discarded; both, therefore to be considered together as different aspects of the same thing; this at least as to staple goods. Why should people spend their time shopping for staple articles of food and utility that are standardized as to both quality and price? There alone is great waste—a waste of everybody's time, like going to the well for water. In the present scheme the distinction between production and distribution, when reëxamined, appears in many respects to be purely arbitrary. Consider the amount of sale, resale and distribution that takes place, of materials, both raw and manufactured, up to the point at which a finished garment or a finished pair of shoes will appear. All that is counted as production. Yet the instant the garment or the pair of shoes is a finished product and starts on the way to the consumer, we begin to speak of distribution.

Why a scheme of production and a scheme of distribution revolving separately, each on its own axis, one fumbling the other?

On the first occupational census taken in England, an economist named Farr wrote a quaint essay in which he said people might be conveniently grouped as producers in six classes and eighteen orders, and then he began to set them down as those whose labor resulted in "mineral products, vegetable or agricultural products, products by transfer or transport, services considered as products, intellectual products, defense—a product, government—a product, persons engaged in the domestic offices or duties of wives, and so on."

Consumer Cost is the Key

As why not? Every act of what we call distribution is definitely a product of labor.

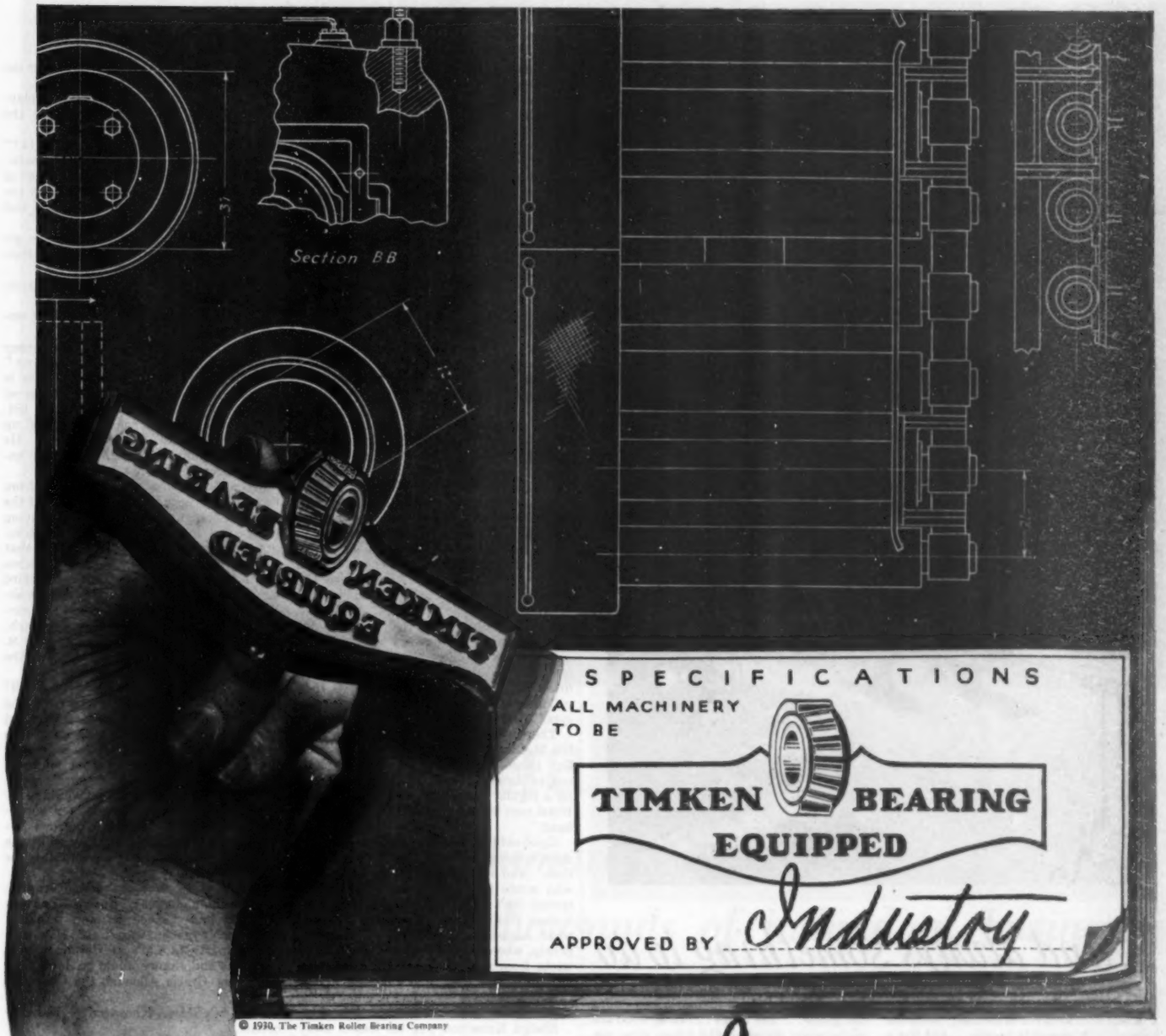
Once you begin to think of distribution as a product and of production and distribution together as two aspects of one thing with a single end in view—namely, to cheapen the satisfaction of human wants—then it becomes fairly clear that the problems of distribution cannot be solved as such, for the reason that there is no such thing as a problem of distribution by itself alone.

There is no problem of distribution that is not also a problem of the producer, a problem of the consumer—the problem of society as a whole. And there is probably no reason why the principles and ways of thinking which have, as we say, solved the problems of production may not be extended also to what we are calling the problems of distribution.

They are of two kinds—one physical, as concerning means, and one imponderable, as concerning ends. The physical problem with industry was how to reduce the waste of human labor in order to cheapen the cost of production. That also is distribution's first problem. If industry were as wasteful of human labor as distribution is, this would be still a world of relative scarcity, and none of this discussion would make sense.

When it had greatly cheapened the cost of production by saving human labor, and seeing how this might go on indefinitely, then industry faced the imponderable problem as concerning ends. That was, how to increase the consumer's buying power, or, that is to say, the individual's command over satisfactions; for unless this is done, both the power of the machine to richen life inconceivably and the profit from releasing its power will be lost. It may be done in only one way, and that way is to cheapen the price of things to the consumer.

Having gone far with that intention, industry now finds itself beginning to be thwarted and the power of the machine to be frustrated by the fact, first, that the world of distribution has attacked the physical problem with none but the thought of immediate advantage in the margin of profit, and to the fact, secondly, that its mentality has not seized the idea that since the wealth of society is increased by the downward diffusion of goods, whatever tends to hinder that process, be it cost or price, tends also to limit the total of profits, whereas whatever tends to hasten it tends at the same time to increase the sum of profits. It is a law. American prosperity is so founded.



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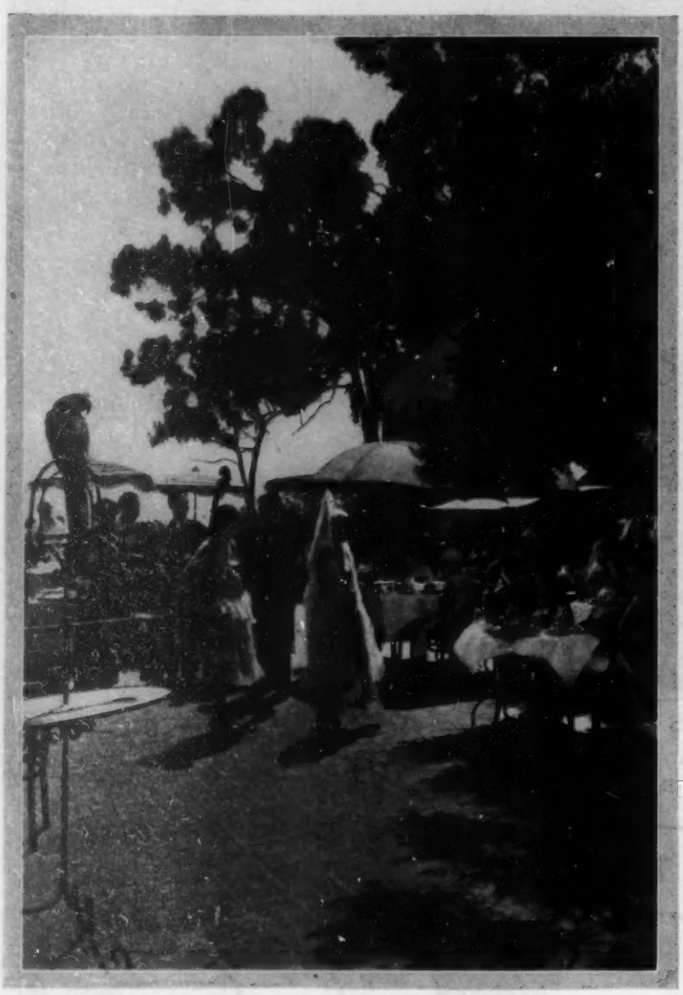

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NAVY MAN

(Continued from Page 15)

his college does, but there is even a bigger gap between Annapolis and the fleet than between the campus and the business world. He no longer used its slang, forgot its childish rates and schoolboy chatter. Nor did its youthful questionings trouble him so much. They had given way to maturer doubts by mid-September.

He sat in the junior officers' mess reading Jo's latest letter. The Nonega was steaming south to Pedro from Seattle.

"Father has found a perfectly splendid position for you, Noley," Jo had written—this being the fifth job Jo's father had found for him since June. "It is with the Downes Electric Corporation, here in Baltimore. Mr. Crales, their general manager, says they will pay forty a week to start. He is very keen to have you with him, as he has two Navy men with him now and they have done so well. Father thinks it would only be a short time before you ——"

He crumpled the letter and thrust it in his pocket. The wedding date was once more indefinite; had been since the letter before last. Jo had made up her mind that she'd get him out of the Navy.

In haste to avoid conclusions as to that, he reread several letters from his buddies. Skipper had gone into aviation and was in school at Pensacola. Aviation paid better, and Skip, poor devil, was engaged to a Washington society girl. He needed the dough. The Airron boys had filled Skip full of air-service hooey down at Pensacola. "Better get into flying, Noley. Battleships are doomed. If the peace-at-any-price gang doesn't sink 'em all at the next conference, the department will send 'em down here for us young eaglets—as they call us in some of the papers—to use for targets." Knowlton grinned at that paragraph.

There was a letter from Cal, who was on the McCawley with a destroyer division at San Diego. Cal described a recent blowout at Agua Caliente. "There's going to be a regular Navy party at the Coronado Hotel next Saturday night. You must be on hand."

Good old Cal, the fat-headed chump. He wasn't doing any worrying about the future. And neither was Mudge Saunders, who wrote from Shanghai: "This China stretch isn't going to be so bad, but what a place this is for white women. Tell you what happened. . . ." And Snowball Schelp, who was with the scouting fleet and wrote from Guantànamo: "My old man has offered me ten-grand guaranty a year to quit the service—thinks I'm going to the dogs. Guess what I cabled him!"

Ensign Knowlton put his letters away and sighed. How the gang had scattered across the world! He and Jimmy were the only ones left together. Jimmy was up there on watch now as junior officer of the deck. He would relieve Jimmy at midnight. He had the graveyard watch from midnight until four in the morning. Heigho, it was almost time.

He got up, stretching, and looked about the messroom. It was boredom just to stare around the messroom. There were the inevitable three mahogany tables with green-felt covers, the inevitable battleship linoleum on the floor, the inevitable seascape with its preposterous blues in the distance, the inevitable Destroyers Going Into Action, by Reuterdahl.

Five jayos were playing acey-deucey in a corner. An engineering officer was grousing.

"We've needed overhaul for eight months," he said. "Gunnery will raise the same old hell, expecting the First Luff to patch up those handling rooms to give us speed of fire like the flagship. Yet every time the department starts a modernization program through Congress, there's a howl and it's pared to nothing."

Two engineering jayos drifted in, remarking it was hellish hot in the engine rooms tonight. Someone turned on the radio. KFI, at Los Angeles, was broadcasting from the supper room of the Biltmore.

Stub Maguire, one of the ship's playboys, slapped Ensign Knowlton on the shoulder.

"How's the young intellectual tonight?"

He felt their friendly, half-sympathetic, half-humorous regard. He was ashamed of himself. They were a great gang and the Nonega was the best ship in the fleet and the Navy was all right.

"Okay, Stub," he said, "When you going to tell me about that party at the Butler?"

"Wait till these infants go on watch, Noley."

"Got to go myself, Stub. But I'll be seeing of you in the morning."

Ten minutes later he was saying to Jimmy Gay, very formally: "I relieve you, sir." And good old Jimmy, grinning at him in the damp, sloshing, clanging darkness on the bridge, said: "Watch yourself, kid. Communications got something balled up and the Old Man's on a rampage." He punched Jimmy in the ribs and they exchanged rowdy pleasantries.

With Jimmy gone and his orders from the O. O. D. acknowledged, he started the usual six or eight mile walk on the heaving bridge and inspection tours below decks. Started another incident of the routine that stretched ahead through the years. Watches one in four at sea; one in three every third day in port. Roll out at 7:30 A.M.; breakfast, 8 A.M.; quarters at 9:15; general quarters, gun drills, 10 A.M.; 11:45, lunch; afternoon watch; shore liberty, 4:30 P.M. Ensign Stuart Knowlton, watchdog of the nation. Sure he was.

But what was the meaning of it all? Where would it land him? Where was the Navy headed? Well, he knew what it had got him so far—a bust-up with his girl; a jumble of doubts in his head; a growing idea that maybe he and all other officers in this man's Navy were the world's worst saps. Preparing for a war that would never come; pacing the quarter-decks of battleships that might be junked tomorrow; living and thinking war every day while the rest of the United States was shouting for universal peace.

The U. S. S. Nonega plowed sturdily through midnight seas. Ensign Knowlton shrugged and decided to stop thinking. He was a Navy man, wasn't he? He'd take in that party of Cal's at Coronado next week; he and Jimmy would go down.

He met Gracie Allen at the Coronado party.

"Where's Mrs. Knowlton?" was her opener.

She knew very well he wasn't married.

"Waiting at the dry dock," he said grimly.

"Bright girl."

"How so?"

"Isn't she?" innocently. "Doesn't she believe, with all the best minds, that war cannot, shall not be again?"

He discovered that he wasn't angry with Gracie for her sarcasm. Gracie looked different, somehow. She had changed from a brash, saucy kid into quite a tidy craft.

"I'm afraid I don't care as much about what Jo believes as I used to," he said.

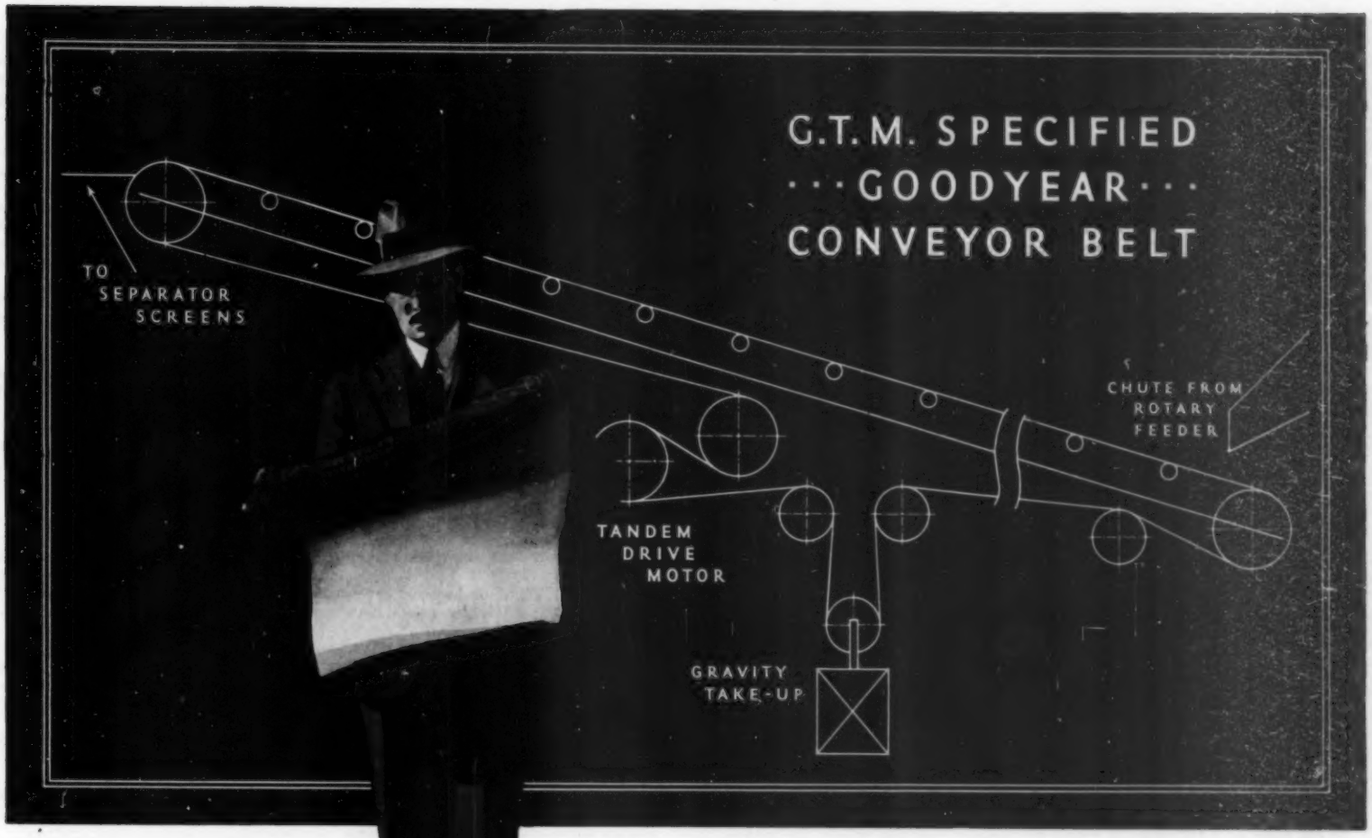
Gracie pretended to be, oh, so sorry.

"You ought to strike for shore, Noley," she said. "Look at them"—she swept her hand about to indicate two-score naval officers in the ballroom—"they're all fools. If you don't believe me, I can quote my revered father. He said this morning, upon reading of the delay in the cruiser program—and I will omit cuss words—that any man who stayed in the United States Navy was an egregious ass."

"Any other remarks?"

"Daddy's mouth, if not his heart, was too full. He gulped down his coffee, threw The Times at the canary cage, and when last seen, was in his gig, headed for his beloved ship!"

(Continued on Page 54)



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THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 52)

"Salty officer, your dad," he said.

"Too old to change, Noley. But you're young. And Jo won't wait forever."

He stiffened.

"Jo's all right," he said gruffly. "She'll come through."

Gracie's lashes covered the pitifully dying embers of hope in her eyes.

"Perhaps she's only waiting for the London Conference to fail," Gracie murmured. "Come on. Let's dance."

He kept thinking about Jo and Gracie uneasily the rest of the evening. "Jo won't wait forever." How much did he care? Perhaps he should write Jo and tell her once and for all that he would never quit the Navy. Maybe he should call for a showdown.

By midnight he was in a torment of indecision. To escape it, he gladly acquiesced when Cal and Jimmy proposed a visit to a stag round-up of officers at the apartment of one of them.

There were an odd dozen officers at the apartment, ranging in rank from ensign to commander. Knowlton was amazed to hear the grousing. Even easy-going Jimmy Gay piped up: "They're snapping at us in the papers and yiping at us from Washington. How do they expect us to keep any kind of morale?"

And a senior lieutenant made a bitter speech ending with "I'm getting damn tired of it. If they want to throw away their Navy, God bless 'em! I don't want any more of the money they dole out."

It was a handling-room accident. The U. S. S. Nonega was at work with broadside guns, pointer fire. A shell slipped its hoist, and Ensign Knowlton, shoving an enlisted man to safety, caught a glancing blow on his back.

In the hospital, Navy surgeons couldn't get his legs to working properly. He sat in a wheel chair, facing it. "Invalided out of the service"—that's what it meant. They hadn't told him in so many words. Just to be sure, they had called in a specialist from L. A. The specialist had looked him over, had taken X rays, had tapped and thumped. Queer bloke with a big nose, name of Marschal. The specialist would tell him the worst pretty soon. He was somewhere in the hospital confabbing with Commander Jaeger and Captain Klausen.

Jo came in that afternoon, early. Jo had hurried across the continent when Jimmy telegraphed her two weeks ago. They had thought then he wouldn't pull through at all.

"Such great news, Noley!" said Jo. "The nurse told me confidentially that Doctor Marschal says you'll soon be able to walk."

He leaned forward, searching her face.

"Walk? How well?"

She hesitated.

"Now, you didn't expect to be able to run races, did you?"

He sank back in the chair.

"I won't be able to walk well enough for the service, eh?" he said.

Jo's patience was exhausted.

"I should think you would have had enough of the Navy by this time," she remarked acidly.

He was silent. His eyes followed Jo around the room as she fussed with flowers. He was wondering whether Jo had come to California because she was sorry for him or because she loved him.

Invalided out of the service. That's what it meant. No more Navy for him.

"Please find that doc for me, Jo," he said. "I want him to tell me the bad news—officially, understand?"

"Bad news? Noley! You want to know what I think? This is the best thing that could have happened to you!"

Dully, he repeated, "I'd like to see the doc, please."

Jo flung out of the room. He knew she was exasperated with him. He didn't blame her. He ought to have had enough of it, as she said.

His nurse came clicking down the hall and through the doorway. She carried several newspapers.

"Where's the doc?" he demanded. "Miss Treadwell went to look for him."

"I think he's with the commander. I'll go see."

She handed him the newspapers and disappeared. He looked idly at the front page of the top paper. Big crash in the stock market. Hoover and MacDonald satisfied with results of conference. France and Italy to stand pat on submarines. Hmph!

A small one-column headline caught his eye.

FATAL CRASH MARS NAVY DAY SHOW

And then:

Ensign Alton Church, twenty-two years old, was killed here today when his pursuit ship went into a tail spin at an altitude of 200 feet and crashed in full view of 20,000 spectators assembled at the naval-station air field to watch a circus staged as part of Navy Day celebration activities. Church, whose home was in Dayton, O., had taken off ——

Skipper! Skip—dead. He stared at the Pensacola date line. It had happened yesterday—this was a morning paper. Cal and Jimmy here last night, and they hadn't said a word. Skip! Oh, Skipper, old pal!

He brushed the sleeve of his dressing robe across his eyes hastily. Doctor Marschal stood in the doorway.

"Oh, hello, doctor. I—I've just had quite a shock. Buddy of mine was killed yesterday."

The doctor stared, looked at the papers, turned as if to deliver some blistering reproof to a careless nurse.

"It's all right, doc. I had to know sometime. They should have told me yesterday."

"I'm sorry, old man. Rather piling it on, isn't it? We'll have our talk tomorrow, eh?"

He said frantically, "Don't go. I might as well get it over with now. What's the verdict?" He had to keep the doc talking. He'd be blubbering like a fool in a minute.

Doctor Marschal sat down; launched into technical jabber of vertebræ, spinal cord, nerve reflexes; concluded after an eternity with "Frankly, there is considerable risk in an operation of this sort. Left alone, with therapy and proper bracing, the condition will correct itself to a great extent. The right leg is nearly normal now and the left should come back to much better shape. You'll limp a bit ——"

"Have I any chance for complete recovery with an operation?"

Another long explanation. From it he gathered that if the operation didn't kill him, it would cure him. The chances were about fifty-fifty.

"It isn't a decision that has to be made now, Knowlton," said the surgeon. "We can wait six months or so to see how much the condition clears up of its own accord."

Ensign Knowlton nodded. "Thanks, doctor. I'll let you know."

Cal and Jimmy came while he was trying to write a letter to Skipper's mother. He had dispatched Jo, who hadn't heard of the crash, to see about sending flowers.

His friends shuffled into the room, looking in a blue funk.

"Why didn't you fellows tell me about Skip?" he asked.

Cal glanced at Jimmy.

"We matched to see who would do it, Noley," he said, "and Jimmy lost."

Jimmy stared at the floor.

"I couldn't do it," he explained slowly. "I tried, but—aw, hell, Noley, you've had too much already."

He found himself noticing their uniforms, the stripe and star on each cuff, their white-and-gold service caps. He fought down the desire to talk about the Navy. He wanted to ask Jimmy who stood his watch last night, who was assigned to his gun crew.

Cal and Jimmy were silent, uncomfortable in the face of emotion.

"I'm writing Skip's mother now," he said.

"I wrote his girl last night," Cal said.

Jimmy gulped. His hands worked with his cap.

"Skip got a raw deal," Jimmy said savagely. "You and Skip both."

Another pause. Jimmy glanced at Cal.

"We're going to resign, Noley," said Cal.

He looked at Cal hard.

"We're going to get out before they kick us out," put in Jimmy, "or send us up the Colorado River in a sub to celebrate Navy Day."

Cal blurted, "You know how you got it, Noley. Drilling in a ship that should have been modernized five years ago!"

It burst out in a torrent, then: "Who's going to fight the next war? . . . It won't be those highbrow windbags who sit in peace conferences. . . . They grudge the hundred and forty-five per they pay us; call us murderers and glory strutters—cut up good steel ships while the British and the Japs write off paper ones. . . . If they don't want a navy, God bless 'em. . . . I'll see 'em in hell before ——"

Ensign Knowlton, listening, knew they exaggerated; knew their bitterness was due to grief and brooding; knew that their morale had been shattered because they took this disarmament talk too seriously. These weeks in the hospital were what he had needed to get a new perspective. He had been away from the service long enough to see things differently.

He waited until Jimmy and Cal got it all off their chests. Then he said, "You boys don't mean that. That's just Navy grousing. I know the line. I've talked and thought enough of it myself to know it."

Cal and Jimmy shook their heads.

"We're quitting," said Cal. "We mean that."

Ensign Knowlton leaned forward in his wheel chair. He leaned above the letter he had been writing to Skipper Church's mother. In that letter was the line: "You must find consolation in the thought that Alton died like a Navy man."

"Snap out of it," he said, his voice harsh. "You're Navy men. You can do all the grousing you like, just so it doesn't appear in the papers. But you can't quit. You're not going to quit." Then, with an ironic grin: "Think I'm going to lick the redcoats and the yellow peril single-handed?"

They stared at him.

"You?" said Jimmy.

"Sure. It's sick leave, not finee, for yours truly. The doc just gave me the good word. Just a little trip to the butcher shop and I'll be all set!"

They relaxed in smiles of happiness, stammered phrases of relief and congratulation. Within three minutes they were calling one another rowdy names and talking Navy.

Jo came in suddenly, and he had no time to warn his pals. They told her about the operation and his eventual return to the service. Jo didn't say anything until they had gone. Then she said plenty:

"You'd risk your life in an operation so you can go back to the Navy? You'd do that, Noley?"

He nodded.

Her voice, when she spoke again, was very cold, and he realized that she had stood by this far out of pity, not love.

"I guess that ends it between us, Noley," she said. "I made up my mind months ago that I'd never marry you as long as you were a naval officer."

Ensign Knowlton held out his hand.

"That's just another way of saying you don't love me any more, Jo. Let's be friends. You've been darn sweet to me and I'm grateful. But I can't pretend that I'm heartbroken. Let's shake and call it square."

He was glad to see that Jo wasn't heartbroken either.

Gracie Allen breezed in that evening.

"I'd have come sooner, Noley," she said, "but I knew you were safe in Jo's loving care."

"Not so loving, Gracie," he said.

She sat down on the bed with a careless bounce and fished in her bag for a cigarette.

"If you smoke in here they'll throw you out," he remarked, "and I don't want you thrown out."

Gracie closed the bag with a click.

"You and Jo fighting again?"

"Nope. We parted friends. Shook hands and everything."

Her dark lashes had a demure droop.

"Thought you'd be ready for the dry dock."

He mentioned the operation casually—too casually. She read between the lines. She looked frightened, then took a brace. She was a gallant little girl.

"You're pretty much of a fool, don't you think?" she remarked. "Why not leave well enough alone?"

He shrugged. "What would the Navy do without me?"

She could take it lightly too.

"Why, haven't you heard? We're going to divide the fleet equally between the British and the Japs, give the Air Service to France and the subs to Italy. All we're going to keep is the other cheek."

Ensign Knowlton grinned.

"You can't scare me any more, Gracie. I've an idea that when the big-navy crowd and the no-navy crowd get through yelling at each other, we'll still have a tidy little fleet."

She slid off the bed and exclaimed: "You're not a Navy man any more! You're actually talking sense!"

"Come here," he said.

He grabbed her left hand and drew her close.

"You don't look so sensible now," she observed. "You've got a wild look in your eyes. Is it fever?"

"It's you," he said, not very sensibly, and she told him some minutes later that he was a fool.

"Then you won't marry me?" he demanded.

"You remember what I used to call girls who married Navy men?" she parried.

"Yes."

"Well, I'm it, Noley dear!"

The operation turned out well. On their honeymoon he was at times just a bit preoccupied. He was wondering whether the London Conference would make further reductions in capital ships and whether he hadn't better ask for transfer to the Air Service.

DRAWN BY BILL BAILEY

"I Wonder What's the Name of That Old Wreck?"
"Hush, Freddie, She'll Hear You"

Don't believe "there's no difference in oats"

Harry Shontz, John Wilson and Gerald Mather defend their side in a snow fight. These sturdy youngsters start each day right with Quaker Oats.

Millions recognize the superior flavor, the *richer nutrition* in Quaker Oats

School surveys show that "70% of the entire day's school work must be done in the morning." This breakfast provides lasting energy that protects against morning fatigue.

EVERY morning, throughout the school rooms of America, tense little bodies must accomplish—in the few short hours before noon—70% of the entire day's school work!

To fortify children against these morning demands . . . to provide lasting energy that "stands by," Quaker Oats is unsurpassed, say nutritionists.

The difference between Quaker Oats and ordinary oatmeal

For Quaker Oats is different from ordinary oatmeal. It has far more to offer children. First, there's that wonderful, luscious Quaker flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate. To get this flavor, Quaker roasts the choice whole oats in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness. This gives Quaker that zestful, nut-like tang that wins children's appetites. And delicately pre-cooks the oats so that Quaker cooks deliciously done in just 2½ minutes from the time the water boils.

Most important of all, for the child's health, the Quaker milling process retains every bit of the vital part of the oat, where Nature stores her richest vitamins, her health-building minerals, her most precious proteins. Thus Quaker Oats is 16% protein. And protein is the "building" food which every living cell in the child's busy, growing body is continually demanding for repair and upkeep. Quaker Oats contains 50% more of this protective food than white flour—twice as much as cornmeal!

Protect children's mornings with this energy breakfast

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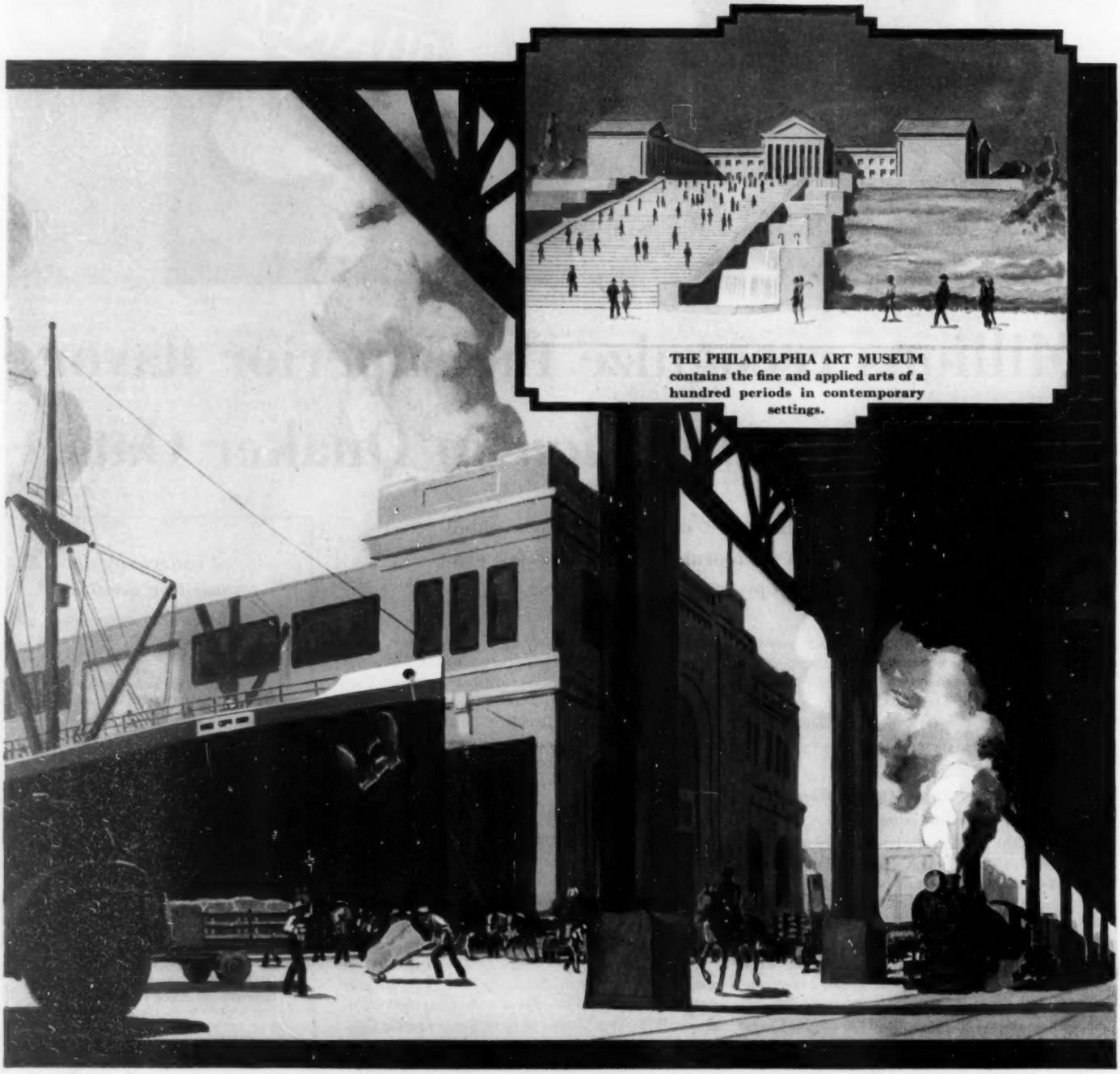

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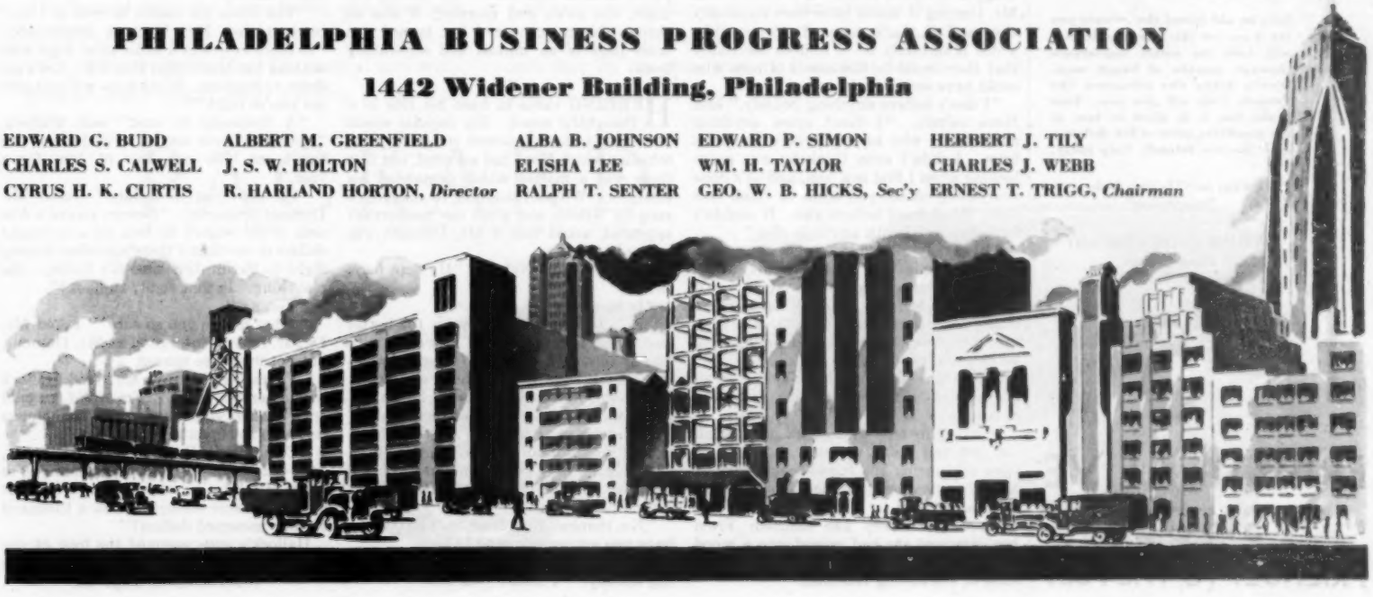

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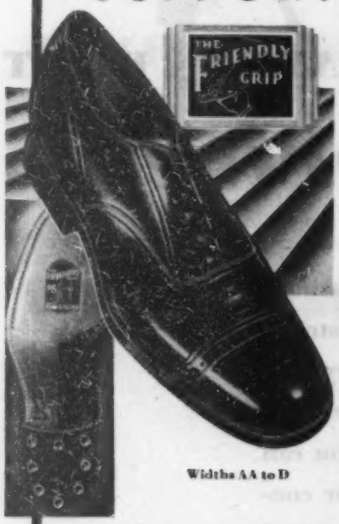

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FRIENDLY FIVE SHOES

FRIENDLY TO THE FEET

WHEN BEGGARS RIDE

(Continued from Page 33)

ago, you stirred the deepest pits of envy in me. You were youth, joy, power—everything that is dead and gone for me forever, swept under the bridge of ten million sighs. I spoke to you quite frankly about myself, while I was hating you with all my heart. But now—quite suddenly—I love you!"

Nona tried her best to smile. "Thank you, Miss Tracy."

"Don't leave me, and for heaven's sake, don't be polite! I love you because all of a sudden you're as old as I am, but you don't have to be as unhappy. They say advice never sticks, Nona, but anybody can read a signpost and tell which way the finger is pointing. Look at me. Not like that; look at me as if you were seeing me."

Nona obeyed. At her first meeting with Miss Tracy that morning she had taken note of the change from a woman who had been artificially yet artistically young into one who was frankly old; but now she perceived a further metamorphosis. Through the fine wrinkles and scraggly hair which had replaced the enamel and precision of the beautifier's art, and in the faded eyes, shone a revivifying fire in whose light Miss Tracy became miraculously younger than ever she had been during the long years she had gloried in the reputation of having stopped the clock of time.

"That's it," she continued; "look at me. Did you ever see such a wreck?"

"You're not a wreck at all," said Nona impulsively. "You're going to be nicer than you ever were."

Miss Tracy did not give vent to her habitual amused smile; she laughed outright. "You mean I'm going to be myself, after all these years! Well, perhaps you're right, but that doesn't change me as a signpost. Read this much of me: Don't let any man do to you ever again what that uncouth brute Herring has done in the last half hour. Fight tooth and nail against letting any man empty the years of your youth."

"How can I help it?" asked Nona, her voice so low that it was scarcely audible.

"By pulling yourself to pieces exactly as a cold-blooded biologist dissects a squirming frog. What's happened to you is that you've fallen in love—really, genuinely fallen in love—but what'll be hard for you to believe is that if Mr. Herring had never existed, the lightning would have struck just the same. God constructed us women to fall in love at a certain period in our chemical development just as automatically as a ratchet lets go a trip hammer, and the proof of that statement lies in the fact that you should have fallen for something you dragged in off the street. If it hadn't been Mr. Herring it would have been somebody else, and if that's true—if it's possible, which it certainly is—it follows inevitably that there must be thousands of men who could have served in his place."

"I don't believe anything you say," said Nona calmly. "I don't know anything about him—who he is or where he comes from. I didn't even think he was good-looking when I first saw him, and he's done everything to me you seem to think he's done, but I don't believe you. It couldn't have happened with anybody else."

Miss Tracy's faded eyes grew watery and somehow luminous. "Then I take it back—all of it. You're so adorable, Nona, you'd be a fool to fear any man. Keep right on riding your heart at iron pickets. You may tear it to pieces, but in the end you'll surely go over the top."

She rode on too quickly to permit of an answer, and Nona was conscious of a feeling of regret.

It was quite true that she disbelieved all her ears had heard, subconsciously and at once renouncing the friendly sophistry of Miss Tracy's words, but, on the other hand, she was grateful for the sense of recovered balance which they had induced. From bewilderment she had passed into a mood of purposefulness; from subjection into a state of smoldering rebellion.

She reached home to find the house still in the deadly morning grip which seizes all rooms that come to life only late in the day. A startled housemaid having admitted her, she went straight to her room, undressed as if it were night time, went to bed and immediately fell asleep. It was after midday when she awoke to see her mother standing immovably beside the open window.

"Hello, mother."

Mrs. Brent turned without displacing her feet. "Well, Nona, so you're awake at last. I wish I could sleep like that. I was worried for fear you were going to keep it up for the rest of the afternoon."

"Why shouldn't I?" said Nona, stretching and yawning.

Mrs. Brent came toward her. "Ordinarily you could, but Miss Dumont called up this morning."

Nona sat up in bed. "Did she? What did she want?"

"She said she'd netted a couple of Contact girls and asked me to drop around to look them over. You see, they're the very first, and it's really quite important we should get off to a good start. She said she'd invited them to tea at five this afternoon and wouldn't I bring you along."

"Me?" cried Nona. "What for?"

"She'll have to tell you that herself, but I imagine there's no use having Contact girls unless you can plug them in on somebody. And who knows? Perhaps she'll think you'll do."

Nona doubled her pillow into a ball and settled back on it. "Not me," she said apathetically. "She'll have to find somebody else."

Mrs. Brent was often startled by her daughter's reactions, but this time she was frankly nonplused. "All right," she said after a moment's hesitation, "live your own selfish life, Nona. Go only where you please, do only what you like."

"Mother!"

"I'm sorry, but you throw tantrums faster than I can dodge them. I've been easy with you, but there's one mistake I certainly intend to avoid, and that's confusing tolerance with a nursing bottle. Though we're both inclined to forget it at times, you're weaned—so completely weaned that I feel entitled to a little self-defense. That's all, and I'm sorry I disturbed you."

Nona made no answer. The astonishing thing was that she felt neither resentment nor apathy at her mother's unexpected words, but rather a quite new kind of interest. Coming on top of all that had happened around and within her during the night, the dawn and morning, it was as though this moment had but turned one more page of an unread and enthralling book.

XI

HERRING came in from his ride in a thoughtful mood. His impulse would have been to have followed out exactly the schedule which Nona had adopted, but first there was a matter which demanded his attention. Without stopping to change, he rang for Nelson, and when the manservant appeared, asked him if Mr. Dumont was in the house.

"Yes, sir," said Nelson. "He slept here, sir."

"Is he awake?"

"He's been in the library for the better part of an hour, sir. Mr. Dewar is with him and I was just about to take up breakfast. Shall I make it for three, sir?"

"Please; but not my usual. A cup of coffee and a bit of toast is all I can stand."

"That is your usual, sir; it's been your usual for more than a week, and I've been worrying. Won't you permit me to bring you one of the late Lord Widdemere's special pick-me-ups?"

"No, thanks. He's dead, isn't he? What have you got against me?"

"Nothing, sir," murmured Nelson, staring blankly. "I assure you, sir."

Herring went to the library, where he found Mr. Dumont, still in his dressing gown, seated before the fire opposite a lank individual whose bulging brow seemed to shadow the rest of his face, leaving his cheek bones in high relief, but emphasizing the lines of strength around the jaw. Both he and Mr. Dumont had the air of men who, though profoundly troubled, were on the alert to seize and hold any helpful idea which might chance within their reach.

"Good morning, Hallock," said Mr. Dumont. Then he corrected himself smilingly, "Or is it evening with you?"

"Evening, sir; I haven't been to bed." Hallock turned. "Good morning, Mr. Dewar."

Mr. Dewar roused himself with an effort, rose and held out his hand. "Up all night and topping it off with a ride?" he asked, forcing himself to smile.

"The ride's over and done with," said Hallock. "I wouldn't have gone if I'd known you two were awake. I've got news for you."

Mr. Dumont looked up quickly, but at that instant there was a knock on the door and it swung open to admit Nelson carrying a heavily burdened tray.

"Set that thing down anywhere," commanded Mr. Dumont. "Drop it on the floor or throw it down the stairs."

"Yes, sir," said Nelson. With one foot he hooked a table out from against the wall, set the tray upon it, dragged up three chairs and whisked off the covering cloth from the breakfast. Then he disappeared through the door, closing it swiftly but softly behind him.

"That fellow's not a servant," said Mr. Dewar appreciatively, "he's a magician."

"Give us your news, Hallock," said Mr. Dumont.

"The big cheese is going to beat it for Berlin today, whether you come to an agreement with him or not."

"That's not news," said Mr. Dewar sourly; "it's the description of a habit. He's done it before, and how many times he'll do it again, God only knows."

"And me," said Hallock confidently. "I know. He won't do it again, because this time he's going to stay gone."

Mr. Dumont struggled to his feet. "Careful, Hallock! This is your job, the one thing you were out to get; so please don't muff it. If we can bank on what you're saying, we at least know where we stand; but if you should happen to be wrong, it might mean a matter of billions."

"Francs, marks, dollars or pounds?" asked Hallock.

"You know the stakes as well as I do," remonstrated Mr. Dumont impatiently. "If there ever was a table piled high with nothing but blue chips, this is it. Let's get down to business. What odds will you give me you're right?"

"A thousand to one," said Hallock, "that whichever way the cat jumps, you won't see hide nor hair of him for a year."

"I'll take you in dollars," stated Mr. Dumont promptly. "Dewar, you're a witness to the wager; he bets me a thousand dollars to one that if there's another flippity flight to Berlin, this time it's turkey—the real thing. Is that right, Hallock?"

"Yes, sir."

"What makes you so sure?" asked Mr. Dewar, fully as interested as Mr. Dumont, but not nearly so moved.

"I'd rather not say, sir," said Hallock with a nervous smile. "I'm afraid it would only weaken your hand. You might even refuse to act upon my deduction."

"Come across, Hal," urged Mr. Dumont, "the coffee's getting cold. You know you're going to tell us, so why hold back? What makes you sure enough to risk a thousand of your unearned dollars?"

Hallock's eyes assumed the look of one who is putting himself into a sibylline

(Continued on Page 60)

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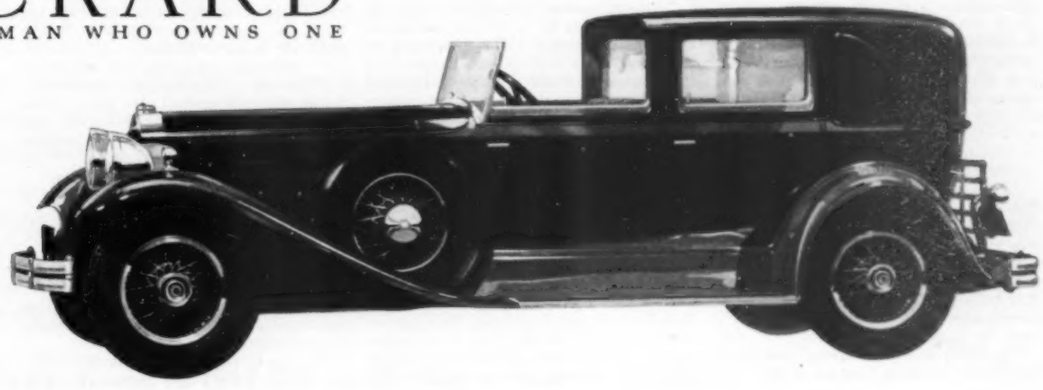

(Continued from Page 58)

trance. "I'm positive," he enunciated slowly, "on account of the size of the good-by present Schlemmer gave his sweetie."

"What?" demanded Mr. Dewar incredulously.

There was a ponderous silence, during which Mr. Dumont's eyes remained glued to Hallock's face. "It's all right, Dewar," he said finally; "I know what he means. Let's eat, shall we?"

Hallock finished eating before the others, excused himself from the table and walked over to the window at the rear of the house to smoke his cigarette.

"I don't know whether I envy you two or not," he said presently, apparently apropos of nothing that had gone before. "Speaking from the sidelines, and thinking of bets in general, it seems to me you've come a long way to take a whale of a lesson in what used to be our national midnight pastime."

Mr. Dumont rose from the table deliberately and went to stand before the fire. "I'm naturally handicapped by the number of cats in the bag," he said in answer, "but without letting even a kitten escape, I'm free to admit that there's something in what you say." He turned toward the table where Mr. Dewar was pouring out his fourth cup of coffee. "Dewar, may I ask you a leading question?"

"Certainly."

"How long since you've sat in at an honest-to-goodness game of draw poker?"

"I could refuse to answer on the well-known and usual grounds of self-incrimination, but I won't. Twenty years, if it's a day."

"It's twice that for me, worse luck," said Mr. Dumont reminiscently. "I subscribe unreservedly to the house-flag legend, 'Never sell America short,' but that doesn't mean we haven't a right to pick a flaw here and there, does it?"

"I should say not," said Mr. Dewar, raising an interested eyebrow. "What was your particular thought?"

"I was regretting the double blight that has fallen on poker—women and barroom glory. The illusion that it can't be played except in shirt sleeves over spittoons, and the cackling voice that calls out for deuces and sevens wild, down the river, spit in the ocean, or any other one of a dozen female inanities, have spattered the iron goddess from head to foot. For sackcloth and ashes read a crust of smelly mud!"

So enthralled was Hallock that he permitted his cigarette to sear his fingers before he dropped it on the floor and kicked it into the fireplace.

"If we were still a reasonable people, which we aren't," proceeded Mr. Dumont, "no youth would be permitted to take a course in law, journalism, political economy, or any other profession whatever which depends on quick judgments, on sound decisions linked to wit, unless he had first mastered the principles which underly the proper playing of a drawn hand, whether filled or unfilled. Draw poker has never had a rival; it has never been approached by any other game conceived by the mind of man. I'll go further and say it was a great mistake ever to dub with the name of 'game' the only science that has succeeded in skimming the cream off mathematics, wringing psychology dry, squeezing the last drop of juice out of tactics, and which has consistently crowned courage with the laurel of clinking doubloons with one hand while it was divorcing the foolhardy of countless millions with the other."

"Hooray!" yelled Hallock.

"I tell you, Dewar," continued the enthused speaker, giving way to inexplicably rising choler, "I wish I were a reasonably poor man, and I wish you were another. I wish all that gang we've been sitting in with were just as poor, but no poorer, and that we could sit down to a game of draw poker, table stakes, dealer barred, and—and ——"

"And play it all over again," completed Mr. Dewar, grinning from ear to ear.

"Yes, sir," admitted Mr. Dumont. "Play it over from the start."

"Curtain," said Hallock sorrowfully, "but I guess he'd about run down anyway. Hadn't you, sir?"

"Just about," conceded Mr. Dumont.

"Nevertheless I can't help hoping it isn't quite so bad as you feel," said Hallock, starting toward the door.

"It isn't," replied Mr. Dumont shortly. "You've got a right to know this much, Hal; the little job you've been handling has enabled us to raise the ante four separate times." He frowned. "It also stabilises our hand, makes it good for exactly what we hold, but not a chip more, if you're right on this last guess."

Hallock turned in the doorway. "It isn't a guess," was his parting shot. "It's a scientific and infallible deduction based on mathematics, psychology, tactics, and principally on *Kultur*."

The door closed behind him. "Who is that youngster?" asked Mr. Dewar with a frown. "Do you realize you've never bothered to introduce him?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Dumont, "I've realized it consistently."

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

"Not at all. He's some sort of cousin of mine—a pet of Laura's—but I never knew it until he boarded the ship, showed his pedigree, and in about five minutes persuaded me he was going to be the most private secretary I'd ever had."

"What'll you take for him?"

"He's not for sale."

"Is there a deck of cards around?"

"No," said Mr. Dumont. "Why?"

"Ring for Nelson; he's sure to have a couple of packs to play double demon. Tell him to bring one up and let's deal two cold hands, five thousand dollars of my money against this Hallock What's-his-name."

"Nothing doing," said Mr. Dumont thoughtfully. "In the first place, I hate cold hands, and in the second, a man who sits down with less than five friendly enemies is no scientist but a gambling glutton."

Even while he spoke, the subject of their controversy, having shed his last article of wear, was slipping on pajamas and crawling into bed. He would have liked to have lain awake; at least long enough to digest all he had gathered of unspoken lines behind Mr. Dumont's final speech. Here was the crux of his ambition, the crown upon his hidden labors, but try as he might, he could not fix his mind upon it. Something intervened, something so trivial as to arouse his ire, and yet so potent as to hold him chained.

Chafe as he might, he faced an ultimatum, an inexorable two-horned dilemma: Either he would think of Nona Brent or he could think of nothing at all. He chose nothing at all with malicious eagerness and promptly fell headlong into sleep. It was four o'clock before he stirred and looked at his watch. Instantly he reached for the bell to ring for Nelson and sat on the edge of the bed, swinging his legs in impatience, until he came.

"Have you got the afternoon papers?" he asked, but before the words were out of his mouth Nelson was handing him a folded and ironed copy of Paris Soir.

"Nelson," asked Hallock, perceiving at a glance that as far as he was concerned there was no news, "if you were living in the exact middle of the Sahara Desert or at the bottom of Death Valley, the hottest and driest spot on the known earth, would you still iron the paper?"

Poor Nelson stared blankly. "Yes, sir, if I were in service, sir. I do hope so, sir."

"In that case, run me a cold bath," said Hallock soberly; "I want to dress in a hurry."

XII

UPON opening his wardrobe door, it was revealed that Mr. Herring possessed various suits in addition to the famous gray one and his riding clothes. Fresh from his bath and sensitive to the touch of clean linen, he looked them over rather ruefully, but settled finally on the unpressed gray whose trousers pockets had actually begun to assume a permanent bulge. Having put it on, he sauntered out into the bright afternoon, wandered around a corner or two, hailed a taxi and directed the driver to the general vicinity of the Avenue Gabriel. Arrived at the Rond Point, he descended, sauntered some more, crossed the gardens that border the Champs-Élysées, and finally approached Miss Dumont's door. There he surprised the concierge with a question never answered save when accompanied by the paper equivalent of a gold louis.

"M'sieur," said Philippe sadly, "I do not permit myself to know what guests have gone up to Meess Dumont."

"My big round cabbage," said Hallock affectionately, "I didn't ask you who went up; I asked you if anybody's gone up."

"I do not permit myself to know if anybody has gone up," enunciated Philippe stubbornly.

Hallock was not in a hurry; he even had the appearance of one striving not to arrive at his destination. He paused to make a study of Philippe, not as an individual but as a concierge.

"Philippe," he said, "you know me for a friend and familiar of Miss Dumont. Would there be any breach of confidence in your telling me for ten francs if anyone has gone up to her in the last hour?"

"I'm not permitted," said Philippe, his small eyes glinting with anger.

"For twenty francs—for fifty?"

Instead of increasing, mysteriously the glint of anger appeared to soften. "I am not permitted," murmured Philippe in the dulcet tones of one who persists in a sad duty against the dictates of a kind heart.

Having failed to beat down the market price, Hallock took out his bill folder, extracted a hundred-franc note, and handed it over without finesse. It amused him to think that here he had unearthed another precise science, and the distraction was cheap at the price. Philippe's eyes promptly twinkled into the most friendly of smiles.

"Ah, m'sieur! M'sieur can ascend without fear; Meess Dumont is alone."

"Rascal," muttered Hallock, but he was unable to give the word an ugly intonation. "Philippe," he continued, "I don't give a blue hair off a purple dog whether Miss Dumont is alone or not, so you can look on that hundred francs merely as the price I was willing to pay to show you up, and yet I'll bet you consider yourself an honest man."

"Honest, m'sieur!" shouted Philippe angrily. "You call me dishonest! I could summon the police!"

Hallock laughed. "You concierges are always threatening to call the police, but you can't even read the word *gendarme* in the paper without turning pale. Cool down, Philippe; I'm perfectly serious. I'm really curious to know why you should consider yourself honest just after doing me out of a hundred francs for nothing?"

"M'sieur is like Meess Dumont," said the round man, sweeping with his eyes an invisible audience; "he asks questions, not to be pleasant or to pass the time of day but to get an answer. To be a concierge, m'sieur, is more than a calling, and its fees are as established as the emoluments of a notary public. In my private life I am one thing, but as a concierge, m'sieur, I take due pride in my profession."

"The explanation is clear and complete," said Hallock. "I now feel that my hundred francs was well spent." He went to the elevator, pressed the button for the top floor, and was presently admitted to Miss Dumont.

"I'm lucky to find you alone, Laura."

"You are indeed. What brings you around at this time of day?"

"I've got a bit of news; two bits to be exact." He paused to light a cigarette.

"Ordinarily so modest a statement wouldn't excite me, but coming from you, Hal, I'm all ears. From the papers this morning I gathered that hope was practically abandoned."

"For the seventh time," commented Hallock with a smile. "My news is merely a prediction for your ears alone. I bet Mr. Dumont a thousand to one that the conference meeting now going on would be the last of this world's series. I'm now willing to give you odds of ten to one that it will reach a settlement."

"That's certainly news, Hal," said Miss Dumont thoughtfully—"big news—but somehow you're not as excited about it as I had hoped. The funny thing is I'm not myself, and I can't understand it."

"I've been trying to figure out the same sensation. Perhaps it's a question of divided joy. We'll be tickled to death not to have the whole thing flop—and of course, that's a great triumph, the only real victory—but nationally, you and I can't help feeling that the cup for the champion standpatter of the world may have passed from our shores."

"That's the feeling!" admitted Miss Dumont with a laugh. "How clever of you to have thought it out! But I'm worried about you, Hal; you look a rag."

"I feel it. Can you recommend a good doctor?"

"Seriously?"

"Jake—I mean yes."

She looked up in alarm. "What kind—specialist, surgeon, general practitioner?"

"I'm not sure. I've been having the most horrible ringing in my ears and yet everything seems all right—stomach, eyes, liver and the rest of my insides. I wouldn't care if the ringing would vary a bit, but it's always on the same shrill note."

"Hal, you're a fool," said Miss Dumont, sinking back, relieved. "No doctor on earth can help that ringing except yourself. All you have to do is to sleep at least six hours out of every twenty-four. Now, come; what's the other?"

"The other what?"

"The other bit of news. You promised me two, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Hallock, walking over to the fireplace to get rid of his cigarette. He turned and fixed his eyes upon her. "It's bad news, Laura; the worst kind, but fortunately, it doesn't affect the entire world. In the first place, I want you to believe I was entirely truthful when I told you I hadn't the slightest sloppy interest in that Brent girl."

"I did believe it," said Miss Dumont sadly, as if with a premonition of catastrophe. "I believed you absolutely."

"There was no reason why you shouldn't," continued Hallock, frowning, "and every reason why you should. When I think of all the reasons, I'm stunned! For one thing, she's painfully young, and God knows I tried to stay away from the kid. I'd have held out, too—at least until I was free to leave Paris—if it hadn't been for last night."

"What happened last night?"

"I can give you an inventory of the incidents seriatim, but as for the one crucial event—exactly what happened to me—only the Creator of all things, large and particularly small, will ever be able to explain that."

He proceeded to describe the evening at José's from the moment of Nona's arrival to the instant which determined his own interference.

"How the devil can I tell you what happened?" he concluded, his eyes blazing. "One minute I was boiling with rage that any American girl should be making a display of herself in that rotten hole; and the next—the next ——" He stopped on a gulp, unable to go on.

"You might as well tell me," murmured Miss Dumont soothingly.

"The next the heart was ripped out of me by the roots. Will you kindly explain how that sort of thing can come about when your head has just been telling you two dozen perfectly good reasons for disliking a pretty but addle-pated piece of human froth?"

"It's happened before," said Miss Dumont, striving not to smile. "The long and short of it is that you've fallen in love with her."

"I have not fallen in love with her," declared Hallock. "I want her more than I

(Continued on Page 64)

202

Ride a Bike

. . . because Sonny is 14 today

Son, I know you were disappointed at Christmas not to get the bike you have wanted so long; but I thought it would be a bigger surprise to you on your birthday. When I was fourteen my Dad gave me a bicycle and I want to do the same by you. My bike was my very best pal. It took me everywhere. Kept me out-of-doors. Developed my muscles and wind. The best exercise I ever had to keep me in trim and prepare me for the athletic teams at school and college. Every boy has a right to a bike. And a girl has, too, for that matter.

A dandy bike can now be had for less than half what Dad had to pay for one not nearly so good, when he was a boy.

Write for FREE Book

Athletes, coaches and doctors recommend cycling for health and strength. See their pictures and read what they say in this handsome book. Just mail a postal asking for "Cycle-logical Ways to Happier Days."

The Cycle Trades of America
Room A205
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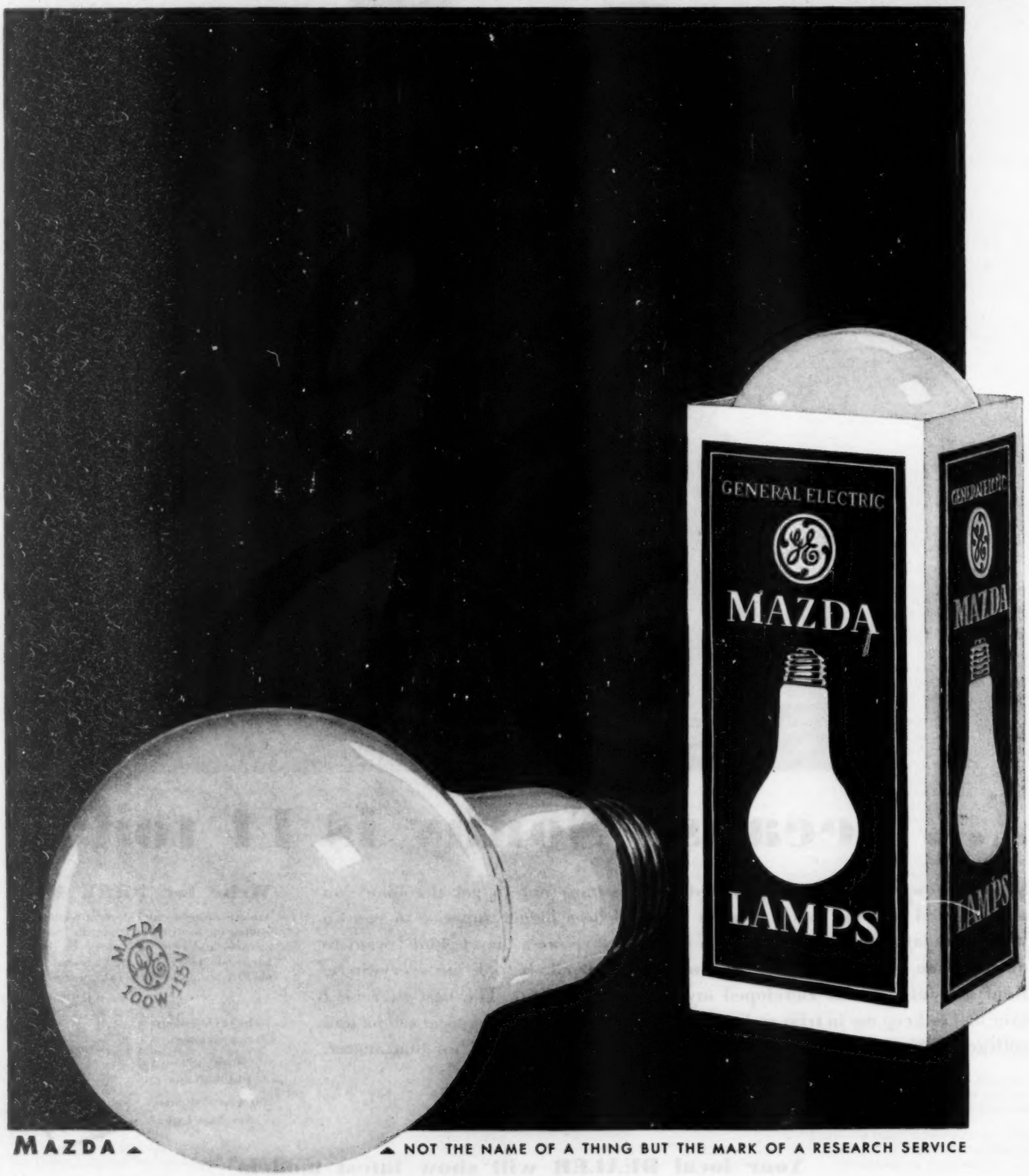
New York City

Your local DEALER will show latest models

NOW! ask for GENERAL ELECTRIC



MAZDA ▲ ▲ NOT THE NAME OF A THING BUT THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

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NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS—long a General Electric Product—now take the name of General Electric MAZDA lamps. + Gladly a famous name gives way to a greater one and proudly we place on the familiar blue carton an identification more fully descriptive of the lighting miracles which it contains. + Thousands of men, millions of dollars, the unlimited resources of the General Electric Company have poured improvement after improvement into those little bulbs of incandescent sunshine, which now give more light for a cent than the lamps of 1890 could radiate for half a dollar.

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To the incandescent lamps which Thomas Edison gave the world the General Electric Company and its MAZDA Research Laboratories brought tungsten filaments and gas filled bulbs that they might burn more brightly—beautiful colors, shapes and inside frosted glass that they might please the eye as they protect the vision—and great machines that they might be made to sell for less as they serve more.

Now we enter the golden age of light. We know that it is as necessary to life as the very air we breathe and we know that electric light now placed within the reach of all is serving all in an ever greater way. So for every lighting service there are General Electric MAZDA lamps . . lamps that are a step ahead:

G. E. MAZDA INSIDE-FROSTED LAMPS

The economical 100-watt G. E. Inside-Frosted MAZDA lamp for your kitchen, garage, laundry and bathroom. The 60-watt for your reading and bridge lamps. The 25-40-50 watt lamps for the many places where less light is needed. They protect the eye from glare as they give more light for your money.

G. E. MAZDA DAYLIGHT LAMPS

Buy these 150-watt G. E. MAZDA Daylight lamps for the many tasks about the home that are best done under daylight. For detecting scorches, matching yarns, quicker shaving and many other uses. A companion to the 100-watt Inside-Frosted G. E. MAZDA lamps in the work rooms of the home. Daylight lamps are also available in 60 and 100 watt sizes.

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G. E. MAZDA Flametint lamps for mellower living. Step Ahead candle lamps for softness and beauty. Modernistic lamps to add the final note to new modes in modern decoration in many colored effects. Colored lamps in a wide range of beautiful shades, frosted on the inside for ease of cleaning. Especially for breakfast rooms, sun porches and unusual lighting effects for holidays and parties.

G. E. MAZDA AUTOMOBILE LAMPS

G. E. MAZDA Automobile lamps for every socket on your car. Here's where not only comfort but life and limb depend on good lighting and G. E. MAZDA automobile lamps assure that precision and dependability without which no lighting equipment can function properly.

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THE shape or the color of a bulb won't tell you any more about the inside of a lamp than the appearance of its case will tell you about the movement in a watch. But when you see "G. E. MAZDA" on a lamp and find it on the blue carton you can be sure that it will give a generous measure of light for every cent you spend. Now ask for General Electric MAZDA lamps and enjoy the light you live by.

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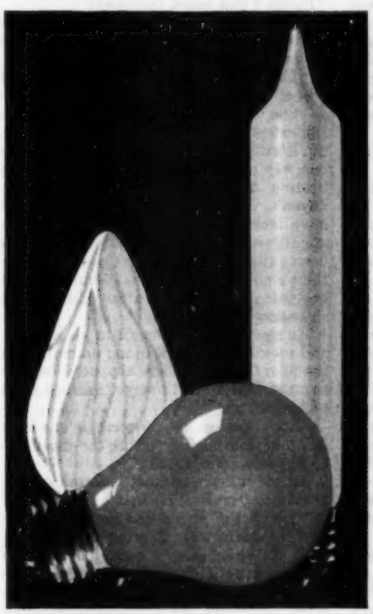
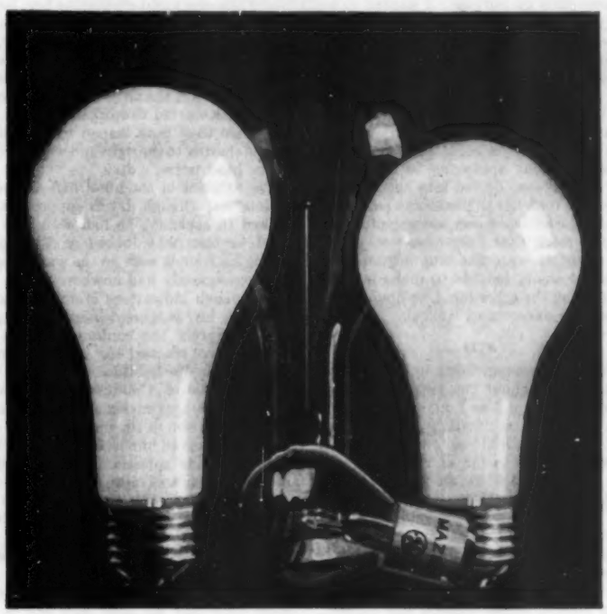


FLAME SHAPE FLAMETINT CANDLE



100 WATT DAYLIGHT AUTOMOBILE 60 WATT

GOTHIC COLORED MODERNISTIC

(Continued from Page 60)

ever wanted anything else in this life or the next, but I haven't fallen in love with her. I won't fall in love with her."

"You've got it, Hal," said Miss Dumont soberly; "you've got it bad. But do sit down and let's talk the thing out."

"I can't sit down," said Hallock, lighting another cigarette. "I can't think; I can't do anything. All I'm waiting for is the final news of today's conference, and if it's what I think it's going to be, I'm off. I'll walk, ride or fly, but I'm off."

"You've simply got to calm yourself enough to tell me exactly what's the matter with the girl. Is it leprosy, consumption, a bar sinister or did her father die in jail?"

"Oh, she's all right," said Hallock lugubriously. "There's nothing the matter with her—nothing at all. She's healthy, good-looking, absolutely sincere, and rich—too rich."

"Why should that worry you? You're hardly a pauper yourself."

Hallock sat down, his elbows planted on his knees. "Laura, I'm sort of young, and I used to be younger. I came in for all the brickbats that were thrown at that *passé* myth, flaming youth; and there's one thing to be said for a bump on the head, it always makes you think. You can say what you like about us, but the gang that did its debut with me into the wide wide world has done less talking and more thinking than any other one batch that ever came out of the human incubator."

He sprang to his feet again and started to walk up and down. "Not that it's done all of us much good. I can name a dozen fellows with postwar ingrown minds who are standing with their faces against the wall, just as hopeful as a hop-toad at the bottom of a well. You can probably match them with two dozen girls. But let's push all that into the discard, because it hasn't anything to do with me. I climbed out; I'm not despondent, and I never expect to be. The funny thing is that the way I came clear is as simple as A B C."

"I'd like to hear it."

"It's so simple it sounds silly. It's just this: I'm going somewhere; and what's more, I'm going only with people who are going somewhere. That's all—the whole of it. That's the answer to everything, and it's the reason why I won't marry Nona Brent."

"I don't see it," said Miss Dumont. "I must be dumb; I completely fail to see it."

Hallock raised troubled eyes. "I should think you'd be the first to see it. The way I've thought it out, all of us Americans who have more money than we know what to do with can be divided into two camps as separated as oil from water, and if that's true, they naturally won't mix. Millionaires have become a lot commoner than gooseberries, and the way I split them up, one gang has all the repulsive symptoms of hungry people who are going to eat, and the other the peace and calm of people who have eaten and forgotten about it. It isn't Nona's fault, but she's up to her neck in the hungry crowd, and I won't let myself be dragged into it at any price you can name. If I do, I'm lost—back at the bottom of the well. Can't you see that?"

"No, but I might if it hadn't been for the illustrious example of the Sabines. From all accounts they were a fairly contented lot after the change."

"Brood mares," said Hallock shortly. "Nona isn't a woman; she's an embryo. I'd be almost willing to make a crazy bargain with you. Take her for ten years, bring her up on the bottle, and I'll promise to come back for her."

"If she still wants you. Hal, you're a wonder! I know positively you're not a conceited prig, but I'd hate to have to prove it to a jury."

"Yes," said Hallock with a quick nod. "I see exactly what you mean. Naturally, if she's still such a fool as to want me."

The door swung open and the butler announced, "Mrs. Brent, Miss Brent."

Miss Dumont rose with a hurried effort, more flustered than she had been in many a year. Instantly she had perceived a threatening situation, and that the butler was not to blame. He had been told Mrs. Brent and her daughter were expected, and she herself had forgotten to inform him that the embargo against admitting anyone else while she was with Hallock had not been lifted on this occasion. She glanced at Hallock for aid—was she to present him or not? Should she risk saying, "My cousin, Mrs. Brent," and trust him to clear out while she was greeting Nona with all permissible effusion? But Hallock had already turned to face the newcomers, his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, and was bowing from the hips.

"How do you do, Mrs. Brent?" he said easily. "Hello, Nona; I was just going."

Miss Dumont's eyes, having been drawn to Nona, stayed there for what was really only a split second measured by the watch, but that, in observation, might have been an hour. The girl's smart little hat and the inimitable cut of her tailored suit, held by a single button, would have marked her anywhere, but what made the fraction of a moment memorable was that her personality instantly transcended the shell of clothes, proclaiming that she would have been equally at home in overalls. Then Miss Dumont awoke with a shock.

"How do you do, Mr. Herring," Mrs. Brent was saying incisively as she stepped forward and extended her hand with no uncertain gesture to Hallock. He was forced to take it, and for the first time felt the grip that had broken the spirit of more than one cayuse of the plains and had held Zep Brent steady for over twenty years. "It is Mr. Herring, isn't it?"

Color flamed in his cheeks as he met the extraordinary luminosity of her commanding eyes. "No," he answered after an inappreciable pause. "My name is Hallam—Hallock Dumont Hallam, to be complete and exact. But I'll thank you and Miss Brent from the bottom of my heart if you'll keep it dark for another week or two."

He was released, and as he left the room, Mrs. Brent turned to Miss Dumont: "I do hope you'll excuse my rudeness in not speaking to you first."

"Under the circumstances, yes," said Miss Dumont dryly; then her bold features broke suddenly into their nearest approach to a grin. "I should say I do," she murmured and turned with her hand out to Nona. "Is this Nona?"

"Yes, Miss Dumont."

"Do sit down, both of you. I asked you to come early on purpose; I wanted to tell you something about our first two prospects."

During the hour that followed, with its interruptions of tea, the two strange girls, *sotto-voce* consultations with Mrs. Brent, and the occasional impulse she was called upon to give to the general conversation, Miss Dumont's eyes repeatedly sought out Nona. Without appearing to study her, they nevertheless delved into her flesh and her bones, took her to pieces and set her up again. She smiled occasionally, half to herself, but more often her brows were drawn in a slight frown. She was beginning to think she would be able to make out this girl, but, on the other hand, to doubt if she would ever understand Hallock.

XIII

IT WAS an amazing thing to Hallock that Paris, throughout the gigantic struggle which centered on the Young Plan, should have remained abnormally calm. From the Avenue Gabriel he strolled up the Champs Élysées as far as Fouquet's, and then doubled back at an angle until he stood opposite the Hotel George V, where men were in travail—mice industriously determined to give birth to a mountain!

The walk of about a mile had certainly taken him a quarter of an hour, and yet he doubted if he had seen more than half a dozen people, either walking like himself, riding or sitting at the cafés, whose thoughts were in any way engaged with what he had come to look upon as a battle of titans.

Altogether it was a strange affair, like finding yourself the sole occupant of the grand stand at a major-league game. But was he a spectator? It had been his business to intrude himself, observing but not observed, on certain inner circles, certain functional wheels. He had not been permitted to motivate the buzz saw, but he had been expected to penetrate within hearing of its hum.

These nuclei—French officialdom and its array of thoughtful secondary planets, the embassies involved, and the imposing delegations themselves—had been steaming along at white heat for month after month, and it would have been reasonable to suppose that their radiations would have stirred up at least as much interest as the *accouchement* of any European queen or of even a second-rate princess.

But from his position on the sidelines, or even as a humble pinch-hitter in the hut, he could see that this was not so. Except for the modest double-column runners on the front pages of the morning papers, and an occasional spot of red in the *dernières heures* of the evening press, coldly received on account of their reiteration of a month-old stalemate, nobody seemed to care a damn about the laboring fathers or the prospective child.

As for the element represented by the Brents and their associates—that newest of all new worlds, the polished succubi of unproductive enjoyment—it was conscious of the august gathering much as it was of the daily weather reports, save that in the latter case it might trouble to go to the window for verification.

Below this stratum, and yet in a sense above it, there followed many another. To the stolid breadwinner no more than to the *boulevardier*, to the sublime egoists of all the arts no less than to the exponents of secondhand drama at a weekly wage, the pivotal event in the communal life of a group of nations seemed to mean nothing at all.

What then could be said for the advance guard of the educationalist tourist horde, already descending like a devouring cloud of locusts on the city's tender offshoots of peace and quiet? They were avid only for the débris of accomplishment, the buried past, or the cicatrices of the battlefields, fast-diminishing gold mine of the hawker guide. To these nothing would have mattered short of the renovation of the Roman baths for the convenience of the unwashed denizens of Montparnasse.

The Hotel George V itself, painfully new to the rôle of a world-mothering hen, looked peculiarly quiescent. He crossed the avenue, wandered into its grandiose lobby, and was amused by the two flunkies, standing like foot racers on their marks, waiting to see which one of the array of doors he would select. He started toward the central one, and when they both leaped to open it, he turned sharply to the right and went through to the head porter's desk.

The exterior of the hotel had not belied its interior; though it was supposed to be packed to capacity, he had seen only one guest—a man who looked as if he alone among his friends were on the water wagon, and consequently had nowhere to go.

From such indications Hallam began to feel that his judgment must have gone wrong. Surely the conference could not possibly have reached any conclusion more definite than its habitual anticlimax. He was conscious of a sudden sinking in his spirits as he approached the head porter and engaged him in conversation. His subdued mood served him well, however. Since he had not the appearance of one seeking information, it was most freely given.

"No, m'sieur; the conference does not continue in session. In fact, it is closed without adjournment."

Hallam raised an inquiring eyebrow. "Are you sure?"

"It is certain, m'sieur. I am positive because only half an hour ago one of the secretaries for M'sieur Morgan varied his usual custom, and instead of canceling M'sieur Morgan's weekly reservation, he completed the arrangement. M'sieur Morgan sails tomorrow."

Hallam straightened in spite of himself. "It would hardly be within reason for me to expect you to tell me what happened this afternoon?"

"But yes, m'sieur. The Allies accepted the last German offer as made three days ago. If you will buy the Matin of that date and read the leading article, you will be precisely informed as to everything that occurred today."

To his surprise, Hallam's spirits did not immediately revive. He walked out of the hotel and toward the Rue Lalo, thinking that of all anticlimaxes this one certainly took the cake. Had anyone foretold that after weeks of terrific strain, devoted to easing the pressure on one of the kingbolts of the ponderous caravans of state, he would get the great news while lounging across a hotel porter's desk, he would have laughed aloud. Not until he reached the combination library and sitting room where Mr. Dumont, in the sole presence of Mr. Dewar, was pacing feverishly up and down, did he catch the flame of a first excitement.

Mr. Dumont threw up his head. "Thank heaven, Hal. Where have you been? We've got two hours' work on our hands. There's an important dispatch to send out."

"What's the hurry, sir? The whole of Washington is in bed and asleep."

"That's so," said Mr. Dumont with an air of discovery. He promptly collapsed into a chair and stretched out his legs. "Dewar, this is my cousin, Hallock Hallam. You were complaining because I hadn't introduced him."

Mr. Dewar arose with hand outstretched and his somber face broke into an illuminating smile. "Mr. Hallam," he inquired, "what's the chance of your being out of a job?"

"None whatever," interjected Mr. Dumont promptly. "Dewar, I'm surprised at you. Why don't you try to steal Nelson from under my nose?"

"I have," said Mr. Dewar, reseating himself. "I'm not particularly interested in how loyal a master is to a good servant, but I'm always amused to find out how closely a good servant is attached to the average run of masters."

"Do I lose Nelson?"

"You don't."

"Nor me," said Hallock, grinning. He turned to help himself to a drink. "How did you make out with the conference, sir?"

"Only so-so," replied Mr. Dumont. "Haven't you heard the news?"

"Yes, such as it is—and where do you think I got it? From the hotel porter around at the George V!"

"I object," said Mr. Dewar quietly. "I object both to the 'so-so' and the 'such as it is,' because we've succeeded to the full extent of our hopes, Mr. Hallam. I admit it's difficult to realize that a few billions one way or the other haven't the slightest bearing on the main project, yet they haven't. You two adepts of a noble game have looked on this whole business as a mighty session of poker, and in a way you've been quite right. Poker has been played—there's no doubt about that—but from the beginning it's only been an unimportant side show to the big top."

He rose, thrust his hands in his pockets, and took his turn at walking up and down the floor; nor was there any need for him to state that he had not yet finished what he had to say.

"Six weeks ago, four weeks ago, one week ago," he continued, "I was the most discouraged man on earth."

"Bring it down to date," murmured Mr. Dumont; "make it six hours ago."

"Today I'm one of the happiest," proceeded Mr. Dewar, ignoring the interruption. "While there's been the constant obligation to fight for terms—I'm never denying that—I can assure you that the terms themselves have interested me only as a swarm of bees interests a boy intent on getting at a pot of honey. The way I've seen

(Continued on Page 68)

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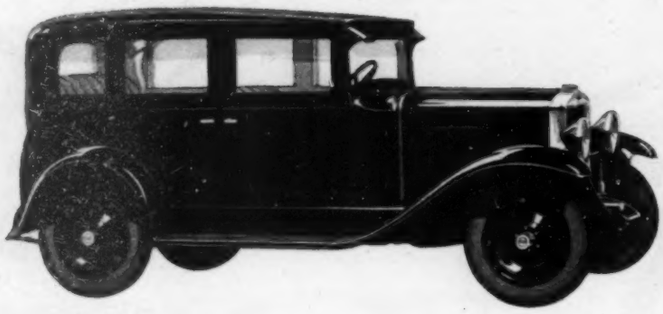

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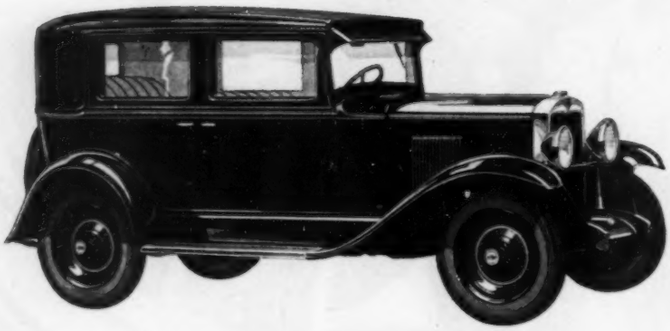

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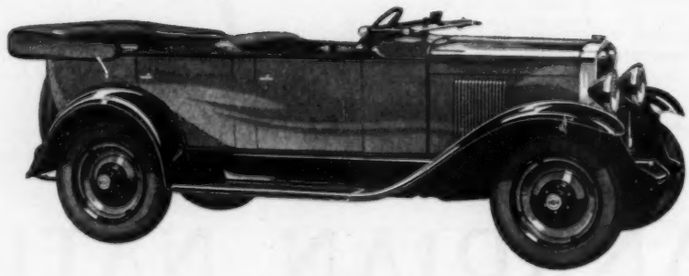

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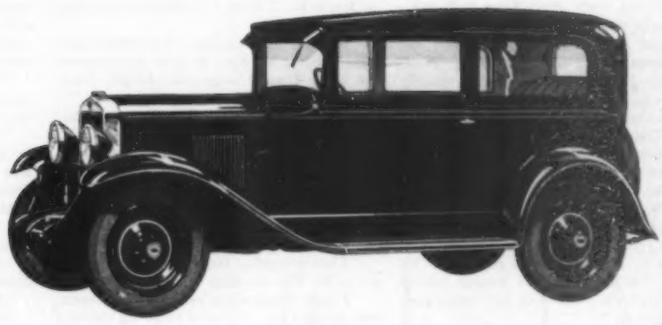

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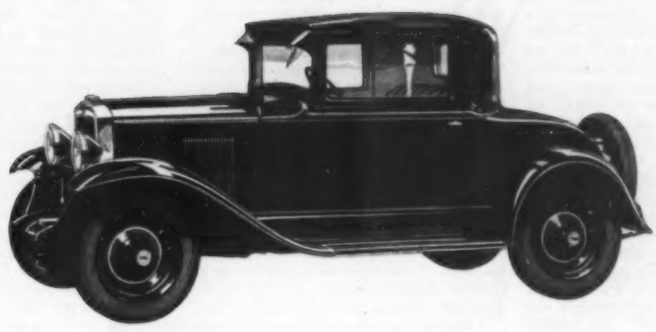

The COUPE

The ROADSTER

The SPORT ROADSTER

Transportation
ROLET

(Continued from Page 64)

it, there was only one thing that mattered—only one thing that has ever mattered—and that was the possibility, the stark necessity, for an agreement. Now, gentlemen, I put it to you. Isn't it exactly six times as hard to persuade six men to take less than it is to persuade one to pay more? Today, the moment that feat was accomplished, every other consideration faded down to mere byplay. The men who gave their time and sweat to such a conclusion never worked harder in their lives. I object to your grousing tone. I contend that their success has been absolute and complete." He came to a stop with his back to the fireplace and looked frowningly at Hallock. "Ever do any newspaper work, Hallam?"

"No, sir; not seriously—not since college."

"I'm not surprised, though I'd say you'd make a whale of a correspondent. But if you'd ever been in the game at all, you'd have had this accepted truth hammered into you at the start: Disaster is always news. There isn't any paper worthy of the name that won't pay for a full account of a disaster—the bigger the better—no matter if it happened ten thousand miles beyond the ken of the most outlying subscriber. That's one side of the human picture, and your hotel porter offers us the other. An extremely illustrative incident. It was easy to see, by the way you spoke, how disappointed you've been not to find crowds standing around in front of the George V. No bulletin boards. No hourly *communiqués* handed out to a panting public too impatient to wait for the morning papers. Well, here's the answer. While disaster has always been the newspaper's prime cut of beef, no wizard of the press has ever yet been able to stir the world to interest in the averting of a catastrophe." He paused frowningly. "Am I just being a bore? Have I caught the rostrum itch?"

"Far from it," Mr. Dumont took it upon himself to answer. "What you're about to say is what I'm waiting to hear, since it's really at me you've been shooting."

"Oh, don't say that!" exclaimed Mr. Dewar with a flashing grin, "not unless the shoe fits!" Then abruptly he sobered. "I wonder if I'm crazy or merely wrong. It's my opinion —— No, no, I won't say that; I'll put it this way: It's quite on the cards that if we hadn't arrived at agreement—and never mind the quibbling terms—Germany would have traveled by leaps and bounds toward a financial cataclysm. With three or four other countries we could name hard on her heels, it's by no means beyond the bounds of reason to foresee an almost universal disturbance of the sense of values. Mass panic—the sort of mass panic that was permitted to drive the Gadarene swine down the hill and into the sea. Stretch the point only a little and it's easy to imagine France, with the strongest army in Europe, catapulted to a victory in Berlin—a victory whose inevitable aftermath would give to the word havoc a meaning never yet calculated by the finite human mind."

He smiled. "That's my credo, my individual measure of today's accomplishment, and yet, though the papers dutifully give us the front page, I assure you there's not a bit of news value in it—none whatever. I'll go further. I'll say that while scarcely an individual on the face of the earth would dare say it aloud, there are tens of millions—recipients rather than purveyors of the news—who harbor a sneaking regret for the ghastly days of Armageddon. Peace has its thousand benefits, and only one mortally cankerous defect."

"Take pity on Hallam," said Mr. Dumont as he paused, "to say nothing of me. I can guess, but I want to hear you name it."

"Boredom—man's eternal revolt against the static. There you've got the simmering hotbed to which can be traced every known form of immorality. No mind is immune against its infiltration, no standards secure against its corroding germ. Never permit yourself to get bored, Mr. Hallam—not for long at a time!"

When he had gone, Mr. Dumont looked at Hallock. "What did you think of that, my boy?"

"Great," said Hallam; "I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. In fact, he's cheered me up so I want to go out and get drunk just once for the fun of getting drunk."

"Not tonight; at least, not yet," said Mr. Dumont, rising. "Pull up your chair."

It was midnight before Hallam had the coded message ready for filing, and to his surprise, Mr. Dumont was still seated at his desk, sorting out document after document and occasionally pausing to read.

"Aren't you going to bed, sir?"

"That depends. How far do you have to go to file that message?"

"I may catch them open in the Boetie, but failing that, I'll have to go all the way to the Bourse."

"Walk or ride?"

"I'd love to walk," said Hallam quickly.

"So would I."

They issued into the Rue Lalo—usually so quiescent—to find turmoil at their door. Two men were half belaooring, half hindering, a vociferous cabman who with snarls and abjurations was striving to drag a limp bundle from the seat of his cab to its floor, and from the floor to the sidewalk. At the click of the gate one of the men turned. It was the Comte de Puy, wild-eyed, hatless and disheveled, though in full evening regalia.

"Is Mrs. Brent at home?" he gasped in French.

"Mrs. Brent?" asked Hallam shortly. "What are you talking about?"

"Isn't this the Rue Marbeau?" stuttered De Puy.

"No!" shouted the cabman at the top of his voice. "You blue-belly, you worm, you maggot of an aristocrat! It's not the Rue Marbeau; it's the Rue Lalo—Lalo—Lalo!"

Aided by the diversion, and relieved of De Puy's obstruction, he had succeeded in gathering his burden in his arms. He turned, deposited it gently along the curb, leaped into his cab, and without waiting for the money due him, threw in his gears. A second later the cab had whirled, jumping the opposite curb, and was disappearing with a roar up the street toward the Rue Pergolèse. Hallam looked down and recognized the totally unconscious form of Miss Sybelle Trumbull.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Dumont. "Does either of you gentlemen speak English?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy Ivor dully, casting desperately clouded eyes at the darkened house and then at Hallam. "Hullo, Herring." He seemed surprised and confused by his own recognition of Hallam, frowned and shook his head as if he despaired of thinking the matter out. "It's all De Puy's fault," he continued thickly, pronouncing each word with ludicrous care. "He insisted this was the turn into the Rue Marbeau."

"Why didn't you take her home?" snapped Hallam, feeling angry for no reason that he could name.

"Home? We got her out of home. She's been staying with Madame de Fontebello, and tonight the countess' rooms were raided."

Mr. Dumont had been kneeling beside the unconscious Sybelle. He looked up. "Do you know this girl, Hallock?"

"I know who she is. I met her once at dinner."

"American?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take hold."

Together they lifted her into the house, where Nelson, his face a mask, was permitted to assume Mr. Dumont's share of the burden. They carried her up to the library and deposited her on the couch.

"Run down, Nelson," said Mr. Dumont, "and tell one of those men to get a good doctor at once." When the servant had gone, he turned to Hallam. "Well, Hal, who is she? What do you know about her, and why did that fellow call you Herring?"

"Her name is Sybelle Trumbull, and that's every last thing I know about her. I met her at a dinner given by a Mrs. Brent who happens to live around the corner in the Rue Marbeau."

"You surprise me. I didn't know you'd been going in for dinners"

"I haven't. It's rather an unbelievable story, sir. They were short a guest and I was dragged in off the street to fill up."

"Oh, that Mrs. Brent! I've heard all about it from Laura. I knew she was boiling to tell me more, but I never imagined she was bursting with the secret that you were the renowned Mr. Herring."

Nelson thrust his head in at the door. "They've gone, sir. Not a sign of them, sir."

Mr. Dumont glanced around angrily. "Why didn't you run after them?"

"I did, sir; as far as the corner. Not a sign of them, sir."

Mr. Dumont raised Sybelle's wrist and dropped it, laid his hand against her throat, leaned over and with the gentle touch of his stubby fingers opened her eyelids and let them close. She was malleable and pulseless as a wet rag; no statue, but a wisp of human flesh holding to form in the midst of liquidity. He stooped far over to sniff her breath and quickly straightened.

"This is apt to be serious, Hal. You say Mrs. Brent lives around the corner?"

"In the next street, with her daughter."

"Get one of them to come here at once and then go on to file your message. Don't be gone any longer than you can help." He turned. "Nelson, go after a doctor. Telephone the George V for a list of two or three of the best, then take a cab and don't come back without one."

Upon reaching the house in the Rue Marbeau, Hallam was surprised to have his ring answered at once, but when the concierge, peeping through the judas, beheld a stranger, he refused to open the wicket gate.

"You have come to the wrong door," he snarled.

"One minute," said Hallam, "or you'll get yourself in trouble. Is Mrs. Brent at home?"

Arrested by the correct French, the man paused. "No lady is at home to callers at this hour," he grumbled.

"I'm not a caller," said Hallam. "I have a very important message for Mrs. Brent, and if you don't take it, I will arrange very quickly to have the police bring it around."

The effect was magical. "Mrs. Brent has not come in, sir," said the man in a faintly conciliatory tone. "I am here to open the door to her."

"Is Miss Nona Brent at home?"

"Yes, sir. She's gone to bed."

"Wait," said Hallam. He took out one of his cards, walked to the nearest street light, scribbled a hasty message, and returned to thrust it, together with a hundred-franc note, through the tiny opening of the judas. "See that Miss Nona is awakened to receive this card," he ordered. "I'll stay out here until you return with an answer."

"Since m'sieur is willing to wait in the street," said the man cheerfully, all unpleasantness forgotten, "I will obey."

Hallam stood patiently and then began to pace up and down, but though it seemed much longer, it was only ten minutes before he heard approaching footsteps and then the turning of the lock. The wicket gate swung open and he found himself confronted by Marie, supported by the concierge.

She looked him up and down, and said precisely, "Will m'sieur follow?"

A moment later he was admitted into Mrs. Brent's boudoir. Through an open door he could see the orderly spaciousness of her bedroom and caught a glimpse of a triangular half of the bed itself, with covers turned down. Night dress, peignoir, and slippers were set out, striking a note of intimacy which came to him as a shock; but before he could analyze the reaction, Marie knocked at a door behind him, drew back and took up her stand beside it. He turned and it opened to admit Nona. She closed it after her and stood with her hand still on the knob.

Immediately he was conscious of a weird sensation which almost swept his mission from mind, a feeling of finding himself committing an unpardonable intrusion on a total stranger.

She wore a soft quilted robe of palest blue, tightly belted at the waist and with its collar turned up in a flare behind her head. Beneath it, her bare feet were thrust into high-heeled mules, each crested with a pompon of marabou. In spite of that impudent touch, no costume could have been more severe, and yet to him it appeared transcendently revealing. There was symbolism in the outline of her erectly poised figure, but it was as nothing compared with the sense of resurgence imparted by her head and neck, rising within the sheath of shimmering silk.

There was life in her—life in the throbbing pulse of her throat, in her flushed cheeks, her parted lips, her profoundly luminous eyes, and even in her hair. Most of all in her hair. The curly riot of its stillness seemed to bespeak movement and answered the white light of the crystal luster with a thousand gleams of bronze. He became aware of a strange exasperation, of a foolish sense of standing as witness to the birth of some new and as yet untried divinity.

"What do you want?" she asked unsmilingly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PHOTO, FROM E. L. FISHER AND ALASKA SS CO.

Telkheli River, Near Valdez, Alaska

The Plowman lifts his head

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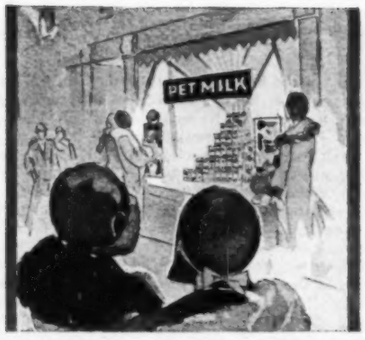

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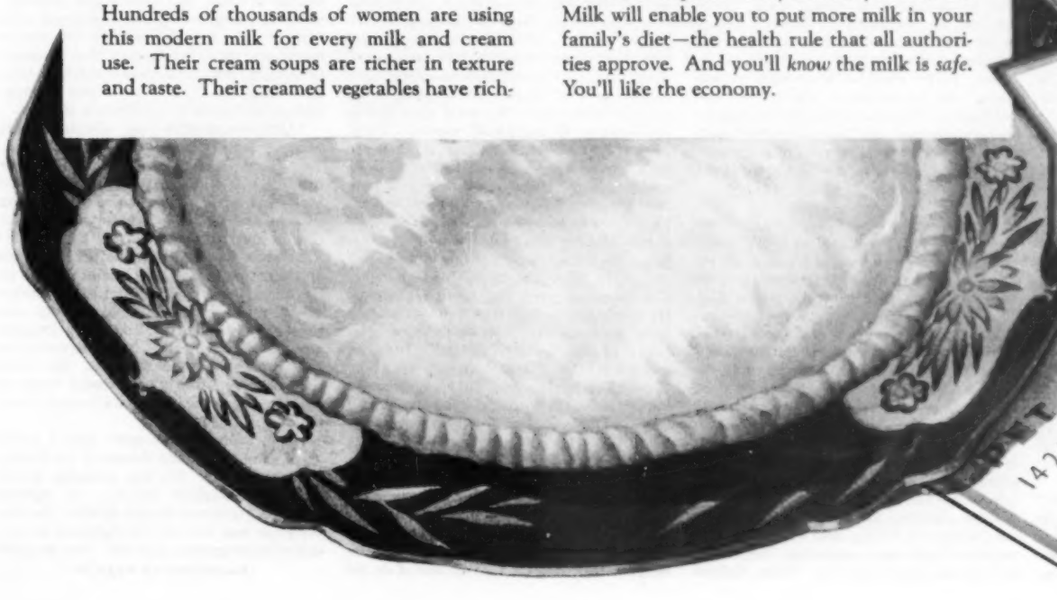

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THE LIMESTONE TREE

(Continued from Page 19)

only necessary for him to establish that fact—he was required to relate his experience at the disaster on the River Raisin. He replied as briefly as possible; James acknowledged with a sufficient courtesy the congratulations upon his services and escape; and then, releasing Leviticus from further attendance on him, he withdrew to his room. There he removed his jacket with its marks of rank and hard service, stripped off his boots and worn leather breeches, and pulled vigorously at a bell rope, ordering a bath of hot water. A negro brought a round tin tub, the hot water followed in a number of buckets, and very soon, for the first time in a year and—a year and three months precisely—he was luxuriously clean.

James Sash found some appropriate clothes left from his civilian existence and dressed deliberately, and then the past forced itself again upon his attention. It was unavoidable—he must go to Bardstown and see his daughter Nancy. That realization brought back a great deal else: Nancy was his only child. How long had Cora, his wife, been dead? He answered that instantly—she had died of lung fever in 1801. Twelve years ago. Nancy now was thirteen—no, fourteen. He was troubled by that. She had been, living with his uncle, Bruton Abel, too long away from him. Mary Abel, although she was a Roman Catholic—that was totally different from all James had been bred to and understood—took splendid care of Nancy, but now he wanted his daughter to be with him. Soon she would be grown up and, with someone else, would leave him forever. He would not, in spite of a complete propriety due to the presence of Mrs. Weiseger, bring her to live with him at the tavern; he must have a house; and, though she would soon be grown, Nancy was still too young to manage that. For the first time since Cora's death, he saw that it would be an advantage for Nancy and himself if he married again.

"I don't want to get married because it would be an advantage to us," James Sash thought. His mind, however, remained fixed upon that possibility. He would have had little good of a wife in the ten years past; his necessary course would have amounted to no better than an act of desertion; but now, he realized, it was different. He was through with fighting; he had even given up the petty removements of politics; he was about to address himself soberly and permanently to the practice of the law in Frankfort. Marriage, he told himself, might not be a bad idea. Now he had gone so far, he was confronted by a tremendous obstacle—there wasn't a woman in the world he knew of whom he wanted to marry. He could find one in Frankfort, James had no doubt; Kentucky was full of appropriate and desirable women, but it was impossible, too cold-blooded, for him deliberately to search for a wife.

His material prospects and affairs, triumphing over the past ten years of what he regarded as no better than a dangerous political experiment, were more than satisfactory. After all, though James Madison was republican, he was only the unfortunate lingering shadow of Jefferson. It was clear to everyone except fanatics who hated all government that the next President would be strongly Federal. Why, damn it, Thomas Jefferson and the French nation had nigh to ruined the United States. Kentucky, with its enthusiasm for republican clubs and Jacobin sentiments, had scarcely survived its folly. Well, that was safely over; he didn't want any trace of it to return. How he hated the past! He was falling back, he saw, into a mood for the moment happily lost, and he returned to the present, the immediate future.

He would leave at once for Bardstown; if he didn't, and no more than stopped to open his law rooms on Broadway, a hundred needs and responsibilities would conspire to hold him where he was. It was Saturday—he would continue his journeying Monday. Naturally, he'd stop at Harrodsburg, at least stay overnight with Beriah Mace, who had married Kate Abel, his mother's younger sister. That was not an engaging prospect; family affairs would be discussed, the tragic memory brought up he constantly tried to repress. Beriah once more would explain why his store was not prospering; he would refer to the narrow views, the blind prejudices, of old James Abel; repeat how, along in 1788, when they'd had a chance to spread out, get rich, James Abel, with his bigoted nature, had brought it all to nothing. He had heard it all before and, he recognized, he would have to listen to it more than once again. At the same time, he acknowledged, these were his own affairs. In his heart James Sash was strongly attached to his blood. It was a good blood. His grandmother had been a McKee—honorable soldiers of the old Irish wars—bearing the cloudberry bush of the Lords of Lorne. An uncle of James Sash's had been named McKee—McKee Abel; he was killed in a useless expedition against the Wabash tribes.

He didn't remember his father, Gabriel Sash, since Gabriel had deserted his wife when James was less than a year old. He thought about him, however, with an interest devoid of all resentment—a man who loved the loneliness of the forest better than anything else in life. Gabriel Sash had come to Harrodstown out of the wilderness, one of the traditional Long Hunters who, with Colonel Knox, had gone early to Kentucky; he married Nancy Abel, but the forest had soon drawn him back again with its secrecy and solitude and supreme danger. When James Sash was a boy his father had seemed to him to be a shining hero. The names, the places, associated with the Long Hunters still remained in his mind—how, more than twenty of them, they left Reedy Creek in 1769 and came by Cumberland Gap to Flatlick. Beyond the South Fork of the Cumberland River they camped in Price's Meadow and hunted in a land of high grass. Later, on the Rockcastle River, they met a party of friendly Cherokees. Joseph Drake discovered a pond that was a great place for deer. Isaac Bledsoe found a lick. He had, a small boy in Harrodstown, worn a hunting shirt that was a copy of the hunting shirts of Gabriel Sash. His mother had made them all. Here he was, once more straying into the dark memories of the past. It appeared to be unavoidable, inevitable. His mind was like that—dark. He was, James Sash decided, too much alone with his thoughts—a solitary man. There, anyhow, he resembled his father. Except in his case the abstract balances and perfections of the law took the place of the forest. He returned to the thought of marriage, now in connection with himself and not Nancy. Then, abruptly, he deserted his speculations and went down to the ordinary of the tavern, where, relieved by a pressure of men and voices, he drank a great many complimentary whisky slings.

Enveloped in a clear dusk, with Harrodsburg somber against a green sky, James Sash sat on his horse and gazed at the house beyond an informal footpath that divided its rough yard from the public road. The house, bearing the signs of obvious neglect, was part brick and part boards. Most of it was brick, a square unhandsome structure with gables in the steep roof; the smaller section, a story lower than the rest, lay at James' left. It was covered with lime-washed boards, but it was obvious that there were logs beneath. It was plain that it had once been a log cabin. He gazed steadily, with a dark, absorbed countenance. He had been born there. The little wooden dwelling had been the cabin built for Gabriel and Nancy Sash when they were married thirty-eight years ago. James had no intimate memories of it. When Gabriel Sash left her, his mother returned to her father's house; yet, coming up to it, he always stopped for a moment, touched by the influences of older years.

Beriah Mace, appearing in the doorway of his dwelling, interrupted James' reflections. Beriah, who was past fifty, was a fat careless-appearing man with an expression at once good-natured and harassed.

"Well, here you are!" he cried in a tone of warm welcome colored by deference. "It's time you were back from fighting the English and came to Harrodsburg. Not that anything here would draw you. Your family don't. So it seems, James—so it seems." He shook James Sash's hand. "This time I hope it's for a long stay."

He could remain overnight, James told him at once. "I am obliged to go on to Bardstown and see Nancy."

Inside he kissed his Aunt Kate; her daughter, Reba, married to a Thomas Lafoe and living at home, kissed him. A Lafoe baby, Susan Ann, with, he found, an excessively damp and unengaging cheek, was held up for him to salute. Thomas was at the store, his wife explained:

"He said he might not be in for supper, but I'll send him word. He always likes to hear you tell what's going on. I'll run over and tell Isaac and Cassie, too, but that's all the good it will do. Cassie can't never get away from all their children."

Isaac was the Maces' eldest child; he had married a Pipskoe eight years ago; and already they had six children. They lived in James Abel's house, the first Abel dwelling in Kentucky.

"Reba," her mother proceeded, "see if there is water in James' room, and a clean hand towel. This isn't Frankfort, with water brought right up to you in pipes."

Beriah repeated that phrase at supper. "This is not Frankfort," he said. The harassed air overcame his expression of cheerfulness. Thomas Lafoe, thin and pallid, with bright red elastic bands holding up his shirt sleeves, echoed his father-in-law.

"It ain't and that's a fact," Thomas declared.

"There don't seem to be the right go to Harrodsburg," Beriah continued. "I doubt if there's three hundred and fifty people, and Bardstown with twice that many and better," Beriah asserted. "Take the store for a pointer. Sales in fine goods has fell off wonderful. I stopped a-getting them." The time had come, James saw, for Beriah's reference to the unfortunate effects of James Abel's past short-sightedness. "It might have been different," Beriah Mace added; "your grandfather had the choice. Expand or stay like you are and worse, his brother John said to him. Go with the times or stick in the woods. John Abel had just come from New Orleans when he told James that. Why, him and Colonel Wilkinson was close as two of your fingers on the one hand. Colonel Wilkinson! We could have shared the business of the whole country. Only, James Abel wouldn't hear to it. I arged with him in the store the day after John spoke. I said, 'James, you owe it to your family and to Kentucky. You will end the biggest establishment in the state.' But James Abel wouldn't hark to nobody. Not him. He set store on nothing that wasn't old as the hills. James was a great hand, too, opposing everything he called foreign. He never did take to the Spanish woman John Abel married in New Orleans. Her that died here in Harrodsburg." He fell silent for a little. "I never spoke out about that," Beriah Mace added, but more to himself than to the others at the supper table. "I never said a word." James scarcely heard him. He was absorbed by the dark memory of a woman closely folded in black, with a high gold comb—the foreign woman John Abel had brought from Louisiana.

The fathomless dread that accompanied any thought of her settled profoundly over James Sash. It was a shapeless and intangible fear, like the mental scar of an old spiritual injury. Laure—Laure Abel. Only to recall her name made him faintly sick. He remembered clearly the day of her death from the sudden failure of a weak heart. The edge of an even greater darkness threatened his being. He would never, James told himself violently, come to Harrodsburg again. His family there must in the future do without him. It was too full of wretched mementos. Harrodsburg, he realized, leaving it at a hand gallop the following morning, was, where he was concerned, the past of Kentucky, the olden days, the land on the western waters. It belonged to the time of its fort and early Boonesborough, to Richard Henderson and Kenton, James Ray and the McAfees and the Reverend John Lythe, the earliest settlers and trappers. He, in his own family, represented the break from the past; together with Frankfort and Lexington, with, even, a steamboat on the Kentucky River, he belonged to a new state.

In reality it was a new world, especially in the United States, after Mr. Jefferson's boundless Western purchases. James seriously doubted the expediency of that. So much territory, even if it could ever be settled, would attack the balance, the necessary authority, of Eastern power and government. His Federalism, James was convinced, did not conflict with the changes about him. A government must have force. There must be law and a stable currency—specie. Order—that single word, more than any other, expressed James Sash's conception of what was desirable. There was a visible stir of events in Bardstown absent from Harrodsburg. A vigorous fiddling sounded in the taverns and there were valuable horses fast to the tavern rails. He saw posted on a tree a notice of a purse race free for any horse, mare or gelding; weight for age agreeable to the rules of New Market. Bardstown, in spite of its strong religious influence, was like that—a place of drinking and high play and racing. He proceeded, relaxed and easy on his horse, to Bruton Abel's house, where Nancy was immediately in his arms.

She was, he realized, extremely pretty; Nancy had grown amazingly in the past year. She had the McKee eyes rather than his—his mother's eyes—but her hair was very fair, a strange paleness that might have been lightly powdered with ashes. She conducted him, holding him tightly by the hand, into the house.

"Here's father!" she cried excitedly. "Here's father, and the Indians didn't hurt him!" Nancy cried a little. His own heart was very full of feeling. Mary Abel appeared at once and kissed him placidly. She was a large woman with a broad calm face; it was so calm, with a diminutive mouth and dense brown eyes, that it seemed to be made from a more solid material than flesh and blood. She sat down at once, folding her hands in a stiff black silk lap.

"I have prayed for you," she told James Sash. "Interceded with the dear saints. We heard very little since the River Raisin. . . . A great deal has happened here," she went on in a voice without any emphasis or color. "A great deal to the eternal glory of God. At last Father Nerinckx has his convent. After so much difficulty. It is near St. Charles Church on Hardin's Creek, and called Little Loretto. The sisters are dedicated to poverty and chastity and silence. You can't imagine how elevated they are. No shoes except in winter, and bare straw for beds. But there is a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin in their chapel Father Nerinckx brought from Belgium."

James Sash gave no more than a polite air of attention to the details of the Sisterhood of Loretto. He was, actually, intent upon his daughter Nancy. It seemed depressing to him at Bruton Abel's; the conversation was without the lightness so necessary to the gayety of youth. Yes, he must

(Continued on Page 76)

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Now, when the tempting new fashions prompt you to want more new dresses than in any previous season, enjoy this new opportunity to learn to make them through Singer home sewing instruction. Any Singer Shop or Representative will give you full information about the available service in your community.

* * *

In almost every city and town the Singer Sewing Machine Company has long maintained its own shops and representatives. These shops, identified by the famous red "S", have become familiar to women everywhere as home sewing centers where instruction and service are always available.

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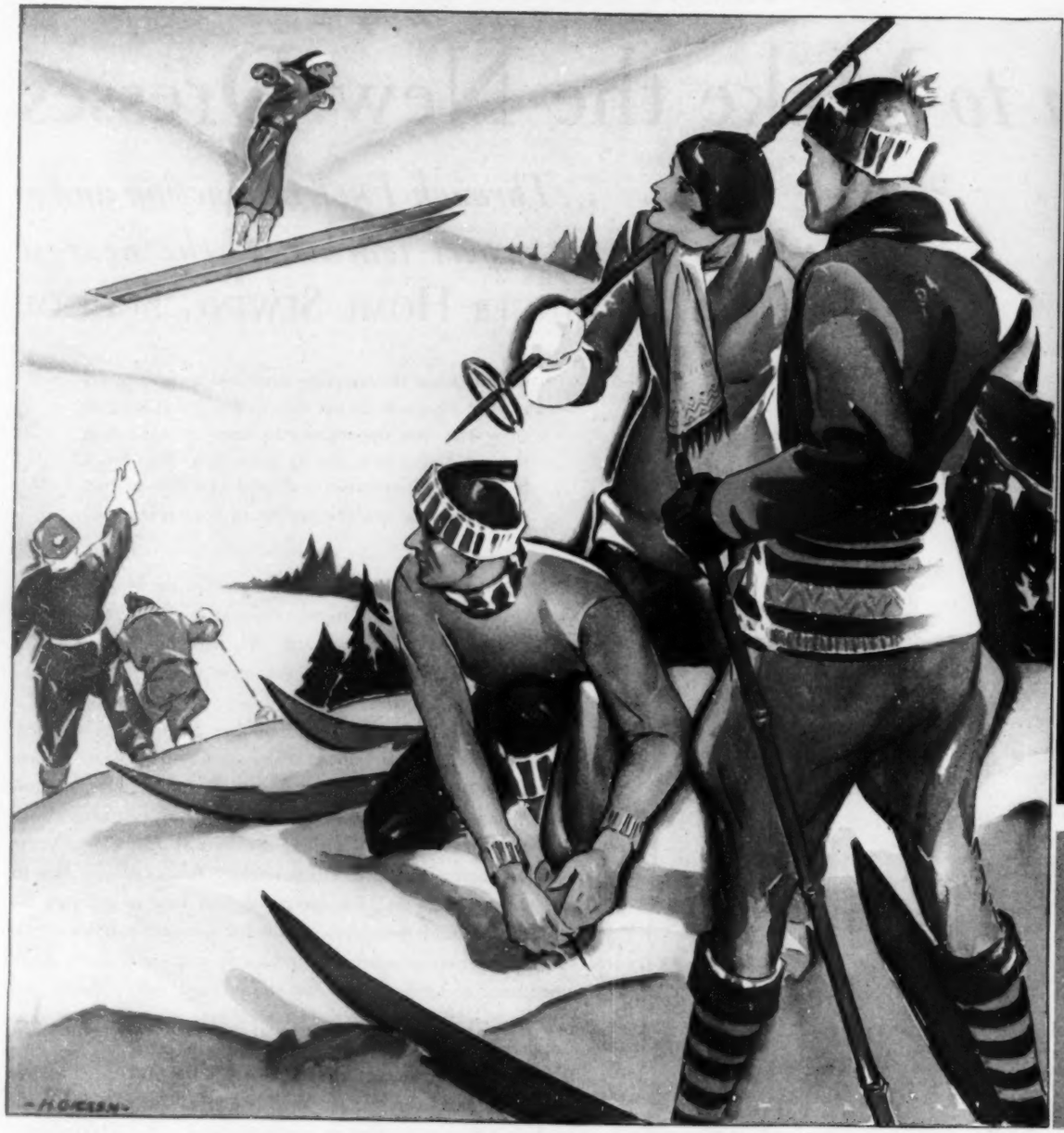

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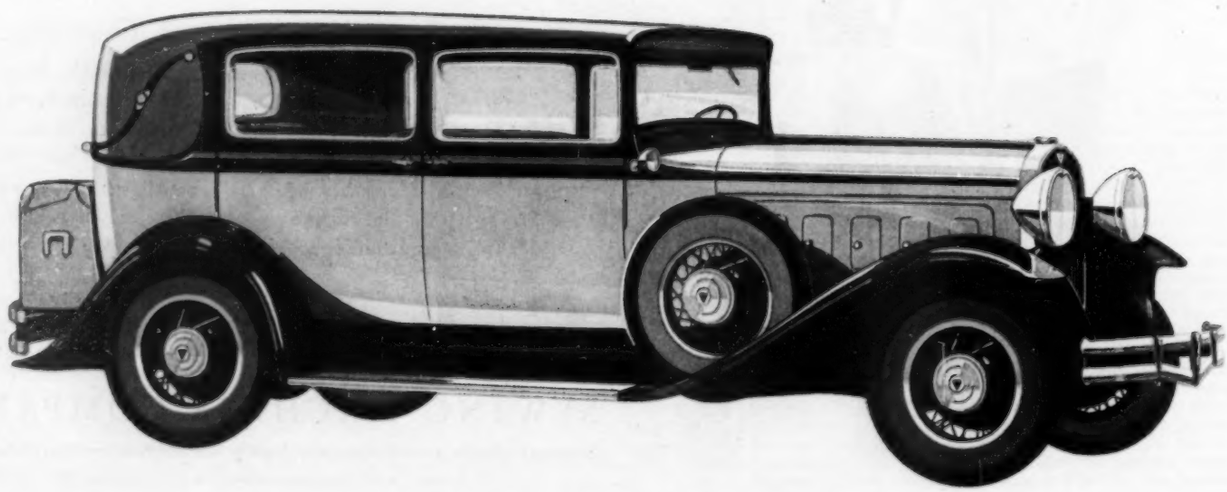

There is a **NEW TYPE** *in Motordom*

HUDSON'S *Great* 8

It supersedes all Hudson achievements of the past

It sells in Hudson's well-known price range

This is a new type. This is Hudson's Great 8. So tremendous its advancements that Hudson's famous achievements of the past are unhesitatingly set aside to produce it.

The motoring world thoroughly understands that no ordinary car or merely conventional eight would be entrusted to take up the onward stride of Hudson leadership. How searching, then, the tests, and supreme the proofs that we have required of it.

It is a complete new car throughout. New ideas, new beauties, new comforts, with Hudson's same price advantage. Important in principle is the relation of horse-power to car weight. It accounts for unusual alertness in get-away and in speed. It contributes much to operation economy.

Here, then, is performance more flexible and smooth in all ranges than any in Hudson's famous past. Here is quicker get-away and greater hill climbing ability. Here is a motor so smooth and powerful that it imparts a new riding sensation—active, free, effortless. You are first away at the signal to "Go!" You can relax and enjoy your ride at whatever speed you elect.

Every chassis detail is newly designed. It conforms to no standardization. It is wholly Hudson and wholly individual. Gears shift faster and freer. Roadability is increased by lower center weight, sturdy new type frame and two-way shock absorbers.

Equal distinction marks appearance. Bodies in modernistic design have new contours, new finishes. Radiator, fenders, body moldings, interior trim and fittings all blend in the new mode. Even design and treatment of windshield opener, instrument board with engine starter, fuel gauges, speedometer, adjustable seats, disappearing rear window curtain, mirror, lights, door handles, etc., are carried out in the same feeling. You will be impressed with the thoroughness and finesse of these details.

Individuality and distinction is outstanding. There is such a wide variety of colors that buyers can make their own personal selection.

Only a car possessing these qualities in pre-eminent degree could earn the right to carry on Hudson leadership. It sells in Hudson's well-known price range. It must continue Hudson's reputation for producing the world's greatest value. And it questions the wisdom of ever paying more for any car.

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"YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill in use, on Fitcairn Super-Mailwing, by John Van Winkle, who says, "I have used 'Yankee' Drills and Screw-drivers for eight years in Aircraft work and found them very satisfactory; and convenient in close quarters."

No. 1555 (Illustrated)—Length, 17 in. 3-jaw; chuck holds ½-in. Double speed. Also, 2-jaw. Price, $11.00.

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No. 1539—Hand Drill. Length, only 10½ in. but has same ratchet adjustments as large drills. 3-jaw; ¼-in. Single speed. Price, $5.25.

Gives you the "feel" of the work

A "YANKEE" Ratchet Drill gives you control of a drilling job every instant and down to the smallest part of a revolution.

You drill fast or slow at will. Change gears, high power or low, at a finger-touch. Or change ratchet adjustments. All without removing drill from work.

In tight places, "Yankee" Double Ratchet brings work out into the open: any slight motion of crank, forward and back, drives drill continuously.

Eighteen styles of "Yankee" Breast and Hand Drills, from $3.00 up, are shown with action pictures, along with many other "Yankee" Tools, in the *"Yankee" Tool Book*, sent free. Use the Coupon.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
You may send "Yankee" Tool Book.

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(Continued from Page 72)

arrange at once for Nancy to live with him in Frankfort. He had no doubt he could get some appropriate, highly respected woman—perhaps someone among his own large connection—to keep his house. That was far more reasonable, more practical and decent, than any ill-considered, hurried marriage.

All Bruton's family gathered for supper: Their eldest child Kate and her husband, Eale Sympson, a local surveyor; Leonidas, married to Ann Herries and turned devoutly Catholic; Manoah, who had read law with James in Frankfort and was practicing in the county and Thirteenth Circuit courts; and Felicity, only a little older than Nancy Sash. There were, in addition, Flora, James Sash's aunt, with her husband, Jarrot Bensalem. James disliked him intensely. He even found his appearance and dress annoying. Jarrot Bensalem was a small emaciated man with a copper skin tight on the bones of his face, and black eyes at once restless and sharp. Bruton Abel was certain there was Powhatan blood in him. All his ideas were totally opposed to the convictions that sustained James. He had arrived in Kentucky, from Augusta County, Virginia, at the extreme of the French excitement, and immediately supported the republican cause. Jarrot organized the Jacobin club in Bardstown; he was familiar with Charles Depeau, Genet's agent at Lexington; it was said he had largely helped to corrupt the venerable George Rogers Clark; and, as a consequence, James thought, he wore coats with extravagantly rolled collars, ridiculous stocks and preposterous waistcoats.

His temper, however, was like confined gunpowder; Jarrot Bensalem was known to be a fatal duelist. But all James' distaste for him, he realized, was more than returned by Flora. He couldn't, for the life of him, think why.

Flora said to James Sash, "How does it feel to be a hero? We understand you are a hero. Like General Adair and Col. Richard Johnson."

Nonsense, he replied, he was nothing of the sort, and his family very well knew it. "I detest fighting," he asserted.

Jarrot looked at him curiously. "I suppose it is a question of principle with you then," he observed. "I was surprised to hear you had enlisted against your friends the English."

James Sash replied, "I would have preferred the French, but they were beaten so long ago, it was hopeless to wish for that."

Jarrot Bensalem's mouth drew into an ugly line. "The French have no concern with the American states," he asserted. "They proved that when they sold all they had to Jefferson."

James understood that transaction to be very different from Bensalem's expression of it. "Napoleon knew he would lose it anyhow," he told him; "and he hoped to create a strong opposition to England across the sea. He hid behind us."

Jarrot laughed shortly. That, he said, was a new characteristic of Napoleon's—fear. It hadn't occurred to him before. "Diplomacy and fear are different," he instructed James Sash; "the Federalists never learned that, and it ruined their party. It killed their men." There was a quick glitter in his eyes. "Federalists," he added positively; "nothing of the sort—Royalists!"

"A royalty," James answered, "is better than a rabble." He saw that Jarrot was rapidly losing his temper, and he turned away to Mary Abel. "I can't express how much I owe you and Bruton for keeping Nancy all this time," he proceeded. "It has been a great advantage for her."

Mary Abel looked at him with a gathering dismay. "You are not going to take her off!" she cried; "just now when it is so important for her to come under the right influence." There were tears in her eyes.

"Yes," James replied, "I am afraid so. After all, you have done more than anyone could ask, and she is my daughter. I must see something of her and she must see me."

Mary Abel, suppressing her emotion, muttered a sentence in which the words "temporal parent" were just audible. Nancy sent her father a deep glance of happiness and gratitude. She was really a lovely-looking girl. Conversation at the table drooped; an awkward situation developed. Jarrot Bensalem was scowling into his tea-cup; Flora was clearly in a state of brittle anger; even Nancy and Felicity Abel were silent.

A girl appeared from the kitchen and in a sullen abrupt manner began to remove the supper dishes. James watched her inattentively. The first servant he had ever seen, he realized, was the black woman Laure Abel had brought from Louisiana to Harrodstown when he was a child. He even remembered that her name was Arabela. Servants were still—near forty years later—rare and mostly informal in Kentucky. His attention was increased by the evident resentfulness of the girl moving between the Abel family and the kitchen. She had, he discovered, amazingly large dark eyes, staring eyes, in a pale and thin face. Her hair was quite black, and woven into it at the back, there was a scrap of scarlet ribbon. That, he thought, too, had all the qualities of a protest against the drabness of her clothing and occupation. Her mouth was pale but fine; her body was erect, sharply marked and ungracious.

"Who is that?" he asked Mary Abel when the girl was out of the room.

"Not much, you can be sure," his aunt replied. "With so many of you for supper and no notice, I had to take what I could get. It's Liza Rosier, and she wouldn't be in my house, or any other proper place, except like this."

Bruton Abel, it was clear, was disturbed. "That is hardly fair," he protested; "we don't know what James will think. Rather we do," Bruton added. He turned to James Sash. "The Rosiers were considerable people," he explained; "they came from Maryland with a company of Catholics—it was about 1794—in Mr. Ashall's boat, and the Indians fired on them above Louisville. Mr. Rosier was killed, and that left his wife with only Liza, three or four years old, and an uncle, Henry Gourde. When Henry isn't too drunk he's at the races. Last year Liza's mother died, and Mary and a number of good women thought Liza ought to be a Lorettine nun. They said it wasn't right for her to live with Henry Gourde. From the first Liza didn't take to it; they all argued with her. Father Nerinckx pointed out how difficult for orphans the world was; and finally Liza agreed. Old Mr. Gates, who lived at the convent—it's on Hardin's Creek—fetched her and what little she had to wear in his wagon, but that evening, when it came time for prayers, Liza was gone. She walked and ran the twenty-three miles to where she lived, that night, and she's been there since. She is bitter as vinegar, and independent—nothing worse than that, James; but you know what women think of independent girls."

Eale Sympson added, "They have one of the old log cabins on Rolling Fork, under a mile from town; very neat with climbing roses."

Mary Abel had recovered her placidity; it was evident she had dismissed the servant from her mind and their attention. "I always wonder men get anywhere," she said; "they are so easy taken in. A climbing rose will do it."

James Sash felt that he entirely understood Liza Rosier's general resentment at her especial fate. There were, in her, too, dark memories. He was preparing for bed, and he told himself that he could not stay in Bardstown. He would leave at once. It was, if anything, worse than at Beriah Mace's. He felt sorry for Bruton. He was devilish sorry for that girl, Liza. Yet, on account of Nancy, it was a good thing he had come when he did. Perhaps, he continued, thinking of his daughter, he could get some ground on Wilkinson Street, near where the river turned, at Frankfort.

However, in the morning, Nancy would not hear of his going that day. "You must stay until tomorrow," she declared, "then tomorrow again, and tomorrow and tomorrow." He was forced to compromise between his desire and her affectionate importunities. This was Tuesday—very well, he would remain until Thursday morning, early. Wednesday he accompanied Manoah to his law room; he looked over some briefs; he gave Manoah advice. If he continued to do well, it was in James Sash's mind to invite him to Frankfort. He needed a young partner who knew the law and would address himself to it. With more serious concerns dispatched, Manoah Abel suggested attending the race fixed for that afternoon between Mr. Adgate's mare, Baytop, and Gastraux, from the Honorable Mr. Povey's matchless stables.

The race track, a mile and a furlong, Manoah explained, lay back of the Seven Stars tavern. The course was in grass, and the stretch, James Sash thought, looked heavy. The afternoon, like so many that preceded it, was gray; the clouds were low and there was a flawing wind. A crowd of men was moving away from the tavern to the three-quarter pole, where the heats were to finish. James stopped to enjoy the bright bay perfection of Mr. Adgate's mare. He liked her chances extremely well; Gastraux stood very high—it might be seventeen hands. Evidently he was a powerful animal, but it was quite as clear he had a fretful, uncertain temper.

"If he will run," Manoah proceeded, "the mare won't take a heat."

James didn't agree with that. "Baytop has better blood," he replied.

Bruton Abel appeared with Constant Herries, the father of Ann Abel; he was convinced of Gastraux's superiority; and James Sash laid fifty dollars gold against that opinion. He walked with Manoah over the rough sod to a place of advantage at the end of the stretch, where an aged but still vigorous man with a weather-worn face, a candid and innocent-appearing blue gaze, joined them.

"This," Manoah told James, "is Henry Gourde. . . . Henry, Mr. Sash is a member of the family from Frankfort." Henry Gourde, with an ornamental cordiality, flourishingly shook hands.

"How does it look?" James asked him.

Nobody, Gourde admitted, could say. "I prefer the mare, but Gastraux is a devil. If it went to a mile I'd bet on him. Baytop has better than a hope at three-quarters. I'll say this to you—and I haven't a Spanish dollar to put on the race myself—if I had the sum of two pounds I'd put it on Mr. Adgate's girl."

James Sash gave him ten dollars. "If you take the trouble to place it," he said, "it will be only just for you to share Baytop's winnings."

Henry Gourde hurriedly left them and vanished into the crowd drawn out into a long line.

Manoah Abel was obviously surprised. "He'll come back with it," he announced, "unless he thinks of the tavern first. But I don't believe even Henry Gourde can drink up that much whisky before we find him." He was interrupted by the sharp tap of the starter's drum.

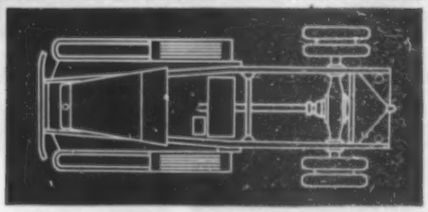
Gastraux won the first heat easily. The mare was four lengths behind. A long wait followed, and James grew both cold—the day was increasingly bleak—and impatient. It was in his mind, following Henry Gourde's probable example, to retire to the tavern. At that moment a glimpse of scarlet by the half-mile pole created within him a vague association of ideas; he couldn't identify them; and then he saw that Henry Gourde's niece, Liza Rosier, had come to the race. He looked about instinctively, but he was unable to see that another woman was present.

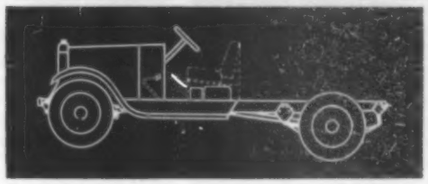
"There is Liza Rosier," he told Manoah in a detached, a purely conversational, voice.

"I haven't a doubt of it," Manoah replied. "She is always at places like this. She's been seen with Henry at prize fights.

(Continued on Page 78)

Here's the Speed Wagon That Experts Say Has Revolutionized Hauling





3-Ton "GD" (Dump Body) Speed Wagon—One of the ten in use by Lannon Sand & Stone Co., Lannon, Wis.

Setting New Records in Economy, Flexibility and Far Longer Life—Hauls More in Yardage or Tonnage Per Day

THE slow, cumbersome leviathans of the road have failed to meet today's needs of industry in commercial hauling. Big load capacity is no longer enough.

Reo has met the problem with an utterly new type of transportation—big trucks that step away under full loads with passenger car speed, flexibility and economy. Big trucks that handle twice the tonnage of ordinary, plodding types, in a day's mileage output. By proper ratio of speed to tonnage and frequency of trips they eliminate delays at any point that create a congestion elsewhere. Trucks that not only deliver materials *faster*, but *cheaper*—mile after mile, for an unbelievably long, trouble-free life. They offer a far better relationship between the dollars invested and the dollars of revenue whether you haul for yourself or for others. Engineers have long predicted trucks like these—and Reo has built them.

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There are 4,756 *more* Speed Wagons in service to date, according to latest figures, than had been sold in the U.S. during the previous 6½ years. This we believe is an unequaled long-life record in the industry.

Yet Reo engineers are beating this Speed Wagon record. They have done more than adding these new performance abilities to Reo heavy duty trucks. They have made these qualities even more *permanent*.

Chrome nickel alloy cylinder blocks—the hardest of all cylinder materials; new aluminum alloy pistons—an exclusive Reo formula—all outwearing 3 ordinary pistons—in fact, every improvement in design and manufacture that could lengthen life and increase efficiency, has been added. 6-cylinder engines; 7-bearing crankshafts; full pressure lubrication; extra-heavy frames and large bearings; 4-wheel 2-shoe internal expanding hydraulic brakes; 4-forward speed transmission; Myers built-in magazine chassis lubrication; only the very best tires, and other features are part of Speed Wagons. There are Speed Wagons for every hauling need—trailer equipment now making Speed Wagons' utility unlimited.

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Reo is exhibiting this week at the American Road Builders Show in Atlantic City

REO SPEED WAGON — LONG LIFE

(Continued from Page 76)

I suppose it's the only kind of pleasure she has a chance to look at. Damn it, Henry, she's an attractive girl, with all the spirit in the world; you heard about that at the supper table; but it doesn't do her, it can't do anyone, the slightest good. The females in Bardstown see to that. Kentucky is supposed to be a masculine state—I understand it was at one time, but that was in the past. We have a state of society now; there are formalities and lists. If you make a mistake, say like admiring Liza Rosier, you are finished." An angry contempt for what Manoah described as a state of society possessed James Sash; it momentarily affected his good opinion of his companion; at heart Manoah showed himself to lack moral determination.

James recalled all he had heard about Liza Rosier; he remembered her staring eyes and fine mouth—a face stamped by unhappiness and dark thoughts.

"I am going to speak to her," he suddenly announced. "I suppose it would be better, after what you explained, for you to wait here." He moved away from Manoah Abel without waiting for a reply. Liza Rosier had gone from where he first saw her; he caught a glimpse of her red coat—amazingly vivid in the somberness of the afternoon—near the Seven Stars tavern. "I thought you had gone," he told her, a trifle breathless, a shade uncertain.

Liza Rosier's gaze was antagonistic. "What," she demanded, "would it matter to either of us if I had?" She spoke abruptly, and then half turned away. A species of small anger came to his support.

"It might easily matter to you or me," he replied sharply. "I haven't noticed an impressive number of people speaking to you, and I am from Frankfort. No one, hardly, knows me. I saw you at Bruton Abel's, yes, and you saw me; there is no reason why we shouldn't talk to each other here." The wind had brought patches of color into her cheeks. James was conscious of a surrounding gaze upon them. "There is the drum for the second heat," he said; instinctively they hurried to where the race was visible. Baytop won. Liza Rosier's pleasure in that result partly overcame her detachment.

"She will take the last heat too," she exclaimed. "Gastraux ran badly. If he begins that he'll end by not running at all." It was evident, James proceeded, that she liked racing. "It is something to see," she admitted. "Excitement and people."

He was very different from that, James explained. "I have had too much excitement and seen too many people. I have been away with the army, off and on, for the past ten years or more. I want nothing but peace for the rest of my life."

Her attitude, he saw, listening to him, came to resemble Jarrot Bensalem's. James felt that she thought he was a poor sort of man.

She wore a homespun wool skirt, coarse and heavy, but the wind wrapped it around her body like thin muslin.

"You think if you want to talk that is enough," she asserted; "I heard something about you at Mrs. Abel's. How important you are. One of the great Kentucky lawyers. Perhaps. I wouldn't guess it by harking to you. Anybody would think you were a fat storekeeper. But people like you are all the same. You must be pleased, and with everybody to wait on you. I waited on you once, because I was paid for it and we needed even a shilling, but I don't have to do that now."

"You are a very silly and bad-tempered girl," he informed her. "I heard some things about you too; at the Abels' and other places; and I must say that your life is largely your own fault."

An astounding vitality of anger burned in her like a sudden and brilliant illumination. "What do you know about my life?" she demanded. "How do you dare to say that it's my fault? I know what you heard—lies and then more lies! I don't care for that; I couldn't stop them if I did. But who asked you to talk to me about it? Can you tell me that? You can go to hell with all the times you have been to war and how much you like peace. I'm glad now you did speak to me, because it gave me a chance to say what I think about all of you. Fat storekeepers—men and women both. It wouldn't be easy, except for the clothes, to know you apart."

His position, James Sash realized, was difficult; it was rapidly becoming impossible—as Liza Rosier's temper rose her voice had mounted with it. The curious surrounding gaze had become a frank, multiplying attention. He was at once intensely annoyed and deeply sorry for the girl contemptuously facing him. James forced himself to smile blandly, and there was a diversion of interest—Baytop won the third heat and the race from the Honorable Mr. Povey's horse. Well, he had no intention of searching for Henry Gourde in the Seven Stars tavern. Liza Rosier walked away from him. He watched her red coat—it had now the appearance of being inflamed by her anger—retreat into the somber and lowering day.

Manoah, when James Sash returned to him, made no further reference to Henry Gourde's niece; but there was, James thought, a trace of amusement about his lips; probably he, too, saw how the girl had treated him. This increased his natural irritation, since he could not avoid a feeling of condescension where Liza was concerned; it seemed to him that he had been quite splendid with her. Her disposition was impossible, he informed himself. It was exactly as he had told her—she was largely to blame for the difficult and solitary aspects of her existence. He dismissed all former sympathy with her small tragic history. Anyhow, what Liza Rosier was did not, it could not, affect him in any manner. Jarrot Bensalem appeared later at the Abels', aggressive as customary.

"It is a wonder," he said to James, "you are not made a judge in the Court of Appeals; it's getting so antiquated that even you would be entirely at home."

James Sash was short with him. "The English common law wasn't established yesterday," he replied; "justice is not a party principle." A flush showed on the darkness of Bensalem's face.

Mary Abel interrupted them. "It is always the same with the affairs of this world," she asserted—"trouble and disagreement. Peace lies with the blessed saints. I often think how fortunate the sisters are at sacred Loretto, keeping their vigils and praying through the night."

In his room, seated beside a decanter of whisky, with lemons, broken sugar and a jug of hot water, James told himself that he would get a carriage and take Nancy with him tomorrow. She couldn't stay in this dismal swamp. Liza Rosier was too ill-tempered to be endured. He hated uncomfortable and suspicious women. That recalled his difficulties, concerning Nancy, in Frankfort. Mrs. Weiseger would have to look out for her until he could find the appropriate person for their house. He'd build at once, James decided. It was, however, impossible for him to leave Bardstown the following day, since he insisted on being accompanied by Nancy with all her belongings—he couldn't arrange for a carriage before Friday or, perhaps, Saturday morning.

That gave him a chance to weigh further the desirability of inviting Manoah Abel to become his partner. His annoyance at Manoah, naturally, had quickly evaporated; he was a very capable, it might even be brilliant, and industrious young lawyer. He spoke to him tentatively of his plan on Thursday afternoon at Manoah's law room, and the younger man made no effort to conceal his pleasure at such a possibility.

"You would, of course, live with us," James proceeded; "I stayed with Judge Nicholas' family when I was reading law in Mercer County." He had, in reality, a feeling of deep friendliness for Manoah Abel; they walked through the town, toward supper, with James' hand resting on his shoulder. At the door to Bruton Abel's house they met Bruton, and, stopping for a momentary conversation, James Sash was aware of a vivid scarlet coat approaching rapidly through the dusk.

"There is Liza Rosier," Bruton said. She came up to them and addressed herself directly to James. Liza Rosier held out a hand with a sum of silver money in it.

"My uncle," she said hurriedly, "asked me to give you this. It belongs to you. He is in the house with rheumatics. He told me to say he was sorry he couldn't get a bet. The odds or something weren't right." The three men gazed at her in a common voiceless surprise. "This ten dollars," she repeated to James—"it belongs to you. Henry Gourde sent it."

She was, James Sash saw, almost at the point of flinging the silver at him, and he gravely accepted it. "Thank Mr. Gourde for me," he said formally: "tell him not to bother about the bet. I am fortunate not to have lost it all."

Manoah Abel said, "The devil!" Liza Rosier had left them; she was gone as abruptly as she had appeared. "Now where," Manoah asked his father, "do you suppose Liza got ten dollars? It is an enormous sum for them. Henry drank the other up, of course, and she found out about it."

Bruton thought it must have been a sum of her own. Probably she had been saving what small amounts she could earn for the ultimate purpose, Bruton Abel was certain, of escaping from Bardstown and her present wretched condition.

"God knows why she'd wait around here," he added.

James Sash was acutely uncomfortable throughout dinner; he had nothing to say to the Abel family and scarcely noticed his daughter. Where did Liza get ten dollars? Of course Henry Gourde had spent his—James'—sum. Money of her own. Money she was saving. To save herself, if possible. He couldn't, he realized, keep it. She must not be allowed to pay for his own folly. He'd had no business to trust Henry Gourde with ten dollars. The fault was completely his. He would have to take the money back to Liza Rosier at once. Anything else would be inexcusable. It was, he saw, just past eight o'clock; Eale Sympson had said that Henry Gourde lived just beyond the town in an old cabin on the Rolling Fork. That wouldn't be hard to find. He walked—rather than invite question by having a horse saddled—and before long came upon the house, the cabin, he was seeking, with frost-killed vines above the door. He knocked; Henry Gourde's voice uncertainly called out for whoever was there to come in, and he entered a small bare interior made warm by a fire of wood on a limestone hearth.

Liza Rosier got up from where she was sitting, startled and antagonistic in the manner he was already familiar with. Henry Gourde, however, more than a little drunk, was properly hospitable. It was extraordinary civil, he announced, for Mr. Sash to visit them in their little Kentucky house. A dwelling that represented the soul of the pioneer state. Let others, Henry Gourde proceeded, live in mansions of brick. Liza, his darling niece, the last relative he had in the world, and himself, a Gourde of St. Mary's County, Maryland, preferred a simple log cabin. A histrological cabin with a cats-and-clay chimney.

Liza Rosier said, in a sharp harassed voice, "Be still! . . . What do you want?" she demanded of James Sash.

Henry Gourde again apologized for her. "I tell Liza she don't know what good manners are. He came to see us, Henry Gourde, from St. Mary's, and Liza Rosier, the last connection I have alive." It was impossible to know if he were addressing James Sash or his one remaining relative.

"Your uncle is right," James told the girl.

He sat down with an air of great finality. It was not a proper moment to introduce the subject of the ten dollars. Henry Gourde went to a closet and returned with a heavy glass bottle, empty.

"It is all gone," he said, holding the bottle upside down. "There isn't a drop of whisky short of the Seven Stars." He gazed, suddenly reflective and cunning, at James Sash. "I am afraid it would take me a piece of time to get more—perhaps an hour."

Liza Rosier cried to James that he wasn't to listen to him. Her anger was made more acute, James saw, by a mounting shame. He paid no attention to her.

"If it will need an hour to get whisky, that can't be helped," he assured Henry Gourde. The old man still hesitated, holding the empty bottle by its neck. James rose instantly. "I hope you will allow me to have some part in this," he added. He gave Henry Gourde money.

Liza Rosier's uncle quickly secured his hat. "You will have to entertain Mr. Sash until I could get back," he informed her with emphasis. "Remember, it won't take less than an hour, and maybe longer."

James avoided her gaze. He heard the outside door to the cabin shut. Once more seated, he gazed intently into the fire on the hearth. It would soon need more wood. The room, he realized, though it was almost empty of furniture, was swept and clean. A small table was covered by a material brightly checkered in yellow and white; there was a square of locally woven carpet, black with unnaturally large red flowers, on the ashwood floor. A totally unexpected sound utterly upset him—Liza Rosier was leaning against a wall and sobbing with a slow, uncontrollable misery into her bent arm.

Strangely enough a feeling of ease, a complete relief from all the tension of his mind and the world came to accompany in James the sound of her misery. Liza's tears, he felt, had dissolved the bitterness in her spirit. He made no effort to stop her crying; James sat silent and collected; he showed no sign of knowing she was in the room. Her sobs dwindled into an occasional choking breath. She sank into a chair across the room from him. He put more wood on the fire, and the sputtering flames brightened the interior, insufficiently lighted with a whale-oil lamp. There was a long silence, suddenly and violently broken by an explosive and passionate protest.

"I don't want to be a Lorettine nun!" Liza cried. "I don't want to wear black."

James Sash told her philosophically that now she didn't have to. "You made that unnecessary."

No one understood about her, she asserted; "and I can't tell them. There are things I am afraid of. Water and boats and night are some. Black is like death. I can't wrap my body and my mind up in it."

Her rebellion against darkness, he realized, was the result of a deep and partly hysterical fear. He was filled with a new sense of companionship with her, a complete understanding. A necessity to speak of his own unhappiness possessed him.

"Bruton Abel told me your father was killed by Indians," he began; "my mother was killed by them too. Her husband, my father, deserted her, and, after waiting more than ten years for him to return, she married Doctor Mackenny, in Harrodsburg—Harrodstown. He was a great deal older than she was, but splendid. Everyone agreed about that. They were married in 1789, and Mackenny took her out to Fountain Blue. It was over three miles from town and lonely. Too far then. Mackenny was advised against it, but he said the Indians were leaving Kentucky. He insisted it was safe. You see, he was tired of being a doctor and wanted to plant corn and barley and rye. They were safe for four years. They had three children, all girls—Jane and Nettie and Agnes. Jane was three years old, Nettie was two, Agnes under one. I was at Cincinnati, in Scott's command with General Wayne.

"Well, after the battle of Fallen Timbers, Kentucky was safe from Indians. But that was too late to save them at Fountain Blue—the doctor and my mother and Jane and Nettie and Agnes. They were all to

(Continued on Page 83)

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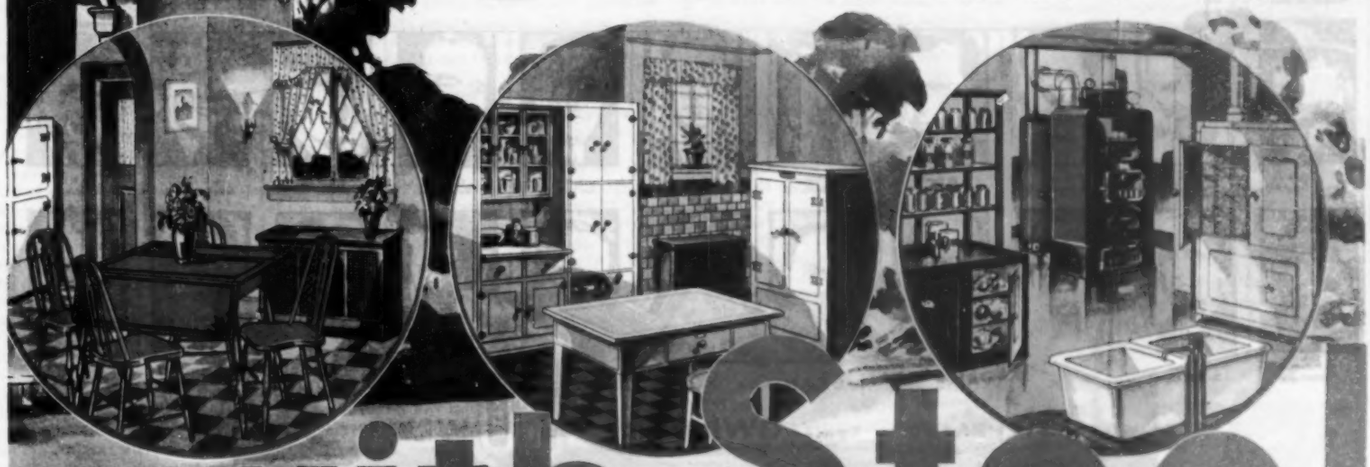

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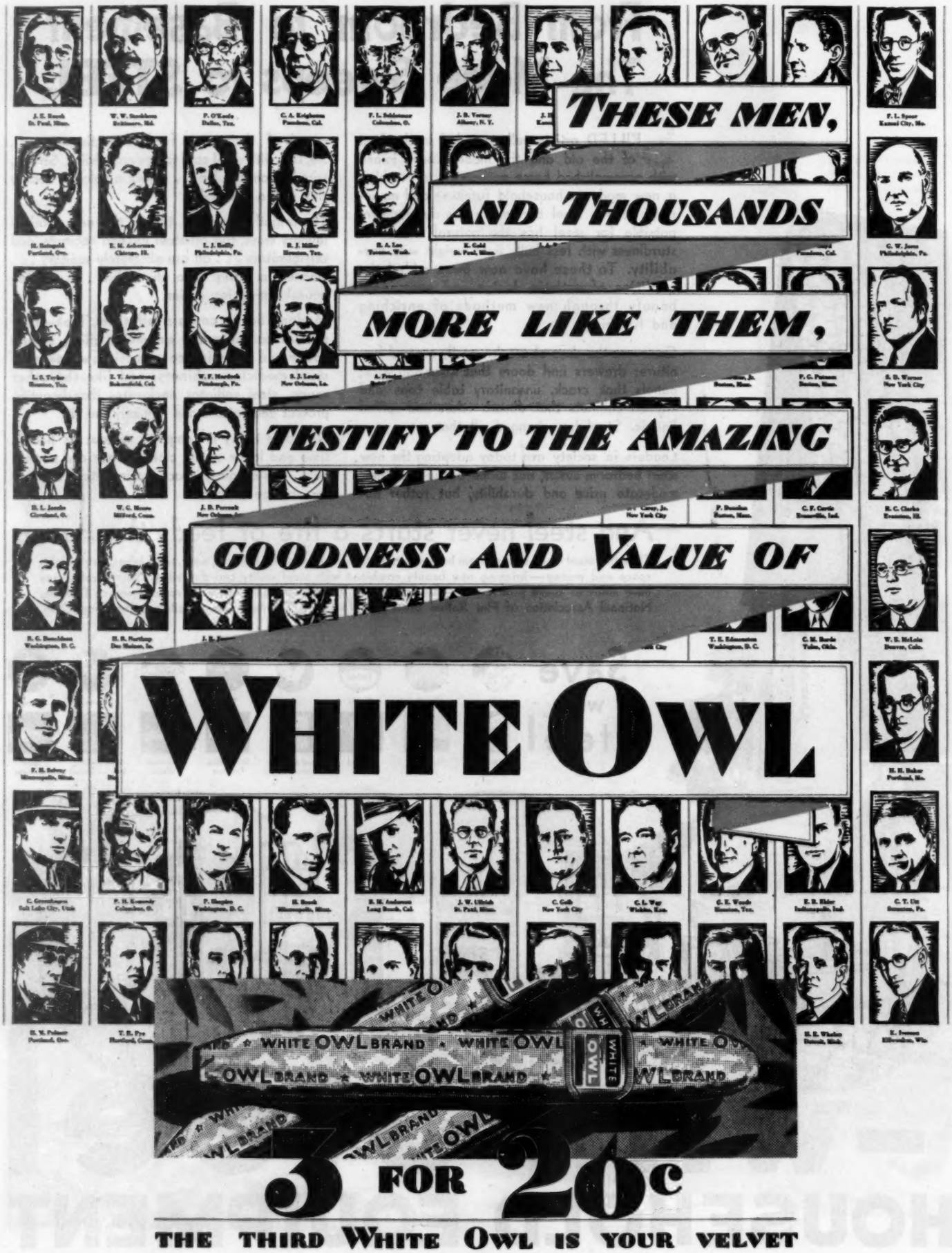
THESE MEN,
AND THOUSANDS
MORE LIKE THEM,
TESTIFY TO THE AMAZING
GOODNESS AND VALUE OF
WHITE OWL
WHITE OWL BRAND
3 FOR 20c
THE THIRD WHITE OWL IS YOUR VELVET

(Continued from Page 78)

come to my grandfather's for supper, and when they didn't, he sent to see the why of it. Mackenny was on the ground before the house. Scalping knives and tomahawks. He had tried to hold the knives away with his hands. Nettie—they told her by a yellow dress—was hanging with her foot tied to the latchstring. The others—no," he corrected that phrase, "the rest was in the house."

There was a long silence, emphasized by the sibilant burning of a green stick of wood.

Liza Rosier spoke first: "You do understand about me then. No one else in all the world ever has. It makes me feel funny inside to realize you know so much."

She came nearer to him. They sat close together before the fire. Her mouth was fine, at once delicate and full; her eyes, widely opened, were extraordinary. Liza's awkwardness of body, he recognized, was the result of scant food. He examined her with a coldly critical attention; her insteps were highly arched, her ankles slight, her knees were narrow and straight; her shoulders seemed immature, starved. Bruton had been right—there was good blood in her. An increasing warmth, a beginning physical desire, colored his attitude toward her. All resistance, he saw, had left Liza Rosier. She was utterly relaxed; her being was unguarded.

He laughed, harsh and satirical, at himself—he was no better than Henry Gourde, who had been willing to sell his only living relative—a girl—for whisky. He grew careful in attitude, precise in speech.

"My reason for coming here," he explained, "was to return the ten dollars you brought me. I don't want to discuss it; I'll only say this much—it's plain your uncle did not send it to me." He laid the silver on the table with the bright checkered cover. To his enormous relief, Eliza did not argue with him about the money. She ignored its presence; she made no reply to his explanation. In spite of his determination to bar anything that was personal from his thoughts, he realized more strongly than ever that Liza was charming. Seductive. She was, even relaxed, immeasurably vital.

James Sash put out his hand and found hers; she clung to him with a sudden desperate energy of need. That, in itself, showed him how horribly lonely she was. One thing was clearer in his mind than all else—he would have to do something about it. His understanding made him responsible for Liza Rosier. That presented a number of difficulties; one was the fact that he could not go to Mary Abel for assistance. There were literally no women familiar to his life who might help him with Liza. He might leave a sum of money, instructions, for her with Father Nerinckx—a man highly regarded—but that would bring Liza back under an influence that, in its mere externals, terrorized her. He couldn't take her to Frankfort to care for his house; she was too young, too physically attractive and inexperienced, for that.

Partly for the same reasons he couldn't adopt her. Damn it, he didn't want Liza Rosier for a daughter.

James was, at the same time, amazed at the distance his thoughts and desires had traveled in almost no time at all. He was, he found, as lonely as the girl at his side.

There was a fumble at the latch; Liza rose, once more rigid with apprehension, and Henry Gourde stumbled into the room. He was, he said, back again in old log house. Better than mansions of brick. With Liza, all that was left to him in the world, and his honorable friend, Mr. Sash. He had brought Mr. Sash some of the excellent whisky at the Seven Stars tavern, but it was gone, he had managed to lose it. The bottle, he said, slipped out of his pocket. He added hopefully, however, that he could go back for more. In contradiction of that boastful statement, he fell into a corner of the room. Henry Gourde recovered himself sufficiently to sit up on the floor.

"Eliza will get it," he asserted. "Only relative living. She'll fetch a bottle of whisky for her uncle and Mr. Frankfort Sash—excuse me—Mr. Sashfort Frank, the eminent lawyer."

"You had better go," Eliza Rosier said.

"That is impossible," he replied harshly; "I can't leave you with him like this."

"Why not?" Liza asked wearily. "Everyone does, now that I won't be a religious. Anyhow, I am used to it. He isn't very violent, and I am stronger than he is." She urged James Sash toward the door with a hand on his shoulder. "Yes, go. Good-by. I have been very happy with you, and—and thank you for the money. If I take it, then it's for a reason I won't tell you of."

James repeated stubbornly that he would not leave her with a drunken man. Henry Gourde had quietly slipped down on the floor, relapsed into unconsciousness. "Where does he sleep?" James proceeded. "I'll put him to bed and undress him." Liza silently indicated a door at the back cabin. When he returned his manner was severe. "This is coming to an end," he asserted, "at once." How, she asked. His answering gaze was gloomy. He didn't, the private truth was, know. Liza Rosier smiled at him faintly. She was standing, a little dim, against the fire. The thin flickering light from the whale-oil lamp brought out hardly more than her great shining eyes. "It is coming to an end," James reiterated stubbornly. He realized that it was late. "I must go," James Sash told her.

"Yes," she echoed him, "you must."

Neither moved. He picked up his hat and short military cloak; he secured his walking stick with its engraved gold head. "I don't want to desert you," he explained. Liza Rosier impulsively put out her arms and then sharply withdrew them.

James Sash woke at the middle of night in his bed at Bruton Abel's, with a humming sensation of physical eagerness. He sat bolt upright. He had been a blind fool; the only thing, the happy thing, was to marry Eliza Rosier.

Editor's Note—This is the third story of a series concerned with the life of a family through a hundred years of Kentucky history. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

PYATILETKA

(Continued from Page 17)

which our money poured into other countries. Whatever the ruble may be worth in Warsaw or in Berlin, it retains its value in Russia."

"Unfortunately," I said, "its purchasing power seems to decline steadily. What can the peasant buy with the few rubles he receives in return for his grain?"

"The peasant," Korobkov replied, "is better off than before the war. Now he has milk and a little meat. Before the war he lived on potatoes."

I could not controvert this remark since I did not then know how large a percentage of peasants have no livestock at all. Even some of the hated *kulaks*, or rich peasants, cannot boast of a single cow. Many of the more fortunate peasants have been compelled to slaughter their cattle because they were unable to supply them with fodder. This slaughter artificially cluttered the market, for a short time, with meat in spite of the famine.

Russia is straining every nerve to make a favorable showing to impress foreign lenders. The Russians are not entirely disingenuous in the statements of their resources. They permit their hopes to color their statistics. I notice from a recent cable dispatch that the Soviets claim a favorable trade balance for the fiscal year just concluded, although only the figures for the first eleven months, including August, are yet at hand. They do not state at what cost in privation they achieve this result. It is claimed that the trade across European frontiers, together with the trade in Asiatic markets, will bring up the total to nearly 202,000,000,000 rubles for the year, with an active balance of between 25,000,000 and 50,000,000 rubles.

Soviet apologists claim that Russia is in the same position as the United States forty or fifty years ago, when the unit of our national income per head was exceedingly small.

"Our country," L. M. Karakhan, the Acting Foreign Minister, remarked to me in his office at the Narkomindl, "is greater than yours geographically. We have even greater natural resources. But to expedite the raising of our treasure we need America's aid."

Karakhan seated himself at a little table with me. He has a blond, pointed beard, affects a workman's blouse and wears glasses.

An interpreter was present at our conversation at his insistence. Although he speaks English he tries to conceal this accomplishment. He talked affably and freely, but most of the time in Russian. He reverted to English only occasionally.

When our conversation took place, the trouble between Russia and China was at its height. People in Russia knew very little of what was going on at that far-flung front. My twelve-year-old son, writing from Switzerland, told me more about actual conditions than the meager information vouchsafed by the Russian Government to its people.

"China," Karakhan insisted, "is only a cat's-paw of capitalism. Another power, or rather several powers, are egging her on. Russia will not lightly engage in war in the Far East or anywhere else. Possibly, the sinister and secret diplomacy that jockeyed China into her present position did not realize our strength. When they got an inkling of our unbending determination, the powers offered to mediate and admitted that Russia was right."

"Do you think," I asked, "that the next great world war will arise in the Far East?"

"There is so much powder around," Karakhan remarked, "that any spark may cause an explosion. We are calm, but prepared for any emergency. Whatever happens, we shall not be caught napping."

"In what way," I asked boldly, "is the dictatorship of the proletariat superior to the dictatorship of the middle classes?"

To this question Karakhan, however affable and tolerant, vouchsafed no reply. He also evaded any expression of opinion on the subject of Mussolini.

Rebuffed, I fired another volley. "Do you honestly believe that it is possible for the Bolshevist and the capitalist system to co-exist side by side?"

"They are existing side by side. Even at this moment Mr. Henry Ford is investing some $30,000,000 in Russia."

"Why is Russia so friendly to Americans, in spite of the fact that our Government refuses recognition to you?"

"Because," Karakhan replied quickly, "Russia and America have much in common. We have an instinctive affection for the American people. We, like you, face immense problems. We, like you, are doing things on a gigantic scale. Our countries almost touch in the Arctic regions. They have no conflicting interests anywhere. We know that, unlike some of our guests, the Americans who come to Russia are peaceful in their intentions. They have no desire to engage in plots against our government. The large problems which face us entice their imagination. The similarity of these problems with yours makes their experience of immense value to us.

"We realize," the Vice Commissar for Foreign Affairs of the U. S. S. R. remarked thoughtfully, "that we can solve our problems only if we adopt American speed. We

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"I presume what you want from us is primarily our money."

"We expect from America not merely money—that," he added, "is not most important—but technical advice and coöperation in many fields. We want to coöperate with America not only on our own problems but on world problems."

"Which problem especially?"

"Peace. America has a great stake in peace. She has hostages to fortune in the entire world, wherever the American dollar has taken root. She needs peace to protect her investments. We need peace to protect our ideal and our new civilization. The only great powers without the League of Nations—the U. S. S. R. and the U. S. A.—have many vital interests in common."

"To what do you ascribe the refusal of the United States to recognize Russia?"

"Undoubtedly"—his reply came like a shot—"to the machinations of that citadel of reaction, the American Federation of Labor. However, Russia has overcome greater obstacles. No impediment can prevent us from achieving our destiny. The Soviet star is rising, while the suns of other empires set. Our system is absolutely new, absolutely sound economically, and absolutely right historically. It is in accordance with the Russian temperament and with the Russian tradition."

"Do you believe in Pyatiletka?"

"The Five-Year Plan," Karakhan emphatically replied, "is the gospel upon which we stake our economic salvation."

Soviet Russia makes desperate bids for American support for the sake of Pyatiletka. Her most powerful economic weapon is oil. Oil is money. She pays in oil and in foodstuffs because other nations will not accept her money except at a ruinous discount. If Russia can consummate the Five-Year Plan, then I, for one, shall believe that Münchhausen was able to lift himself by his bootstraps. In the meantime, the Five-Year Plan is shrewd politics. It invites foreign capital, it increases production materially, and it acts as a sedative for the nerves of the Russian people. It may induce the Bear to sleep on the left side a little longer without too much grumbling.

The Antisocial Peasant

Since the scheme was first conceived it has undergone sweeping modifications. The Bolshevist plan presupposes a command of Nature as well as of human nature. Nature already balks. Last year's bad harvest upset all Bolshevist calculations. Human nature is equally rebellious. The peasants perversely prefer to hoard food or eat it themselves rather than accept depreciated money.

The government courts the poor peasant, but persecutes his wealthy neighbor. The constant appeals to class hatred in the villages are leading to a peasants' war in which poison, arson and murder play a conspicuous part. The *kulak* is the devil in the Bolshevist landscape. He is regarded as antisocial because he prefers to sell his grain at what it will bring in the market. Instead of surrendering it at the price fixed by the government, he disposes of it at much more than the fixed price through private channels. Refusing to be the wage slave of the Soviet oligarchs, he takes an afternoon off when he pleases, reduces his toil to a minimum and consumes his own product if he cannot sell it advantageously to the Nepman. Even some of the collective farmers installed by the government and supplied with agricultural implements of the most modern type are antisocial enough to demand a fair price for their produce.

Only a few years ago the government itself not only condoned such private sales but encouraged them, as it encouraged the Nepmen, to ward off famine from the cities. Now it has changed its mind and brands as a *kulak* every peasant who does today what was permissible only a short time ago. The government may change its mind in a similar manner about foreign concessions if the success of enterprises run on capitalistic lines makes its own failure to succeed along communist lines manifest. At present, however, the foreign concessionary is wheedled, while the efficient peasant is penalized.

From their own point of view, the Bolshevists are right. Granting their premises, no one can deny their logic. There is no question that the prosperity of the *kulak* threatens the red empire of Lenin. However pitifully small his profits may be, they represent a return to capitalism. The very existence of the *kulak* implies the revival of the old economic order. In a thousand small villages, capitalism raises its head. Whenever one head is chopped off, other heads grow in its place. This resurrection of capitalism spells the debacle of Bolshevism. Hence the Kremlin dispatches armed workers' brigades against the *kulak*.

Post-Graduate Communists

The rustic warfare thus engendered gives the poor peasant excitement and an object to hate. It does not solve his economic problem. Soviet Russia teaches some peasants to write and to act as peasant correspondents. It directs sanatoriums for the occasional agricultural worker visiting town where, perhaps for the first time in his life, he indulges reluctantly in the luxury of a bath. It tries to convey to him the accumulated knowledge of foreign agricultural experts. It creates an organization called Friends of Aviation and Chemistry to fight insect pests from the air. But all these benefits affect only an insignificant fraction of Russia's 120,000,000 peasants. The peasant is less interested in distant benefits than in a fair price for his labor. He prefers cash to a bath.

Yet, unless he is willing to accept for his products less than what they are worth, he jeopardizes Pyatiletka and deprives the Bolshevist oligarchs of the funds for conducting their propaganda.

The peasant cannot take arms in defense of his rights. He cannot cope with the Soviet army or with the air force. Thousands of Mennonites, especially Germans and Swedes, outraged in their religious sentiment as well as in their property rights, voluntarily surrender their ancestral lands, to seek new homes under more merciful skies. The government recently permitted several thousand peasants to leave Russia. Others are encamped even now on the outskirts of Moscow, asking for freedom to depart elsewhere.

The majority of peasants, too inert to emigrate, remain where they are. If the peasant cannot fight, he can refuse to work his full stint. He can take refuge in passive resistance. The passive resistance of the peasant may be sufficient in itself to defeat the Five-Year Plan.

The Soviets attempt to rob passive resistance of its sting by confiscating all untilled lands, the theory being that the peasant holds the soil in trust for the state. It is a fief that may be annulled. But taking the land away will not extort grain from the earth. There is no reason for believing that, with the land, the spirit of passive resistance will not pass to the next holder. It is a vicious circle that thwarts the ingenuity of the masters of the Kremlin. It was the passive resistance of the Russian *muzhik* that defeated Napoleon.

The Bolshevist idea demands the complete submergence of the individual, of all selfish desires, however legitimate, for the sake of the state, or rather, not for the state but for the dictatorship of the proletariat.

It is possible that in time men may be trained to accept such conditions. Ordinarily, changes so subversive of human nature take five or ten thousand years. Even then, the old Adam is likely to reassert himself. A Bolshevist civilization may produce a capitalist throwback! The lords of the Kremlin imagine that they can race to their goal with seven-league boots, by inoculating the children with Bolshevism. Their really remarkable efforts in the field of education are inspired by the conviction that they are a matter of life and death involving the very existence of the Red regime.

Proceeding with every possible effort, the Bolshevists expect to make education compulsory up to the sixteenth year by 1934. Even now they are opening new schools every day. The children who now go to school will be post-graduate communists by 1933, the crucial year of the Five-Year Plan. Many who now go to school will then be full-fledged voters. Reared in the spirit of Marx, their philosophy of life will be different from any that is now known. But I doubt if Bolshevist idealogy will succeed in eradicating the old Adam. It is the old Adam who has made the world as it is. Monogamy, the desire of a man to profit from his own labor and to store up a competence for his wife and children, may prove stronger than any abstract chapter and verse from Karl Marx. October Children, Red Pathfinders, Red Pioneers, Grandsons of Lenin, may find creature comfort more satisfying than fine phrases.

The Russian educational system teaches children to think along communist lines. Thought is always dangerous. The young communists may choose paths of their own when their minds mature. Educating children in the theory of revolution, the Soviets may find themselves faced with a revolution that will sweep them away. They may regret the day when they exhibited to the young in their revolutionary museums the processes of manufacturing bombs. They may rue the decision to teach every child, boy and girl alike, to shoulder a gun and to wear a gas mask. Even the elders of the children may not remain always supine. They may some day reassert their authority.

The attitude of Red Russia is based upon a saying of Lenin's that "every cook ought to be able to rule the state." To insure the complete equality of the sexes, Bolshevism attempts to draw women more and more into masculine occupations. There are now women conductors, women bank clerks, women ambassadors, women soldiers. What will be the ultimate effect of this revolutionary change upon the relations between the sexes? Are the women of Russia happy in their professions? Will the Soviets be able to subjugate permanently the feminine instinct for dress? Will women be satisfied to wear the uniform of work even on festive occasions? At present to dress is not considered good form. Even members of the diplomatic corps appear at dinners in street clothes. This imposes no hardship upon the men, but it takes the color and joy out of life for the daughters of Eve. It certainly contributes to the drabness of existence in Soviet Russia. It will be one of the elements of the feminine revolt against the Soviet system. Perhaps the old Eve will join old Adam in a violent or in a passive revolt against Bolshevism. Social disturbances are inevitable. Their repercussions are bound to react upon Bolshevism.

The Failure of Mechanized Religion

Even in the citadel of the Red Empire, Moscow, the Bolshevists have not succeeded in uprooting religion. In vain they substitute machinery for the emblems of religion. The adoration of the cream separator, however utilitarian and scientific, will not satisfy forever even the Bolshevists. The human heart beats more passionately for the Holy Grail than for the threshing machine. The vast majority of Russia rejects the embalmed god of Bolshevism in his glass coffin. Bolshevism concedes that 80 per cent of Russia is still Christian.

Closely intertwined with the problem of religion is that of race. Whereas the Czar attempted to unify his rule by superimposing the Russian nationality and the Russian language upon his subjects without disturbing their customs, Bolshevism encourages their diversity of language, but interferes with their habits of life. It deliberately adds to its troubles by solidifying its racial minorities. Bolshevist Russia demands self-determination for all nations, however small, but only if they self-determine their conduct in accordance with

the instructions issued by Moscow. Sooner or later this attitude must lead to serious conflicts between the one hundred and sixty or more different nationalities comprised in the Soviet Union.

Theoretically, any nation may join Soviet Russia and any nation may freely secede. In order to maintain the fiction of popular government the Soviets have set up an elaborate scheme of government based ostensibly on "the autonomy of the individual nations and the voluntary union of all." The Soviet Union embraces some twenty autonomous states and territories. It includes the Russian, the Ukrainian, the White Russian, the Transcaucasian, the Uzbek, the Tadjik and the Trucoman Socialist Federated Soviet Republics. The Transcaucasian Federation is a union of three republics, Armenia, Azerbaijan and Georgia. The other nations, regarded as less advanced, form autonomous republics within the Soviet Federation, while still others constitute autonomous territories. The autonomous territories, constantly increasing in numbers, include Jewish, German, Turkish, Kalmuck, Persian, Finnish and Mongolian communities.

The Soviet Government introduces schools for the benefit of tribes which hitherto possessed no written language of their own and for tongues for which no printing font existed in all Russia. The Kremlin provides racial minorities with libraries, schools, lectures, reading circles and wall-bulletin newspapers in their own idiom. Whereas the trend in modern civilization is to create larger units, the Bolshevists deliberately encourage particularism. The purpose is obvious. "Divide and rule" is the imperialistic motive for this policy masquerading under the mantle of enlightenment.

Another object behind the encouragement of racial minorities is the desire to oppose existing states with counter-states. Some Utopian writer describes a world in which for every animal an opposing animal is created. Some such purpose inspires the creation of numerous republics and territories bearing names closely resembling those of states beyond the Russian border. The Armenians, the Germans, the Jews, the Turks, the Mongols, the Hindus, and many others, are organized into racial units, to demonstrate to their kinsmen in other countries the felicity of life under the dictatorship of the proletariat. These states are an open invitation to join the Soviet Union. There is small likelihood that this invitation will be accepted by Russia's European neighbors at present. It may be more tempting to her neighbors in Asia.

A Too-Promising Ambassador

India and China especially arouse the appetite of the Russian Bear. The Bear that Walks like a Man retains, even under the Phrygian cap, his old penchant for land. Hence the presence of Bolshevist agents in all those regions. Through the conquest of China and India for communism, the Soviet oligarchs aim to strike a mortal blow at Western imperialism and Western capitalism.

Pursuing their goal with varying fortunes, they undoubtedly succeed in sowing the seed of social dissension and sedition. They cheerfully promise the gratification of every national ambition.

When the first Soviet ambassador arrived in China, he grandiloquently informed his astonished hosts that Soviet Russia intended to return every inch of territory taken by its imperialistic predecessors from the Heavenly Kingdom.

A Chinese emissary soberly asked, "Does this include Siberia?"

That was too big a pill to swallow, even for the Soviets, and the ambassador thereafter was more subdued in his promises. Presumably the Soviets would be perfectly willing to return Siberia to China if all China were to join the Soviet Union. While pretending to work only for the dictatorship of the proletariat, they would be pushing forward the borders of Russia beyond the dreams of the most ardent imperialist. Their success would place nearly half the world under Bolshevist rule.

The Bolshevists recognize the danger inherent in a state embracing so many different racial unions and tongues. Realizing that economic power is a real power, they have devised a scheme which enables them to retain the substance of domination while giving to subject races the shadow of independence.

After consulting with their economic and ethnological experts, they subdivided their gigantic domain into twenty-two economic districts, irrespective of racial or political divisions. The first of these, the Ural region, includes practically the entire mining resources of Russia. This was followed by a Far Eastern economic region on the Pacific Ocean, a Northern Caucasian region, and so on. The Northwestern economic sphere includes Leningrad and ends at the Arctic Ocean.

The subdivision of Russia into economic districts enables the Soviets to exploit their resources rationally, in spite of the small racial and political islands into which they have split the empire. Some of these subdivisions exist only on paper, but the government proceeds methodically to carry out the policy thus enunciated. Optimists believe that the task will be completed at the end of the rainbow—in 1933.

States Under the Soviet Star

Theoretically, the power in all the states under the Soviet star belongs to the proletarians. No electoral rights are granted to three groups: First, persons who exploit other people's labor; second, persons who engage in trade on their own accord; third, persons who live on their income—rents. The Union Congress of Soviets is nominally the source of all power. Its 1500 delegates are supposed to meet once a year, for ten or twelve days. It does not meet regularly. In any event, a body of 1500 is too unwieldy to govern. Moreover, the delegates are required to surrender their mandates after each session.

The actual work of legislation is carried on by the Central Executive Committee—the TzIK. The Central Executive Committee is vested with all authority between the meetings of the Union Congress. This committee consists of two bodies, equal in power, the Union Council and the Council of Nationalities. The former is composed of 400 members elected by the Union Congress from the delegates of the allied republics. Each republic is represented by a number of delegates corresponding to its population. In this body, the Russian Soviet Federation, which constitutes 70 per cent of the total population of Soviet Russia, has a decisive majority. In the Council of Nationalities each autonomous republic is entitled to five representatives, and each autonomous territory to one. Here the Russian Federation has only five delegates. However, all organizations and all elections are manipulated at will by the wire-pullers of the Communist Party and the nine Bolshevist oligarchs in the Kremlin. They constitute an autocracy all the more insidious because it bases its power upon the fiction of majority rule.

No clear division is made between the legislative and the executive branch of the government. The judicial function, too, is usurped by the Communist Party. In an official guidebook, issued by the Society for Cultural Relations of the Soviet Union with Foreign Countries, the author, A. Radó, admits that the administration of justice in the Soviet Union is governed by the same principle as the legislative and administrative branches of the Soviet Government. "The undisguised and deliberate use of state institutions as an instrument in the class struggle is fully in accord with the Marxian doctrine of the state—that it is a class organization—in this case it is the organization of the ruling proletariat class. This conception of the state permeates all forms of social and economic life in the Soviet Union."

(Continued on Page 89)

IN BUSINESS TO STAY?..... HUSSMANNIZE

If your business is selling foods, how much would it be worth to you to have a trained retail food merchandising expert come into your store, study your business and recommend ways to stop losses, build up trade and increase profits?

This is the service every Hussmannizer is prepared to give you. His thorough training in solving present-day food selling problems enables him to offer assistance that thousands of merchants have found to be both practical and profitable.

If you have perishable food display or storage problems, let the Hussmannizer show you how to overcome them.

Hussmann pioneered in the manufacture of scientifically designed and accurately built refrigerated display counters. Today, into every piece of Hussmann equipment go the many refinements and improvements that have been developed out of a quarter century of experience.

BETTER FOODS
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Many are patented features that cannot be obtained in other equipment.

Have the Hussmannizer tell you why the Hussmann principles of uniform temperature, correct humidity, and natural air circulation are necessary in refrigerator display counters—why Hussmann counters, coolers, and grocery boxes always satisfy regardless of whether you use mechanical refrigeration or ice.

When would you like to have a Hussmannizer call?

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR 25 MEN

The Hussmann business is growing. We are ready to consider applications from a few responsible men who will be trained as Hussmannizers. If you are looking for a lifetime connection, interesting work, and ample remuneration . . . if you want to learn how to help food merchants build up their business and increase profits . . . write us giving a complete outline of your qualifications and previous selling experience.

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THE *Son* OF Paul Revere started the chain of consolidation

+

THE MOVEMENT J. W. REVERE STARTED IN 1828 LED UP TO THIS FAR REACHING COMBINATION OF TODAY

JOSEPH WARREN REVERE
Son and Partner of Paul Revere

Joseph Warren Revere surveyed the clanging plant of Paul Revere & Son, Canton, Mass.

This fortress-like building was the first American copper rolling mill. In yonder belching foundry were still cast the famous Revere bronze bells and brass cannon. From that smoking forge came barrels of copper spikes and bolts, still made after the "secret" discovered by his father.

It was the earliest and largest copper and brass plant in America—and still upon it was the genius of its illustrious founder, he of the midnight ride, Paul Revere.

But Joseph Warren knew that the world moves on. So, in 1828, Paul Revere and Son merged with James Davis & Son, Boston brass founders, and incorporated Revere Copper Company. Thus began the series of historic consolidations that has resulted today in Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated.

+

BALTIMORE ENTERS COMPETITION

1812 found Baltimore in the heyday of the Baltimore clipper-ship

Original business card of Paul Revere and Son

JAMES DAVIS
Early Boston brass founder

JONATHAN S. HASELTON
First west of the Hudson

DAVID M. IRELAND
Far-seeing Detroit manufacturer

C. D. DALLAS
Builder of Chicago's first brass mill

era. So, Levi Hollingsworth invested $100,000 in starting the Gunpowder Copper Works. One of its early orders was copper roofing for the National Capitol, Washington.

John Isaacs, Revere agent in New York, wrote anxious letters about "Baltimore's sheet and bottoms." In the eighties and nineties, consolidations brought Gunpowder Copper Works together with Baltimore Smelting Company and Baltimore Electric Refining Company. . . . . Interesting that in 1928 Revere should also join with them.

+

THE 1900 CONSOLIDATION

Revere Copper Company thrived so enviably that the three Crocker Brothers of Boston imported "skilled hands" from England, and started (1826) Taunton Copper Company. Still another enterprising New England group got under way in 1862, New Bedford Copper Company. These three, after a 38-year race, came together (1900) in a single Massachusetts unit, the Taunton-New Bedford Copper Company, now a division of Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated. Paul Revere's great-grandson, E. H. R. Revere, is Executive Chairman of this division.

ASTRIDE THE WESTERN TRAIL

Jonathan S. Haselton was the first man to divine the westward march of copper and brass. So he placed Rome Brass & Copper Company astride the ancient Mohawk-Great Lakes Trail. It grew to be the fourth largest of all producers.

Meanwhile, in Connecticut, brass plants were buying each other, consolidating, forming even larger, more effective units.

But westward was the cry. Automobiles brought new and increasing demands for copper and brass. Two far-seeing Detroit manufacturers, David M. Ireland and George H. Barbour, started Michigan Copper & Brass Company (1906) in Detroit. The final leap westward (1908) was Dallas Brass & Copper Company, Chicago—servant to high-specialization industries. Meanwhile Michigan was rising in step with the magic automobile industry, supplemented (1915) by Higgins Brass & Manufacturing Company.

+

UNDER REVERE NAME

In 1928, another consolidation, even more far-reaching. All these units came together. And in their nation-wide alignment is perpetuated the name of him who was pioneer of their own group and of their industry: REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED.

In

Revere Copper *and* Brass Incorporated

of today are:

25% of the country's copper, brass and bronze rolling mill facilities.

The largest copper rolling mill in the country.

New-day methods, such as Rome's continuous rolling mill, completed 1929.

Revere Copper *and* Brass

INCORPORATED

Divisions: Baltimore *Copper Mills, Baltimore, Md.* . . Dallas *Brass & Copper Co., Chicago, Ill.* . . Higgins *Brass & Manufacturing Co., Detroit, Mich.*. . . Michigan *Copper & Brass Co., Detroit, Mich.*. . Rome *Brass & Copper Co., Rome, N. Y.* . . . Taunton-New Bedford *Copper Co., Taunton, Mass.*

GENERAL OFFICES: ROME, N. Y.

A night view of the symphony orchestra playing under Transite shell of the Hollywood Bowl.

Unburnable asbestos and cement are wrought into imperishable Transite.

Indoors or out — for decoration or utility, if you want permanence USE — TRANSITE

DOMINATING the outdoor stage of the famous Hollywood Bowl rise the graceful arches of the orchestra shell. This unique structure is one more example of the versatility of Transite. The designers chose Transite because it is unaffected by any weather, or by fire, and because of its workability and decorative qualities. The wisdom of their choice is obvious as to design. The record of Transite in thousands of other installations is evidence that it will never fail, wherever used.

It is a far cry from reflecting the music of Beethoven to repelling hungry flames which threaten an oil tank. Yet at both tasks, and at scores of others equally varied, Transite serves faithfully.

It is because Transite fits into hundreds of uses, as if designed particularly for each use, that we believe you will find money-saving ways to use this imperishable union of asbestos fibres and concrete.

Transite has been called a "stone lumber." Of course it is not lumber, but it is supplied in large sheets which can be handled and worked easily. Transite, however, has many qualities of importance, whether you are enclosing a small fume hood or constructing a fifty acre industrial structure. Indeed, to tell the truth about Transite, smacks of exaggeration.

Suffice it then to say that Transite is impervious to time or weather. Will not rot, corrode, buckle, warp or crumble, is unaffected by the usual industrial fumes, vapors or smoke, is completely fireproof — and can be worked about as easily as wood.

Our engineers are specialists in the use of this unusual material and will gladly offer you suggestions and extend cooperation in its use. Write our nearest office for further information.

A Widespread Service

The Johns-Manville trade-mark is the stamp of quality on Asbestos and Asphalt Shingles, heat insulations of every variety, Brake Lining for motor cars, Asbestocel Heater Pipe Insulations and Acoustical Materials used to control sound in offices and auditoriums, hospitals or other structures.

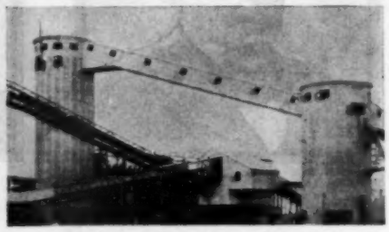
Johns-Manville

TRANSITE · FLAT AND CORRUGATED

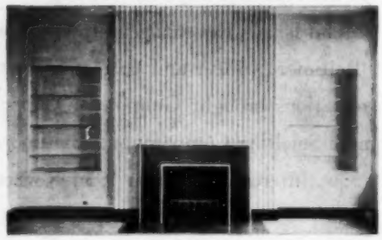
TRANSITE

SHOULD BE USED FOR

walls and roofs of many types of industrial buildings. It affords a protection which is unfailing. Among the many uses of J-M Transite are roofing, siding, partitions, floors, arc-barriers, cell structures for electric stations, fume hoods, laundry trays, dyeing vats, greenhouse benches, ventilators, louvres, machine hoods, tank housings, dryer housings, fire barriers, smoke jacks and boiler walls.

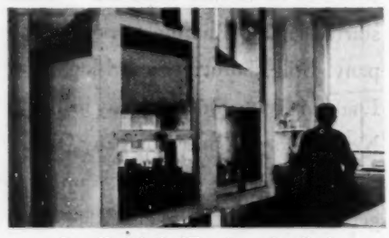


Transite serves well as conveyor housing.

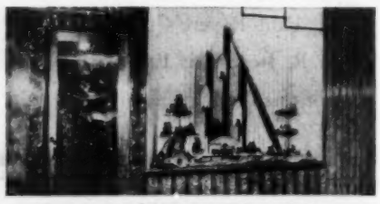


The interior decorator plans many fine effects with Transite.

In the last mentioned use Transite serves in part as an insulation and is usually associated with one or more of Johns-Manville's complete line of insulating materials. These include insulations for all temperatures from 400° F. below zero to the highest industrial temperatures.



Fume Hoods built of Transite are long-lived.



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(Continued from Page 85)

I have already pointed out in a previous article that 80 per cent of the judges are members of the Communist Party, subject to strict party discipline. The rest are in sympathy or completely intimidated. Thus, all power lies in the hands of the Kremlin. There is no appeal from its decisions.

The Soviets justify the concentration of so much power in the hands of the oligarchs of the Communist Party by the superhuman task of creating a new civilization in Russia. However, this very concentration of power is likely to defeat its own ends. Even if it escapes all other perils from within and without, the entire Bolshevist scheme may be crushed by the weight of its own bureaucracy.

Students of economy throughout the world notice with alarm the increase in government employes, due to the fact that modern civilization, rightly or wrongly, thrusts more and more burdens upon the state. In Soviet Russia, the meddling of the state in every activity of its citizens is reduced to an absurdity. There is actually no phase of human conduct in private life or in business which is not controlled in some manner by the state. It regulates minutely those activities over which it exercises no direct control. To carry out these functions, Soviet Russia needs myriads of officials.

As a result, more and more citizens and citizenesses depend upon the state for their pay envelope. All the vices of bureaucracy, innumerable delays, and the tendency to "pass the buck" assume gigantic proportions. Even if Red Russia were free from other entanglements, she would be strangled by her red tape.

The Russians themselves see this danger clearly. The workers and peasants are the Control Committee of Workers and Peasants, one of Lenin's last inspirations. In spite of Lenin's device, initiative is driven in Soviet Russia from bureau to bureau, from pillar to post, until at last it sickens and dies, crushed by the bureaucratic machine. The Five-Year Plan may expire under an avalanche of requisition blanks and form letters. The passive resistance of the peasant and the passive resistance of an inert bureaucracy are the greatest immediate internal dangers of Soviet Russia. Unless the Bolshevists can find a way of filling the stomachs of their people and of liberating themselves from the millstone of their bureaucracy, the Five-Year Plan cannot succeed.

Perpetual Propaganda

If the masters of the Kremlin succeed in subjugating the diverse forces which militate against them internally, there still remains the danger of conflict with powerful forces without. The Bolshevists themselves declare that the capitalistic blockade of Russia is not yet ended. They raise an immense standing army, exceeding by 100 per cent the modest official estimate; they collect huge reserves of ammunition and militarize all Russia, in preparation for a conflict which they consider inevitable. It is inevitable because Bolshevism cannot exist unless it continues its offensive against capitalism. Bolshevism is a virulent and aggressive creed. The Bolshevists cannot refrain from attempting to make proselytes. If they faltered, their faith itself would collapse.

A distinguished Englishman of liberal tendencies asked one of the nine men in the Kremlin, "Will you really stop your propaganda in India if we recognize Russia?" "I should certainly," the Bolshevist oligarch replied, "issue an order to that effect, but I would be unable to stop propaganda. You cannot halt a great movement by pressing a bell button. In spite of my official orders, the Third International would continue to hold to its program, which calls for a world revolution. We are training every child to look upon himself as a soldier against capitalism. No governmental decree, no paper promise can subdue the revolutionary enthusiasm of the Communist Party."

How Russians Look at America

The logical antagonist of the Bolshevist system, in the eyes of the Bolshevists themselves, is America, which holds today approximately three-fourths of the gold of the world. Karakhan, speaking officially as the acting Foreign Minister, may be sincere in his declaration that Russia seeks the friendship and coöperation of America. Russia needs our good will. The failure of the American Government to recognize Russia decreases her standing in the eyes of her own people. It reduces her diplomatically to the rank of a second-rate power. A brother-in-law of Czar Nicholas II, Grand Duke Alexander, said to me: "If America recognizes Russia, she will give Bolshevism a new lease on life." A grand duke is not an unprejudiced witness in the case against Bolshevism, but no one can controvert the fact that American recognition, bringing with it a new influx of American capital, would immeasurably strengthen the present régime. Hence America and Americans are officially courted. The rank and file of the people look with interest and wonder at American visitors. They think of America as a fairyland where every man has enough to eat. But this does not change the fact that fundamentally Bolshevism is at war with American civilization.

"America," according to a manifest of the Central Executive Committee, issued shortly after the revolution, "transformed the bloody dew of the corpse-strewn fields of Europe into gold to fill the coffers of her banks." Bolshevism is polite to us because it needs some of the gold with which our vaults are bursting. Possibly, after the gold reaches Russia, it may change some day into bloody dew! War against war was Lenin's original slogan. Today the chief objective of Bolshevist policy is to foment civil war in capitalistic states, to make a "decisive breach in the imperialistic front." Bolshevism may parley with capitalism just as Trotzky negotiated with General Hoffman. But any cessation in its war against capitalism is at best a momentary armistice, enabling the communist forces to organize their lines and to bring up reënforcements.

It is possible that Americans investing in Russia may turn a quick penny. The field is immense and its possibilities are without limit. But every American dollar invested in Russia releases a Bolshevist dollar for Bolshevist warfare and Bolshevist propaganda against our system of civilization. Americanism and Bolshevism cannot be reconciled while Bolshevism remains what it is. The foreign investor who places his business and his money at the disposal of the Bolshevist Government lends aid and comfort to the arch foe of capitalism.

I came to Russia with the friendliest intentions, bearing a cordial letter of introduction from Senator Borah. I frankly told the Bolshevist leaders I was not a Socialist, but that I would interpret sympathetically any message which they wished to intrust to me. In quoting men like Korobkov and Karakhan, I have neither added nor detracted one word. I do not question their honesty.

Kahan, the director of the department in charge of Anglo-American relations at the Foreign Office, smiled skeptically when I defined my intentions. "One of your predecessors," he said, "glowed with enthusiasm when he was here. He promised to tell the truth about Russia, but when he came back to the United States he indulged in violent diatribes against the Bolshevist Government."

At first the apparent duplicity of my distinguished colleague seemed reprehensible to me. Now that I have returned from Russia myself, I understand his revulsion. It is difficult not to admire the dynamic energy of Bolshevism and the unselfishness of some of its leaders. They seem so frank, so anxious to explain themselves, that they appeal to one's kindliest instincts. It is only after one leaves Russia that one regains one's perspective and realizes the true character of the tragic farce staged under the guise of communism by a few men in the Kremlin. I cannot gloss over the failure of Bolshevism merely because some of its leaders are charming. I cannot call Bolshevism a success merely because I am convinced of their sincerity.

Bolshevism is autocracy gone mad. It is a disease, the elephantiasis of authority. Stalin is not only the state, he is the church and the people.

I have seen Bolshevism at work and I have seen Fascism at work. There is much that I admire in Fascism, much that repels me. But Fascism at least is efficient. Bolshevism is not efficient. In spite of the grandeur of its plans and the energy of its leaders, it is unable to feed its people. It is transforming Russia into a prison. The Fascists speak for a substantial majority of the Italian people. Fascism attempts to rally all Italy into its camp. Bolshevism excludes from the ranks of the Communist Party 99½ per cent of the population.

Bolshevism or Capitalism

The more I see of Fascism and Bolshevism, the better I like Americanism. The more I observe economic and political conditions existing in Italy and in Russia, the more I realize that capitalism tempered by democracy offers the greatest advantage to the greatest possible numbers.

Neither Lenin nor Mussolini has devised a system more perfectly adapted to our needs than that which we have evolved ourselves. For all that, we may be able to benefit in some respects from the Russian and from the Italian experiment. We may learn what to imitate. We may also learn what to avoid.

The world will never be what it was before, after Bolshevism, even as it never was the same after the French Revolution. However, the French Revolution precipitated Napoleon. After Napoleon came the Bourbons and the Second Empire, to be succeeded in time by a bourgeois republic. Bolshevism, unless it completely reverses itself or completely transforms human nature, is no more likely to last than the frenzied reign of Danton and Robespierre. It cannot survive unless it conquers the world. Either humanity must turn to Bolshevism or Russia to capitalism. The world cannot exist half Bolshevist and half free.

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Why

"THE BISHOP MURDER CASE"

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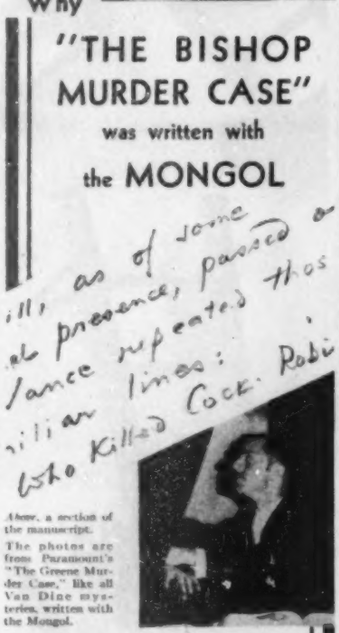

Above, a section of the manuscript.

The photos are from Paramount's "The Greene Murder Case," like all Van Dine mysteries, written with the Mongol.

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BULL MARKET

(Continued from Page 5)

toward the door his employer added: "Better pass the word around the office. And be sure to look out for Jennings. I don t know whether he bought or not, but I advised him to."

"Right, sir." Lloyd left the room, and Breen turned to his wife.

"There you are, Mildred!" His eyes were shining and his cheeks were flushed. "I got this tip on Atlas from Reggie Dusenberry at the party last night. Not so rotten, eh?"

Frigid disgust was in her eyes as she gazed at him.

"Are you capable of any thought whatever outside the market?" she demanded. "You seem to think, Thurlow, that because you've made a little profit in some stocks you can ——"

"A little profit?" he echoed indignantly. "I've cleaned up over two millions today!"

"And of course," she said, "that's more important than a scandal in the family."

"I can't see that it's exactly what you could call a scandal," declared Breen. "'Scandal' is too strong a word. After all, they're married. I suppose there'll be some mean publicity on account of his being our chauffeur, but the fact is, until this came up, I thought Kemper was a pretty nice fellow."

"I had forgotten for the moment," his wife said acidly, "that your father ran a livery stable. I might have known you wouldn't mind a chauffeur for a son-in-law."

"If it comes to that," said Breen, "he ran a darn good livery stable—but what's my father got to do with it? All I was trying to say is that there's nothing we can do about Anita's marriage but try to make the best of it. I'll put half a million in trust for her where he can't get at it, and ——"

"And of course," she broke in with bitter sarcasm, "that will make everything perfectly lovely. Money can fix anything. You think there's nothing you can't cure with a poultice made out of a stock certificate."

"I've tried to poultice your disposition with four million dollars' worth of stock certificates," he retorted angrily, "and I'm damned if I don't think it's made it worse! Anyhow, there's no good sitting here all afternoon jawing at each other and making ourselves miserable about Anita." He looked at the clock and rose. "I'm horribly busy now, Mildred. I'll try to have Anita located this afternoon by telephone and let you know."

He bowed her out and rang for Jennings.

"Did you take my tip on Atlas?" he asked the butler.

Jennings was beaming. "Yes, sir, and I'm deeply grateful. This has been a big day for me, Mr. Breen."

"So it has for me." Then, thinking of Anita, Breen amended the statement, adding: "At least as far as the market goes. Bring me a highball, Jennings, and make it about a foot and a half long."

With the highball at his elbow and the record of the day's transactions spread before him on the desk, Breen made his computations. The sensational rise of Atlas Copper had affected the entire list, and Midland Oil and other stocks he held showed handsome profits. It was by far the biggest day in his career, and as he sipped his drink and studied the figures, there crept over him a warm, voluptuous contentment.

At a little after four, Charlie Wisterman came in, regretting that he had not plunged more heavily on Atlas, and by five Reggie Dusenberry and half a dozen others, all of them in festive mood, were gathered in the office over the usual cocktails and fresh caviar.

Breen was half an hour late that night in getting home to dinner, and when he told Mildred that his efforts to locate Anita and her husband had been fruitless, she answered that it made no difference—that she did not wish ever again to lay eyes upon her daughter. His protest at the harshness of her attitude resulted in another quarrel, which ended with his discreet retirement to his room.

After he was in bed with the light turned out, there came to him a thought of Victor. He had meant to write Victor today, but what with the market and all this mess about Anita, it had slipped his mind. He must see to it tomorrow. He must tell him of Anita's marriage and of the speculation he had made for him. He had cleaned up a lot of money for the boy. That ought to buck him up!

The market! The beautiful bull market! Always his thoughts returned to the market as to some fascinating woman. Its every transient mood, he felt, was known to him, and his ability to sway and conquer it filled him with an exultant sense of power. Enchanting thoughts of stocks and margins were floating sweetly through his mind as sleep enfolded him.

II

THE chief sorrow faced by Thurlow Breen at the beginning of the year 1929 was the cruel necessity of paying an enormous income tax. It was unjust, he thought, that the Government should exact so large a portion of his profits, and this matter was a subject for much grumbling with the group that met at Breen's office every afternoon to discuss the market.

As the year advanced, the group became a little larger, for, contrary to the persistent prophecies of Nathaniel Brewster and a few other dogged conservatives of the banking world, who held pig-headedly to outworn economic doctrines, the market continued to balloon magnificently, creating in the process new crops of millionaires, from among whom occasionally emerged a figure whose tips and stories qualified him for Breen's coterie.

Higher and higher soared the market as the year advanced; higher and higher soared the mighty, staggered towers of the island city by the sea; for new financial geniuses must have offices in which to work their economic miracles, and they must have homes, rising in rootless terraces against the sky; and to keep pace with their expanding wealth, there must be yet other buildings—cathedrals dedicated to the deities of luxury and elegance, shrines for the display of costly jewels and furs and fabrics, to be worshiped as only wealth can worship its own symbols.

Never it was conceded, had the world known such progress, and of this progress Breen was in many quarters recognized as a high priest.

He had become a national figure, and his every utterance was listened to and quoted with profound respect.

His family life, however, had not gone so well. In January Victor had come home from the sanitarium, but again his presence had made his mother nervous, and with the arrival of mild weather he had gone with a salaried companion to Jasper Park, in Canada, where he fished, played golf and did some modest mountain climbing. His doctors, however, reported that he would never be quite well again, and he was now planning a trip to Vienna for the purpose of consulting a celebrated specialist. Unhappy over Victor, Breen had the consolation of knowing he had done his utmost for the boy; he had given him a million dollars and had told him there was more where that came from.

He had offered, likewise, to increase Anita's fortune to an even million, but the weird child had refused it, saying she already had enough.

Twice he had been to see Anita and her husband at their little farm on Long Island, a place unpleasantly infested with police dogs; but though he had tried to show them that he felt no hostility toward Kemper, the young man had obviously been ill at ease with him. In an effort to overcome this feeling, Breen had given Kemper some market tips, but only to discover later that the tips had not been used. Curiously enough, the young pair seemed quite happy; Anita, when he saw her, was as sweet to him as she had always been; nevertheless, Breen realized that she had somehow stepped out of his life.

Early in the year Mildred had gone abroad, and had remained through the summer. Ackley was also in Europe, and Breen heard from time to time of their being together, now in Paris, now at the Lido, now at Biarritz. A dispatch in a Sunday newspaper informed him of her having bought a seaside cliff near Monte Carlo where she planned to build a château in the ultra-modern manner. Her salon, said the paper, would have patent-leather walls and windows of yellow mottled glass.

Ackley! As long ago as last year Breen had cherished the idea of hunting Ackley up and giving him a thrashing, but he hadn't got around to it. He was always so busy!

When, without having notified him, Mildred returned to New York in September and telephoned that she was staying at the Ritz, her husband was not surprised, nor was he surprised when she mentioned a divorce.

At last the break was definite, and in view of the friction there had been between them, it was just as well to have it so. He could get along all right without Mildred. Sure he could! Lately he had observed that he was every bit as attractive to women as he had been ten years ago.

Mildred was evidently in a hurry for the divorce; she asked him to come that afternoon and talk it over. But he couldn't, for it happened that on the very day she landed, there was quite a flurry in the Street.

The disturbance in the market kept Breen closely occupied, but caused him not the least concern; most of the time he hung over the ticker, buying vastly on declines, yet he did not forget the affairs of the small speculators in his office.

The flurry caught Jennings considerably extended, and Breen, observing the man's agitation, tried to reassure him.

"What are you fretting about, Jennings?" he asked.

"This market worries me, sir. I've been feeling for some time that stocks were very high."

"Yes, and they're going higher."

"I sincerely trust so, sir."

"Don't worry," said Breen. "I'm watching your account. In the year you've been with me you've paid for your house and cleaned up almost fifty thousand dollars besides. I call that pretty good. In another year you'll have a hundred thousand if you watch your step."

"If I ever get a hundred thousand, sir," said Jennings in a fervent tone, "I shall put it into gilt-edged bonds and never again touch margins as long as I live."

"That's what you say now." Breen smiled.

"Yes, sir, and I mean it. A market like we are having now hits me fair in the pit of the stomach—if you'll pardon my putting it so. I was never made to be a speculator, Mr. Breen. It is hard to change nature, sir, and by nature I'm conservative."

"What you need is a drink," laughed Breen.

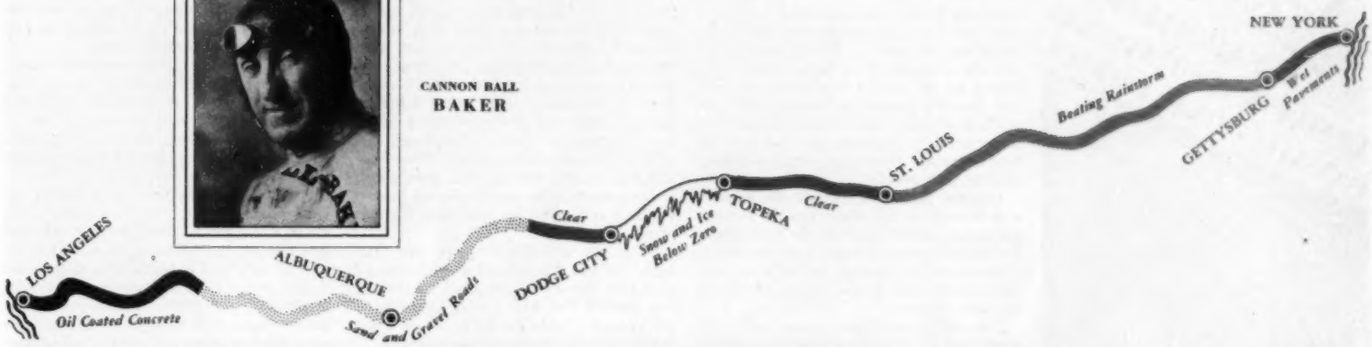
"Thank you, sir, but since the night my first baby was born I haven't touched a drop."

Not long after this, however, there arrived a day when Jennings broke his rule. His drink was taken in the interest of efficiency, for his knees and hands were shaking and he found it difficult to pass the cocktails without spilling them. The market had dropped suddenly and sharply, terrorizing him, and the dread word "panic" was on the lips of many men.

But not on Breen's lips. "It's just another flurry," he told Jennings, "but this

(Continued on Page 92)

CANNON BALL
BAKER



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Baker's Telegram

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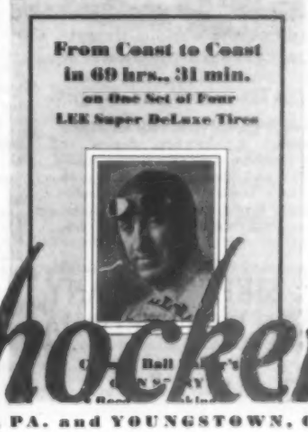

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(Continued from Page 90)

time it's a big one. Scrape together everything you can, and buy. It's the greatest opportunity that has come along this year."

In his voice was confidence and in his heart was exultation. The market! How well he understood its little tricks! His feeling for the market at this moment was like that of a man whose charming and capricious mistress sulks, but who knows his power to cajole and coax her, and who, behind her frown, envisions a compliance even sweeter than before.

But the market would not be cajoled, and though, as the days passed, Breen's manner remained cheerful, the members of his cocktail group showed signs of strain—signs visible to Jennings not only in their conversation but in the swift depletion of his stock of gin.

Presently there came a day when the word "panic" crept from the street into the office. Charlie Wisterman was the first to speak it, and as he did so, fear was in his white, drawn face. Next afternoon he failed to appear as usual, and Dusenberry, arriving late, explained his absence.

"Poor Charlie," he said grimly, "was the first to lose his nerve and the first to lose his shirt. They've cleaned him out. We'll be lucky if all of us don't get cleaned out before this crash is over."

"It was Charlie's lack of nerve that beat him," declared Breen. "This market has hit bottom. The banks are getting under it and tomorrow we're going to see a nice reaction."

Jennings heard, but was not comforted. He was aware that Breen had been forced to unload a large part of his holdings at a slaughtering loss, and that the Brewsters held heavy mortgages upon his office building and both his country places. This morning Breen had come to his aid when additional margin had been called for, but Jennings knew that if prices dropped tomorrow, he could not look to his employer for further help. It would be every man for himself.

That night, in his little cottage out in New Rochelle, Jennings writhed and sweated under a torturing blanket of imminent disaster, and as he went to town next day, his sensations were those of a condemned man moving toward the place of execution.

The blow fell swiftly. Opening with a frantic rush of selling, the market crumbled and collapsed, and Jennings' little fortune—the fortune he had neither touched nor seen—was gone in the first hour.

Numbly he moved about his work and wished that he had more to keep him busy. Once when he went to the outer office, he noticed that Mr. Lloyd looked sick and that two of the stenographers were crying. Long after the closing of the market, the ticker, like an evil gossip reveling in a tale of horror, chattered out the story of the day. But no one watched it now. To the people in Breen's office there was nothing more for it to tell.

At four Jennings went as usual to the pantry to prepare for the arrival of the cocktail group, but twilight fell and deepened, and no guests appeared to eat Breen's caviar and drink his gin.

Throughout the afternoon Breen had remained in his private office, and presently, when everyone else had gone, Jennings began to feel concerned about him, and carrying a cocktail by way of excuse, knocked at the door.

Sitting at his desk with papers spread before him under the light of a shaded lamp, Breen did not look up, but when Jennings presented the tray, he turned and stared for a moment at the cocktail as if it were an interesting curio. Then he shook his head, and still without looking at the butler, muttered: "Sorry, Jennings."

When Jennings left the room, Breen rose, and after pacing the rug for a time, gazing at the pattern as he walked, moved back to the desk and called his wife upon the telephone.

"I've got something to tell you, Mildred," he said, "but first I want to make it clear that I'm not asking you for anything. I'm cleaned out, but I could do a lot of salvaging if I could get my hands on a million or so before ten tomorrow morning."

"Yes?"

"The building and all the other property are gone, and I've been trying to sell the yacht, but there's nothing doing on a day like this. I'm not asking you for anything, but I'm at the end of my rope, and I thought I'd better let you know."

"Thurlow," came Mildred's cool voice on the wire, "do you think I'm an absolute fool?"

"I wouldn't put it that way," he replied in a judicial tone.

"You'd have a right to," she retorted, "if I gave you money now."

"I thought I'd better let you know, that's all."

"It's too bad, but it's just what I expected. I'm sailing Saturday, Thurlow, to establish a residence in Paris."

"Well, then, good-by."

Breen hung up the telephone and sat for a time looking fixedly at an undefined spot upon the office wall. He had felt quite certain Mildred would not help him, and now he regretted having called her up.

He was through. His last chance was gone. Life had defeated him. He had been strong, he told himself, but he hadn't got the breaks. Yes, he had been strong. In face of Victor's hopeless illness, Anita's wretched marriage, Mildred's unfaithfulness, he had kept his courage and had carried on.

For always there had been the market to fall back upon. Always there had been the market to absorb and comfort him. When in trouble, he had gone to it as a man will go for solace to the woman he adores. But he had been betrayed. His golden mistress had turned suddenly and stabbed him to the heart.

Out in the vast reception room, Jennings was still in attendance, for one of his duties as office butler consisted in helping Breen into his overcoat, handing him his hat, and pressing the elevator signal button for him when he was ready to go home.

Standing at the farther end of the room, he presently saw his employer emerge from the private office. But instead of moving toward the foyer, with its double bank of high-speed elevators, Breen crossed to a French window, and opening it, stepped out upon the shadowy terrace.

Jennings waited. There was nothing extraordinary, he told himself, in the fact that Breen had gone out to the terrace. He had seen him go there scores of times, and knew that he delighted in the building's splendid height, and in the maplike view it gave him of the city, with Wall Street like a narrow gorge below. Nevertheless he watched the open window anxiously, and recalling desperate thoughts that had passed through his own mind that morning, wondered what Breen was thinking out there in the half darkness.

He straightened a lamp shade, rearranged a smokers' set on one of the small tables, took up an evening paper, glanced at it and threw it down again. The office was very quiet. He wished that everybody hadn't gone, and that the curtain at the open window wouldn't swing that way.

Moving slowly down the room he eyed the window sidewise as he passed, and coming back he stopped. From where he stood only a part of the terrace was visible and after a moment's hesitation he stepped outside.

A cold wind blew along the tiled promenade. No one was there.

"Mr. Breen!" Jennings' voice reverberated against the wall, and the stillness that followed smote him with cold horror.

"Mr. Breen!" His cry went soaring down the wind.

Above the parapet loomed only the gray evening sky. Jennings shuddered. What a way to go!

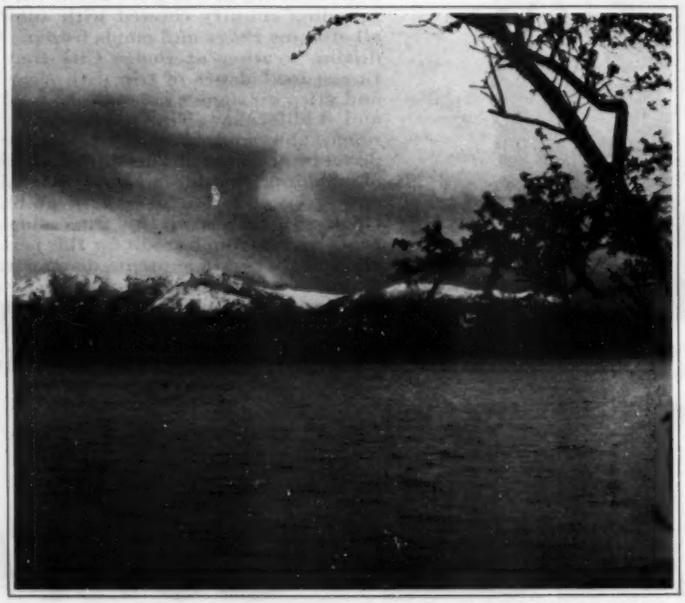
For a time he stood stunned and trembling, unable to grasp the sickening actuality. Little episodes of the preceding year in which the kindly, human side of Breen had been revealed, went flickering through his mind. Such a nice man! So generous and big-hearted! To think that the market could have driven him to such an act! Terrible! How could he have done it?

Suddenly Jennings found himself thinking of old Mr. Brewster. Mr. Brewster could never have done a thing like this, no matter what had happened to him. He was too conservative. "Whatever goes up must come down," he used to say. "Just work and save and take your five per cent."

Jennings stepped into the brightly lighted room and with shaking hands began to close the windows. No, the police would want things left the way they were. He got his hat and coat, hastened to the foyer and pressed the signal button.

Mr. Breen should never have done it! Never! That was no way out of difficulties. The way was to begin again—to learn your lesson and begin again.

A red light glowed, the bronze doors of an elevator opened, and into Jennings' tortured thoughts a voice penetrated: "Going down!"



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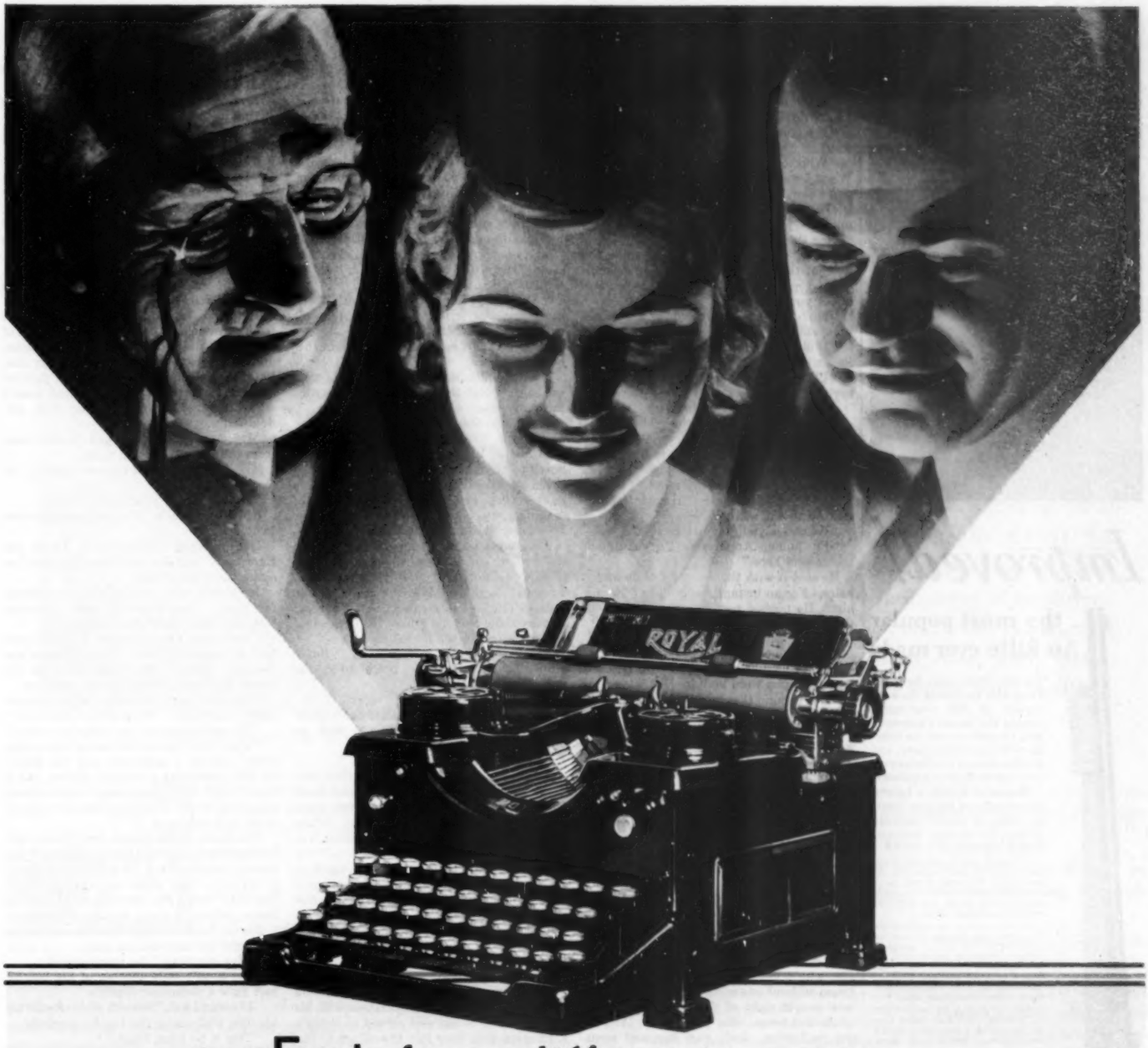

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BIG RICH

(Continued from Page 21)

"Thought you were playing anagrams," Joe called down.

"I got tired of it. What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm going to take Susan for a little hop; want to ——"

"Who told you you could use my plane? When I want you driving it around, I'll let you know. Get down."

For the first few words Joe thought Shad must be joking; then there was no mistaking the anger of his tone.

"Sure," Joe said hotly and, opening the door of the plane, jumped to the ground. "I had no idea that was the way you felt about your toys."

"No? Think I kept them for the neighbors' children?"

"Will you help me down, please, Joe?" Susan asked.

"I'll take you for a hop," Shad informed her.

"I don't believe I care to go up," she said stiffly. Joe swung her to the ground.

"Why not?"

"Mother wouldn't like me to."

"You were going up with him."

"Well, I've changed my mind."

"All right," Shad said. "Have my things sent on to me, will you?"

"What are you going to do?"

"Fly home. Apparently I'm not much use around here."

He said it with the intensity of an angry baby. For an instant Susan didn't answer him. He pushed past her, put his foot on the step and swung up.

"Shad," Susan called.

"Yes," he answered, glad to parley.

"Don't be silly. I was just cross because I thought you were bullying Joe."

"Did I sound that way? I'm sorry. . . . Excuse it, will you, Joe?"

It was the exact perfunctory tone he would have used to a servant.

Joe said nothing.

"Will you take me up, really?" Susan asked.

"Get in."

"Help me, Joe?"

With furious politeness, Joe assisted her. He'd have thought that if any girl in the world could have told Shad to go to the devil ——

Shad was in high good humor.

"So long," he called as he started his engine.

The great wind from the propeller blew dust in Joe's face. The plane started, and Joe, who'd intended to stride back to the house without one more glance at it, somehow caught sight of Susan, her face very white and tense. She was scared. And at the realization, Joe's own legs and arms turned to the consistency of cooked spaghetti.

He stood and watched the take-off. It was rather awkward.

"What if the bad luck I've been having lately should hold for this?" he thought. "What if something should happen to her because I made that fool suggestion? Shad doesn't know how to handle it properly."

The plane banked around the field once and was off. When it had disappeared from view, Joe walked to the house.

The anagram game was still in progress.

"Where's Susan?" Mrs. Spruance asked, looking up.

"Shad took her for a ride in his plane."

"Did he? Oh, dear."

Honest worry contracted Mrs. Spruance's brow, and at the sight of it, Joe's own anxiety fell into perspective.

"It's perfectly all right, Mrs. Spruance. A plane like that is as safe as a bank."

"Yes, one full of gunmen. Which way did they go?"

"To the east."

Mrs. Spruance rose and stood at the edge of the porch, searching the sky.

"I always say you're just as apt to break your neck on the bathroom floor." Nan Halstead was somehow not too comforting.

"How did Susan happen to do such a thing?" Mrs. Spruance fussed.

"Well, I was showing her the plane ——" Joe explained.

"I'm sure you were," Mrs. Spruance told him.

Now she would vent all the blame for this disturbance of her equanimity on him.

"How quaint this feeling about airplane passengers will seem in no time at all," Mrs. Armstrong commented.

"Like the days when people used to call 'Get a horse' after motor cars," Zeke Armstrong suggested.

"It's ridiculous now," Joe said.

"You really think so, don't you?" Mrs. Spruance was irritated at him, but she clung to his assurance.

Mrs. Armstrong tried to distract her hostess' mind.

"What a picture the garden is from here," she said. "Not the sort of picture anyone buys any more, of course."

The plane thrummed into sight.

"Thank heaven!" Mrs. Spruance breathed. "We can go back to our game. Sorry to have been such a hen."

She didn't realize that the only probable danger was ahead. Shad was capable of making a rotten landing. The week before, he'd jounced a mechanician badly.

Joe couldn't stand there looking toward the end of the garden, where Susan and Shad would appear if everything went well, without alarming Mrs. Spruance, so he walked to the chair where Betty Mercer was drowsing over her book. His eyes never left the break in the hedge, however.

"I was thinking rather deeply," Betty alibied her nod. "I adore philosophy. Do you ever read it, Joe?"

"No."

"Do you like to read, Joe? I don't know what people do who don't like to read, do you?"

Susan and Shad at last!

At the sight of them, the perturbed tenderness which had filled Joe turned back instantly to the resentment he'd felt when he'd heard Susan plead with Shad. When she'd deserted him flat in favor of Shad, was the way he thought of it.

Wanting more than anything on earth to see her and accuse her of perfidy and have a good, proper row, Joe thought that his one desire was to avoid her.

"Play you a game of tennis, Betty," he said.

"All right. It'll wake me up."

Tennis is good for a sore heart. Betty played an excellent game. After two hours of it, Joe felt capable of association with his fellow human beings and agreed to Betty's suggestion that they join the others at the swimming pool.

At sight of them, the men of the party, instigated by Shad, fell on Joe and tried to push him into the water fully dressed. With a person of Joe's stature equipped with rubber-soled shoes, that wasn't so easy. He managed to drop Zeke Armstrong and Fred Heusen into the pool, and Hal Mercer and Shad would have followed had they not dived in of their own accord.

Joe proceeded to the men's dressing room, where there was an assortment of bathing trunks. The sole pair that would fit him was red and had been made for an enormously fat man and tied about the middle with a string. They didn't look very well. Joe wondered if Shad had arranged that they be the only ones left, and took the precaution of putting his clothes in a chest evidently used for storing the great rubber horse and raft with which the pool was equipped, lest Shad tie them in hard knots. It was fitted with a padlock and Joe hid the key on a window ledge out of reach of anyone but himself.

"Well, if it isn't grandpa's red flannels!" Shad gave support to the suspicion as Joe emerged, but he didn't develop the theme, because he and the rest of the men had had enough swimming and went immediately into the dressing room to dry themselves and dress.

Mrs. Spruance, who had not swum, was sitting in the tea house.

"You'd better duck in and out," she said to Betty and Joe. "It's late for tea now."

The water was just right.

"Do you suppose there's something wrong with Mrs. Spruance's figure?" Betty murmured, swimming close to Joe. "Or that she really has hydrophobia, as she says?"

"Has she been bitten by a dog?" Joe asked.

"That's a different kind of hydrophobia. This just means hatred of water. People who have it take sponge baths."

Hal and Zeke and Fred Heusen appeared, freshly flanneled, and marched the length of the pool to the tea house in mass formation, apparently expecting an attack from Joe, but Joe didn't feel like fooling and paid no attention beyond noting that Shad wasn't with them. Hunting for that key, undoubtedly.

Mrs. Armstrong, Nan and Susan came from the ladies' dressing room.

"Hello," Susan said to Joe; guiltily, he thought.

"Hello. Enjoy your ride?"

"Not very much. Are you going to swim long?"

Her eyes said, "Please don't. I need you right now," but Joe had his pride, and besides, there was Shad.

Joe didn't want to meet him in the dressing room. They'd got to have a serious talk, and this wasn't the moment.

"Not very," he answered Susan's question and swam to where Betty Mercer was floating. Betty's eyes were fixed on the things that were being served, however.

"I think I could do with a little nourishment," she said. "How about you, Joe?"

"I'll paddle around for a minute or two."

To pass the time he climbed on the springboard and did a jackknife into the water. He felt something give as he did so, but it wasn't until he'd swum under water almost the entire length of the pool that he realized what had happened.

The string of his trunks had broken and he must have quitted them as he struck the water. Looking back, he saw them floating, a red blob, just under the diving board. But that wasn't all; kneeling on the diving board, fishing for them, was Shad Hermann.

Joe cut back through the water as fast as he could, but arrived too late.

"Give me those," he commanded.

Shad didn't emit another of his laughs; just gave a demoniac chuckle.

"Like fun I will," he said, without moving his lips, and wrung the trunks carefully.

"This is no joke, Shad."

"Isn't it?"

"I'm not fooling. Give me those pants."

"When I've waited all this time for the string to bust? I thought I'd given you too much cord, but it seems to have turned out about perfectly."

Folding the trunks, Shad hung them across the stone wall which bordered the pool in full view of the tea house; then, whistling a tune, sauntered to join the others.

Joe's was not a dignified position for a lover in a melancholy phase of his romance. There was nothing for him to do but keep swimming around the deep end of the pool as though he liked it.

Shortly after Shad had joined the group in the tea house, Susan Spruance standing beside the tea table, turned and called:

"Do come and have some tea or something, Joe."

"No, thanks," Joe had to answer.

"We'll be starting back to the house very soon."

Shad moved up beside Susan and dropped one arm over her shoulder.

"Don't sulk, Joe," he called. "There's nothing worse than a man of your size acting pouty. Come on and have a drink."

(Continued on Page 97)

Refreshes air...
Kills odors... *electrically!*

Bad air prevents good thinking. Fresh air keeps high-salaried brains productive.

Ends "3 o'clock fatigue"

Corozone, a scientific yet simple electrical device, employing the *CORONA FORM* of ozone, saves millions in business losses due to inefficiency of employees, salesmen and executives. Customers don't *buy well* in close, stuffy stores. *Homes, too,* are made *more inviting.*

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THE "Zero Hour"—from 3 to 5:30 P. M.—is today's *greatest waste* in the productive energy of business, according to authorities.

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Corozone—a small, neat, scientific yet simple *electrical* device (not a liquid disinfectant or ventilating system)—makes dead, unpleasant, stuffy air "come to life" again almost at once. All you do is screw an ordinary plug into any A. C. light socket and push a button.

In a few seconds you notice the change—freshness like spring—all odors gone completely (no matter the source), even in a small room with the windows closed.

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No blowers—No fans

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Every Corozone device is sold on a definite guaranty of money back if it does not fulfill the *claims that we make for it.*

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Begin at once to save profit-losses due to bad air conditions which Corozone corrects at once *electrically.*

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Makes bad air fresh even where windows must be closed, preventing thousands of colds.

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Is the air in your establishment laden with the hitherto unavoidable and unpleasant odors of leather goods, rubber, fresh paint, upholstery fabrics, rugs, packing materials, etc.? If so, end them and the expensive losses they bring your business, with Corozone.

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Scientific men, doctors, hospitals, health and ventilating authorities of highest standing indorse the Corozone method of indoor air purification.

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COROZONE

Makes bad air* FRESH *by electricity

Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, National Board of Fire Underwriters, U. S. A.
Also by Hydro-Electric Power Commission, Ontario, Canada.

"Holy smoke, Joe, don't drive so fast over this road! You're shaking the stuffing out of me and you'll be blowing out a tire on one of these bumps in a minute!"

"Not a chance, Bill—they're all Kellys."

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KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, 1775 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 94)

He ended the invitation with a snicker which must have sounded slightly unaccountable to the others.

"You go to the devil," was all Joe could say.

Susan had stepped away from Shad's arm, but her eyes accused Joe. "You've deserted me," they said, or so Joe imagined.

He swam under water for a while, finally taking refuge behind the iron steps at the deep end.

No one paid any further attention to him, and there he waited, getting unpleasantly clammy. He could see Shad in the tea house talking hard and excitedly to Susan, as though it gave him a special fillip to know that Joe was watching. At last they and all the rest left in a body, and Joe was just going to make a run for the dressing room when Shad reappeared.

"Be with you in a second, Sue," he called, to let Joe know that she was waiting in the wood path; then, stepping to the tea house, he took a cigarette and lighted it. That had evidently been his excuse for returning. Finally, picking up Joe's trunks, he tossed them toward Joe. They landed on the water with a disdainful slap.

"Sorry," he said lightly.

"It was a pretty dirty trick," Joe told him.

"Not so very," Shad said. "All's fair, you know."

Joe dressed hastily and hurried to the house.

Everybody but Shad and Susan was loitering on the cloister porch, trying to decide what to do. It was Mrs. Armstrong who caught the significance of the quick glance Joe cast over the group.

"They've gone for a walk," she told him, with a very friendly smile.

"Where?"

"I don't know. I'm looking for a partner who'll help me beat the Mercers at croquet. Don't you think it would be a good idea if you did? You can't run about baying like the Hound of the Baskervilles."

"All right," Joe said.

Evidently his feelings were perfectly obvious to everybody. That was probably why Susan Spruance wanted him there. She went away with Shad every chance she got. It was a lot of nonsense, her pretending that she was interested in him—Joe Davis. She wanted him around to play off against Shad. He'd read of girls doing that sort of thing, and seen plays about them, but he'd never run into one in real life. Girls had always shot pretty straight with him.

Such were the thoughts with which Joe filled intervals in the game. Incidentally, the Mercers had never been subjected to such savage croquet. Mrs. Armstrong was a rather poor player, but Joe propelled her ball from infallible position to infallible position and then devoted himself to driving the Mercers into shrubberies and borders and far turns of the driveway, until it looked as though they were going to be skunked, when the dressing bell rang and Mrs. Armstrong dropped her mallet.

"No, I can't stay for even one more wicket," she said to Hal Mercer's protest. "Remember, there's a gigantic dance here tonight. An hour is all too short for what I have to do to this old frame."

"Hal's sure to be late himself," Betty Mercer said. "He primps frightfully."

The cloister seemed deserted as they approached it, but it wasn't quite. Susan Spruance rose from a deep chair.

Joe felt a sickening, and, he thought, impersonal, regret that anyone so lovely to look at as she should be so perfidious. Then he saw that she had been waiting for him.

"Here's the book I spoke to you about," she said, holding out a volume.

He knew she hadn't spoken to him of any book, but had the wit to take it and say, "Oh, yes. Thanks."

"Mother's waiting for me," she said, and hurried into the house.

The book either by intention or accident was Philip Gibbs' Now it Can be Told. Joe saw that there was a note in it, but didn't examine it till he reached his room.

Already he was inexcusably happier, however. At least she wasn't just using him and thinking he was a fool and wouldn't know it. She must care something or she wouldn't have bothered. The note ran:

Dear Joe: I've got to see you and explain—got to. I'm sure I won't have a minute at the dance, so could you hurry dressing and just happen to be at the foot of the stairs by a quarter of eight? I may be a minute or two late, but I'll try not to be. S.

Joe had waited seven minutes before Susan came down the dark stairs, but he couldn't blame her for that, for Susan was four minutes ahead of the time she had named.

There weren't any preliminaries.

"You're furious at me, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, but for accuracy's sake he changed it: "I was."

"You think I was playing you against Shad Hermann."

"Well, weren't you?"

"No."

You wouldn't have thought so little and gentle a creature could have exploded so violently.

"Why did you act that way, then?"

"Come into the morning room. Someone might come downstairs."

It was a room paneled and painted apple green. The late sunlight made it into a room of Bristol glass.

"In the first place," Susan said, "I want you to know that I—I like you better than any man I ever met."

"Why did you act that way, then?" Joe repeated his question.

"It's all part of a scheme."

"Yes, a scheme of your mother's. You aren't falling for that social-ambition stuff, are you, Susan?"

"I knew you thought that," Susan said; "though how you could think me such a paltry person and still care anything about me, I'm sure I don't know."

"I didn't think it about you."

"It's even less likely about my mother. Why, my mother ——"

But Susan didn't go into the burning panegyric of her mother's virtues which her tone portended, because of a whistle from the hall. It was the short, penetrating whistle Shad gave when he was looking for anyone.

"Don't let him see me," Susan said. "Go stop him. I'll slip through the window."

Joe stepped to the door just in time to block Shad's view of her.

"Looking for me?" he asked.

Shad was in one of his most engaging moods.

"I didn't know you'd gone up to dress yet and thought I'd remind you," he said.

"Yes?"

It was not an encouraging response, but Shad wasn't disheartened.

"Look here, old thing," he went on. "I acted like the deuce this afternoon about the plane, and I guess perhaps a guy's bathing trunks should be held sacred."

"It's your plane, Shad," Joe told him.

"But you know you're welcome to it at any time, or anything else of mine. It wasn't that I was upset about, of course. It was Susan. Remember that I'd warned you once. Hands off."

"You haven't any right to give an order like that, Shad," Joe said.

Shad looked at him with sudden arrogance.

"I'd like to know why I haven't," he remarked; "we got engaged this afternoon."

It was announced at dinner. When dessert had been served, Zeke Armstrong lounged to his feet.

"I don't know anyone who can tangle himself up more thoroughly in a few graceful words than I can," he said, "but as the oldest living member of this party, Mrs. Spruance has intrusted me with a great honor. It's to tell you that Susan and Shad are engaged. Shall we drink their health?"

Joe had sat through the dinner in a half daze. He rose to his feet with the others and drained his glass. People sometimes pretended to spill their wine, but there was no use being melodramatic about it. The worst of it was that he couldn't feel one bit less in love with Susan than he had before Shad flung his bombshell. In the afternoon he'd been able to think he despised her, but that time had passed. He was horribly in love with her, and hurt beyond what he'd thought his capacity to feel hurt. The only other emotion to which his love left him susceptible was hatred of her mother. Mrs. Spruance had done this—the empty-hearted, iron-gray, cast-iron, hell cat.

Of Shad, whom, perhaps, it was his duty to warn or something, he couldn't think without distaste; so for the present he didn't think of him.

"Have you gone into a mystic rapture?" Nan Halstead inquired of him as they started to leave the dining room.

"I guess so," Joe answered.

"Because as a dinner companion I'd rather order something sent out from the morgue."

"I'm sorry."

"What is it? Susan?"

"Yep."

"You can't ever have thought you had much chance with Mother Spruance at the helm."

Mrs. Armstrong joined them.

"Have you heard what Shad Hermann decided on at dinner? Really, love is too beautiful!"

"What?"

"He's going to take Susan and her mother to his camp in the Adirondacks. With my own ears I heard him tell her that they'd get to know each other there. Shad Hermann! Isn't it pitiful that the only way one can know real passion is that it speaks in platitudes?"

Joe, who knew the earthly paradise that Shad's camp would be at that time of year, could only groan inwardly.

"When?" Nan asked.

"On Monday, I believe. They'd probably go tomorrow if they could ditch all of us with any decency."

Guests for the dance began arriving—girls in bright, springtime dresses, men who hadn't any troubles. A band on the musicians' gallery in the great hall blared forth and the air drummed with pounding rhythms. Joe danced with Betty Mercer, and then with Nan Halstead, and was glad when he was cut in on. No use messing up things by trying to dance with Susan.

"I'd like to find my Lucky Star," the music confessed sadly, and "Am I Blue?" it asked—"Am I Blue?"

Joe went into the library, where a poker game was in progress, but he knew he'd make a fool of himself if he sat in it. He wanted to be some place away from the music and alone. His bedroom was in a wing and might be fairly silent, and he decided he'd go there. The next time the music paused he started across the great hall for the stairs. Dancers were standing about in undiscouraged couples, applauding still.

"Joe!" he heard Susan Spruance's voice.

"Doesn't she know enough not to try to talk to me about it?" he thought.

"Joe."

He had to stop. He couldn't make her look odd before all these people.

"Yes."

"It's all right about the next dance."

She made it sound as though he'd been importuning her for it.

"Thanks," he said.

She knew from his tone that he'd never come to claim it. He started on.

"Oh, Joe; just one minute."

She came after him, deserting the man she'd been dancing with.

Joe stopped.

"Joe, you have to dance with me."

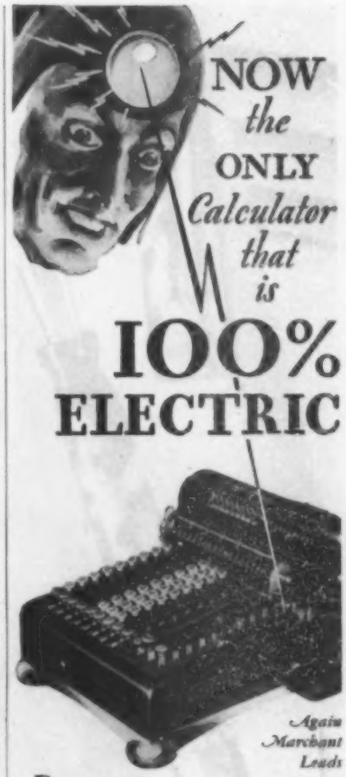
"Please not, Susan."

"You've got to let me finish what I was telling you."

"There can't be anything to tell."

"There is."

The music began. There was nothing for it but to dance. Joe put his arm around



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her, continuing the pretense of not wanting to which is the agonizing delight of wounded lovers.

"Well?" he said, as though now she had her chance to make everything clear in one luminous sentence.

"You don't think I can tell you here, do you? I've got to tell you when these people have gone."

"They won't be gone until morning."

"That doesn't matter. Do you know the little *allée* at the end of the garden where the peacock sun dial is?"

Joe didn't answer.

"I'll pretend to go to my room; then I'll go there. Come there."

Still Joe didn't answer.

"Will you?"

"No."

"You must."

He said nothing, held her coldly.

"You've got all over thinking you loved me?"

A large cherub of a boy touched Susan's shoulder. Joe relinquished her to him. Her great eyes didn't desert him, however.

"Won't you?" she asked.

"Yes," Joe groaned, beaten.

Then, quite unreasonably, since all that had happened was that he'd made an appointment for an interview which couldn't be anything but a source of misery to both of them, Joe felt the darkness in his heart become garishly bright. Standing there in the middle of the dance floor, he wanted to yell with exultation. Dancers began banging into him from all sides and addressing abusive comments to him.

Needing to be alone far more than when it had been misery that he wanted to treat with solitude, he proceeded up the stairs and down the corridor toward his room. On the way, however, he began to think of Shad. After all, Shad was his friend and had given him a start; though, since Joe knew the continuous search made by Shad and his counselors for people to manage his money wisely, Shad's generosity in so doing seemed less remarkable.

Nevertheless, that didn't alter the fact that he owed a debt to Shad, and how could he meet Shad's fiancée surreptitiously and still regard himself as honorable? Earlier in the evening there'd been some idea of a duty to tell Shad that he wasn't being married for himself alone; but that was heroics. In the first place, you couldn't make Shad believe it.

The door of Joe's room was ajar. He pushed it back to enter, and there came clattering down on him a pail filled with cold water, which Shad must have balanced on top of the door and against the casing.

That was why Shad had looked him up to apologize and tell him it was time to dress for dinner, was it? Standing there sideswiped by a large pail, drenched to the skin, and thoroughly bored by the unfunniness of the proceeding, Joe felt his mind cleared of one complication.

Shad had said, "All's fair." Let that be the rule.

Joe had no other dinner clothes with him, and his shirt was ruined, so he couldn't go back to the dance. In his present mood it was no great loss. He put on pajamas and got into bed and began thinking up arguments about the unimportance of money which might appeal to a young girl.

Suddenly he woke up with a start, frightened that he'd missed his appointment. The distant beat of the music reassured him, and his watch announced that he'd drowsed off for only seven minutes. He then set his alarm clock for half-past three—surely everyone wouldn't have left by then—and, such are the advantages of having a superbly well-regulated body, slept soundly until it wakened him.

The band was still playing. Joe put on flannels and a sweater and, when the music turned into Home, Sweet Home, went down the billiard-room staircase, which was occupied by only two couples, too absorbed to be interested in his appearance.

The sky was a little pale with dawn, the box trees were pungent, and the birds were rather too loud for the setting. As Joe waited, the sky's clarity spread into the air, and the shining details of leaves and petals showed vividly in their morning newness. The marble bench by the sun dial was damp with dew, and Joe mopped it off with his handkerchief. Susan appeared while he was finishing it.

She was not a girl who wilted or grew blowzy from a night of dancing. Naturally curly hair and a complexion learned, one might have suspected, from a stain of claret on honey, allowed her to face dawn in a garden with impunity. The faint circles under her eyes were extraordinarily becoming, and if her dress was somewhat tattered from the rigors of dancing, it did not appear more so than a modiste might have arranged in a last moment of excessive chic.

"Hello," Joe said, and allowed himself one great gulp of a look at her before the quarrel which he knew was inevitable should begin.

"I was so afraid you'd changed your mind and gone," she told him. "Where have you been?"

"In my room."

There was no need to go into the matter of the pail of water.

"You know that I wanted to warn you about the engagement."

"Yes."

"And to tell you that it's just an engagement."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'm never going to marry Shad, but I wanted terribly to be engaged to him and have everybody know it."

"But why in God's name? You've got everything on earth—money and position and ——"

"We haven't a cent," Susan Spruance said. "The only reason we're living here as we are is the reason the people in Rome had for throwing bread to the besiegers."

"Then you're caught in the Hicks-Spruance jam?"

"You know about it?"

"Yes, but I thought you had lots of outside funds."

"We did have when we began the price war. It was in two Florida banks and it was wiped out overnight. Then mother, who's the brains behind the business, thought we could carry on by borrowing and mortgaging this place. It wasn't enough."

"But surely the Peerless Pin Tag people would buy you out. They must be good and tired of the price war too."

"They would have at one time, but now they're pretty sure they're going to win. The last offer they made to buy us out didn't equal the amount of our debts. They're waiting for us to go bankrupt. That's what Mr. Pelham, who's the head of Peerless, wants. Mr. Pelham is a fiend!"

Susan Spruance's eyes blazed as she made that statement.

"But Shad Hermann isn't going to pay off your debts and finance the continuance of this price war as an engagement present," Joe called to her attention.

"I know he's not," Susan answered. "But don't you see that if Mr. Pelham and the other Peerless people think that we're engaged and that all his money will be behind us, it may force them to make a decent offer for Hicks-Spruance? That's the only possible chance we have left."

"I suppose you're a little in love with Shad anyway," Joe tested her.

"In love with him!" Susan's voice concentrated contempt.

"But how can you ——"

Susan interrupted him. "I can do it," she said, "because he's cruel and beastly, and I loathe him."

"He's not so bad as that," fairness compelled Joe to state.

"You say that when he treats you as he does?"

"That's just fun, for the most part."

"Yes, the only fun he knows—making people miserable in one way or another. I see you think I'm horrible and that it's a contemptible scheme."

"Well, I think I'd rather be poor," Joe said quietly.

"It isn't a question of just me," Susan blazed at him.

"No, I know it's your mother you're thinking of."

"Not even just mother. There's a trust fund of seventy-seven thousand shares of Hicks-Spruance stock which mother controls. That provides not only for her and me but for every relative I have in the world—aunts and cousins, and old employes even—helpless people I love a great deal. Mother feels that she's ruined them all by her bad management."

"Does Shad know about this financial situation?" Joe asked. It seemed to him a vital question.

"He knows that we're frightfully hard pressed, because mother went to him about putting up money. He has some stock, you know. He said he wasn't interested."

That seemed to Joe to clinch the matter.

"Then I'm darned if I blame you," he said. "The only trouble is that it doesn't sound to me like a very practical idea."

"It's a last desperate measure."

"Well, Pelham ought to see the announcement of the engagement Monday. You should know whether the dodge is going to work within a week or two."

"Yes. The only thing that frightens me is going up to Shad's camp. It's absolutely isolated, isn't it?"

"Absolutely. Just an extension telephone, no telegraph. Automobiles only admitted past the gate by special permit."

A little shudder ran over Susan's body.

"You don't know how I detest him, Joe."

"Really?" he implored.

"I never could have got through yesterday if you hadn't been here."

He took her hand.

"I don't see how I helped."

"Neither do I, but it's true. We're going to take some fourth person to the mountains, of course. I've suggested you, but mother's not certain."

"She can't stand me, I know," Joe said.

"It's not that, but she thinks you upset me. Will you try and be particularly nice to her? Otherwise she'll ask Fred Heusen."

"I'll do my best," Joe promised, "but I wish I could get in this thing from some other angle. I ought not to be just hanging around to comfort you, and I'm the cow's cough when it comes to older women."

"If you only liked mother better!" Susan sighed. "If you only knew what a grand, dauntless person she is. Most women in her situation would have gone right into a nervous breakdown and had to be babied and taken care of, but she never falters. Her nerves are worn thin, of course, and you can imagine what torture a party of this kind is to her, but she goes on like—like that inscription on the Post Office."

"Susan!"

Mrs. Spruance stood at the foot of the *allée*. She had not weathered the festivities so well as her daughter. She looked extremely tired and extremely cross.

"Oh, mother," Susan said, "I thought you were in bed."

"I was just going to bed when I went to your room and found that you weren't there. I've been looking for you ever since. Please don't keep me waiting any longer."

"I've been talking to Joe," Susan told her. "You know, Joe has known Shad ever since college."

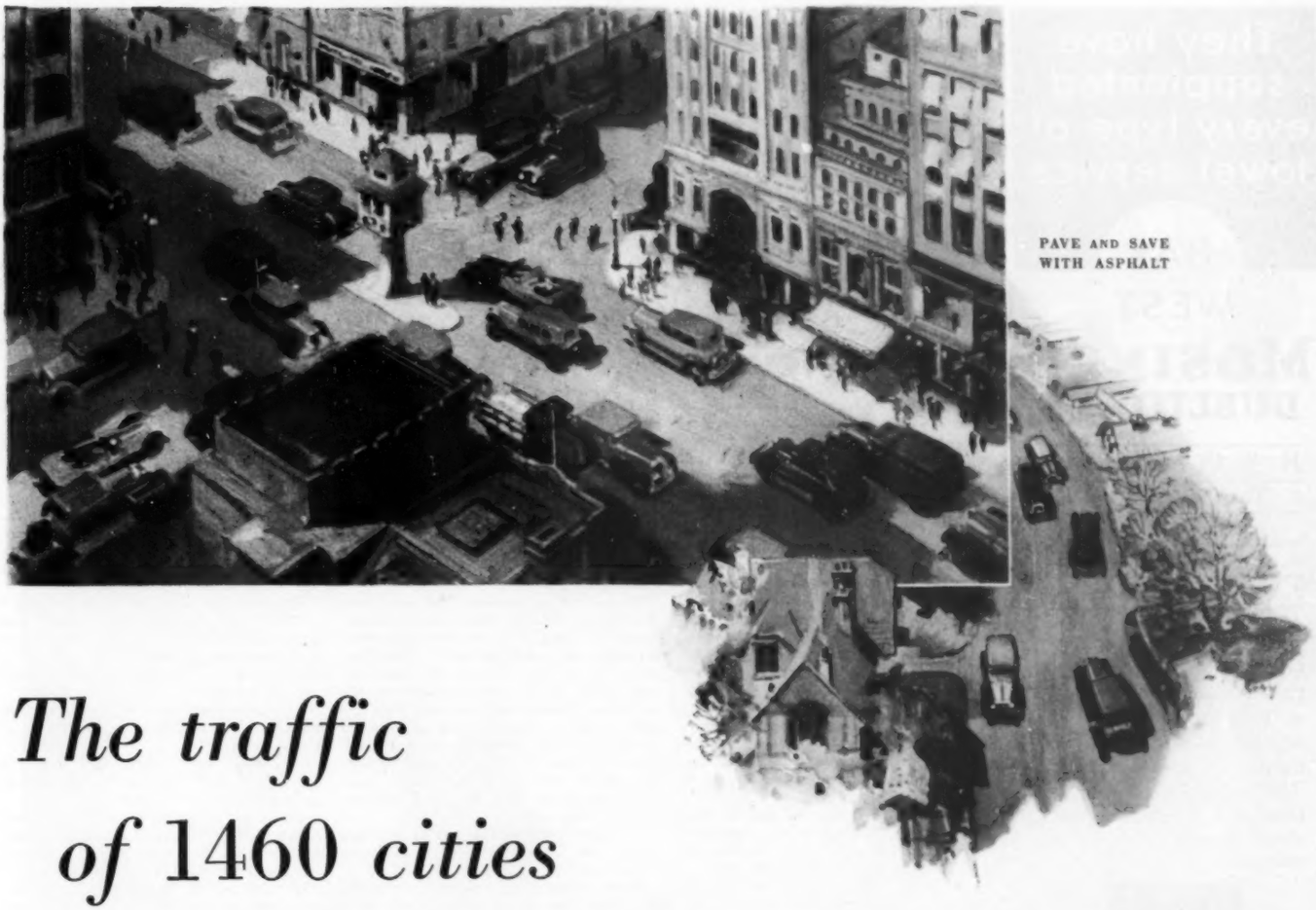
"Let's not go into the history of their friendship now," Mrs. Spruance said. "How do you happen to be dressed like that, Mr. Davis?"

"Shad put a pail of water over my door," Joe explained. "It soused me, so I had to change. That's why I haven't been around all evening."

"You always manage to put Shad in such a charming light," Mrs. Spruance commented. "Come, Susan."

Susan Spruance had certainly set him a whale of a task, Joe thought as he watched her and her mother disappear. To win over that old Gorgon! Oh, well, a man could do anything if he set his mind to it. That seemed particularly true in the clear, morning sunlight.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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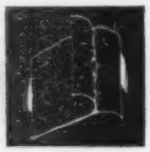

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HOW TO BE A LION

(Continued from Page 13)

Benny played up to her in spite of himself. "He was a good tough boy," Benny said, imitating the manner of a prize fighter greeting the crowd over the radio and saying a kind word for his opponent and at the same time pointing his own success.

Mrs. Bentley nodded. "He was tough and strong," she said, "but he never had a chance."

"He kept me pretty busy."

"And you cut him to ribbons." She looked at Benny, frankly appraising him. "Do you ever shoot?" she asked.

"I used to hunt snipe and woodcock when I was a boy," Benny said. "I haven't done any shooting since."

Ann came back. "That was Miriam Carter. She's giving a party next week for some visiting English novelist. She wanted to know where she could dig up some more men." Ann smiled at Benny. "When I told her about you, she was thrilled. She made me promise to bring you. You'll meet a lot of literary people."

"You'll have a perfectly rotten time," Mrs. Bentley said. "All literary people do is sit around and drink bad drinks. The women aren't pretty and the men don't know the difference between a foxhound and a beagle." She turned to Ann. "The shooting season opens day after tomorrow. Will you and Hugo come up for the week-end and bring Mr. Powers?"

"Of course we will," Ann said. "We'll be delighted."

"Good," Mrs. Bentley said. She rose to go. "Friday night then. Dinner is at eight." She looked at Benny. "You needn't bother about guns if you haven't any. My husband is so near your build that he can fit you out."

"Benny," Ann said, when Mrs. Bentley had gone, "you don't need any promotion. You're a lion already. Mrs. Bentley has taken you up. She fell for you on sight."

"She wasn't interested in me," Benny protested. "She only liked me because——"

"Oh, wasn't she!" Ann interrupted. "She's never asked me to one of her week-ends before, so it's plain she asked me because she wanted you."

"She's a strange woman," Benny said.

"Strange! Phyllis Bentley is just about the most exciting woman in New York."

"She's pretty," Benny admitted.

"She's more than pretty," Ann Hoyt said. "She's really smart. And her parties are the last word."

Benny saw that it was time for him to go. "Mrs. Bentley isn't a special friend of yours?" he asked.

"In a way she is," Ann said thoughtfully. "I think she likes me. She probably thinks I'm too young and unsophisticated to be asked to her parties. Women two or three years older always think that; especially if they're married. But I really know her rather well. We were in Miss Whitman's school together. She was Phyllis Andrews then. She'd always had governesses and tutors and, of course, she'd never paid any attention to them. She could hardly read and write when she came to school. But she was so clever she made it all up. All the girls looked up to her because she knew how to wear clothes and came from such a swank family and was so daring. Then she married Jack Bentley. They've gone in heavily for sport in the English fashion—sport and flirtation."

Benny was appalled. How was he going to hold up his end with people like that? But he did not want Ann to know how scared he was.

"It sounds—it sounds interesting," he said.

"Benny," Ann Hoyt said, "I don't believe you even suspect what a break you're getting in being asked to their house. The people you'll meet can do anything for you. Miriam Carter's crowd is only good for publicity. If you play around with them you'll get your name in the papers. But if you play around with Phyllis Bentley's crowd you'll make money in the stock market. And you'll be in line for something handsome in the way of a job. Do you see?"

Benny nodded. "I see," he said.

"I don't believe you do, or else you'd be more enthusiastic. What I'm telling you is really true. If Phyllis Bentley likes you, you can have anything you want. You really can."

"I see," Benny said. Not that he did see.

"You come to luncheon on Friday," Ann said, "and drive up with Hugo and me. And don't make any engagements, please. Where are you stopping, in case I want to call you up between now and then?"

Benny told her the name of his Broadway hotel.

Ann shook her head. "Why don't you move into the Playfair? That's a much better address."

"I will," Benny promised.

III

BENNY POWERS was so happy, driving up to the Bentleys' with Ann and Hugo Pritchard that he forgot to worry about what might happen when he got there.

It was Indian summer. The woodlands were ablaze with the fiery reds of autumn against a background of green and yellow as long as the sunlight lasted. Then they drove for an hour through the blue haze that comes on the Litchfield hills at the end of an October day; through little villages of white houses strung out along a tumbling stream. Before it was quite dark the moon came up, looking enormous over the nearest hill. And hour after hour, Benny sat beside Ann Hoyt, his shoulder touching hers.

"There's the Massachusetts line," Hugo said at last. "We've only eight or ten miles more to go."

Benny snapped out of his dream of going on forever thus beside Ann and told himself that the Bentleys' house couldn't be so different from the Playfair. Benny told himself the only thing to do was to watch the others and do exactly what they did, and not to mind. But he did mind, because of Ann.

They came to the Bentley gates and drove three miles up a private road to the house. Benny had a confused impression of a wide hall bright with candles and firelight, of people arriving and being told it was time to dress for dinner, in an atmosphere of jolly intimacy. It was all very easy and happy for the others, who knew one another by their first names, but trying for Benny, who had never met any of them before. A servant took him up to an enormous bedroom, with furniture in maple and pine which Benny guessed was the last word in something or other; and he did not have to hurry, because his clothes were already laid out for him and a valet was busy putting the buttons in his shirt. And on his way down to dinner he met Ann.

He had never seen Ann in evening dress before, and he was so startled and delighted that he told her she was beautiful. He didn't mean to. He simply blurted it out and only thought afterward, when she blushed, that saying such a thing was really making love to her, which he couldn't do when she was engaged to Hugo.

"Did you notice?" Ann asked. "This house is lighted by candles and heated by open fires. There isn't any electricity or any central heat. Anybody might have thought of doing such a thing, but only Phyllis would actually carry it out."

"I hadn't noticed," Benny said. "But now you tell me I see you are right."

The dinner was a long one, but Benny managed it well enough—much better than he would have if he had realized the full significance of the fact that he was on his hostess' right. He even endured—though not without blushing—the stir that was occasioned by Mrs. Bentley's making it plain to everyone at their end of the table that Mr. Powers was Young Griffin, the prize fighter.

Jack Bentley took Benny out to the gun room after dinner and began hauling out long, flat, rectangular cases of leather.

"Here," he said, opening a case, "is a pair I'd recommend. They're twelves, and if you haven't been shooting lately, I'd suggest twelve bores." He put one of the guns together and handed it to Benny.

The gun was incredibly light and graceful. Benny did not at once put it to his shoulder. He had to examine the dark, mottled wood of the stock, note the perfection of the locks. He tried the gun, putting it to his shoulder quickly, his eyes on the flame of a candle in a sconce on the wall. The gun came up perfectly.

"Ah," Jack Bentley said, "I see you've shot a gun before."

Benny smiled. "When I was fourteen," he said, "I bought an old single-barrel shotgun, secondhand, for five dollars. I learned to shoot it fairly well. I didn't know there was such a gun as this in the world."

"I'm glad you like it," Jack Bentley said. "You'll find the other one in the case exactly matches it, so you can change from one to the other without difficulty."

Benny smiled. "Isn't one gun enough?"

"No," Jack Bentley said, "not for our shooting up here. We drive pheasants, and when they begin to come over, you need a man behind you, loading for you and handing you a fresh gun."

Phyllis Bentley came in to say that she wanted Young Griffin to shoot with her in the morning.

"Right-o," Jack Bentley said. "And I have a hunch he'll keep up with you as soon as he gets on to driven birds."

Benny got no chance to talk to Ann that evening. When he was free to look for her, he found she had gone to bed. Nearly everybody had gone to bed. Hugo was sitting in the bar off the gun room with another man, drinking Scotch and soda. Jack Bentley reminded them that they would be called at six in the morning. But they were both tight and determined, with amiable stubbornness, to get tighter. Benny wondered if Hugo was a souse. He had the air of a man who gets drunk on purpose, because that is what he likes, and not by inadvertence.

The women guests, none of whom were actually shooting, turned up the next morning in what are called sport clothes, and looked charming until Mrs. Bentley came down in tweeds. Benny Powers walked with her through half a mile of old hill pasture where silk stockings would have been torn to shreds. They came to an abandoned woods road. A woodcock jumped up and went down the road in strong, irregular flight. Benny half raised his gun and waited for Mrs. Bentley. Her gun roared close beside him and the woodcock tumbled out of the air. Benny turned and looked at her.

"Gee," he said in surprise and admiration, "you really can shoot, can't you?"

"I don't pretend—much," she said.

"And you do what you like."

"Yes," she said, "and I like other people to do what they like."

They argued the ramifications of that at intervals all day. They took their station at a stone wall under cover of an alder thicket and watched for the birds that came flying high overhead. Sometimes they waited for half an hour without seeing a pheasant. Sometimes the birds came so fast that their gun barrels got hot to hold. Benny Powers killed forty-nine pheasants to her fifty-three.

After dinner Benny waited, watching for a chance to talk to Ann. Mrs. Bentley touched his arm. "I want to talk to you," she said. Benny followed her obediently to an upstairs sitting room where there were chairs beside a fire.

"Ann tells me you aren't fighting any more," she said.

(Continued on Page 102)

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And now you also know how to be sure of getting exactly the grade of pineapple you need—whether it be Sliced, Crushed or Tidbits.

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Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

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L&N

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

(Continued from Page 100)

"I'm not. I've got a bad right hand."

He had to show her the hand and explain exactly what the X rays had revealed and why Doctor Foraker thought it no use to graft bone, as he so often did.

"How did you do it?" she asked.

"I got careless with it," Benny said.

Phyllis Bentley leaned back in her chair and stretched her slim well-molded legs toward the fire.

"I wish you'd stay up here," she said. "Do you ride?"

"No," Benny said, "I don't ride."

"You should," she told him. "And I'd love to teach you. I ride rather well myself. People say you have to begin riding as a child if you're ever to have a good seat or good hands. That's nonsense. You're the sort who'd learn easily. If you rode every morning for a month with me, you'd ride quite decently." She glanced at him. "Would you try it?"

"Why," Benny said, "I—I ——"

"There won't be many guests this season," she said. "Jack's too busy. He's in this market and he isn't at all sure there isn't going to be one grand crash, and he feels he's got to be in town every day in case there is. He'll only be out from Saturday night to Monday morning. I'll have to amuse myself until he's free again. Wouldn't you like staying up here and doing some shooting? It's the best part of the year in the country. And any time you get bored you can run into town for a day and a night. I'd like to go in once a week myself."

Benny hoped he didn't show how frightened he felt at this astounding proposal. What if she insisted?

"It's awfully nice of you," Benny said. "But ——"

"It isn't," Phyllis Bentley assured him. "I need somebody to play with and I choose you."

"But," Benny said firmly, "I feel I've got to be in New York. As long as I am definitely through fighting, I've got to find something else to do."

"If you need money, I'm sure Jack could make some for you. He's in on some awfully good things."

"I have plenty of money," Benny said. "Or at least I have all I need for a long time to come. What I need is work. My job is gone and I've got to find a new one."

"Why?" Phyllis Bentley asked.

"Well," Benny said, "I don't want to be a loafer. I don't want to go backward. Now is my chance to do something worthwhile."

Phyllis Bentley turned and surveyed him with amused and friendly eyes. "Do you know what I think you need most?" she asked. "I think you need to learn how to play. You're nice. I like you a lot. I don't know when I've met a man I liked so much. But you're awfully solemn and serious. Don't you think you're almost earnest? I do. I think I'd be good for you. You've had a hard life and you haven't known many women. It's time you took things a little easily and found out how much fun it is to go places with a woman. I'd love to have you take me to Madison Square Garden when there are some good fights and point out all the things only an expert like you would see. And how I would love to go to luncheon at Pierre's with you!"

"But," Benny said, "I—I—I'm afraid ——"

"Benny," she said, "don't misunderstand me—I'm not proposing a love affair. I don't go in for that sort of thing."

"No," Benny said, "I understand. And, of course, I'll take you to the Garden if you like. The only thing is that—that I'm sort of well-known at the Garden, so that I couldn't go there without quite a lot of people noticing it. And the announcer'd probably say something about me and point me out. And you're well-known, too, of course."

"You mean we'd attract a great deal of attention?"

Benny nodded. "I don't see how it could be avoided. Because, after all, you're a society woman and I'm a fighter. And the next morning the papers would say something about it—about how Mrs. Jack Bentley went to the show with Young Griffin, the lightweight."

Phyllis Bentley turned around and hung her legs over the arm of her chair and swung them ecstatically. "Wouldn't that be perfect!" she cried. "Think of the gossip we'd start. And then, if we went to Pierre's the next day! And to a night club in the evening!"

Benny looked at her. She meant it. Her eyes were shining.

"You wouldn't want to be talked about," he said.

"Oh, wouldn't I!" Phyllis Bentley cried. "I love being talked about. It's one of the things I live for. I've got a reputation for doing outrageous things. And right now my reputation's positively languishing. If I could have everybody pointing us out and saying, 'There goes Mrs. Jack Bentley with her prize fighter,' I'd be perfectly happy."

"Well," Benny said stubbornly, "I wouldn't."

"Oh, Benny," she cried, "don't you see what fun it would be?"

"No," Benny said.

"But you will take me to the Garden—just once?"

"I will—just once," Benny said. "I promised you that."

"Oh, Benny," she said, "I wish you had a little more imagination. If you had a little more imagination you'd be perfect."

Benny's drive back to New York on Monday with Ann and Hugo was no such quiet delight as the drive up had been. It was still Indian summer. The leaves of autumn were as splendid as they had been on Friday afternoon. But Ann and Hugo were not speaking. Benny was in the unhappy predicament of being the person they must get rid of before they could resume their quarrel.

Benny spent Monday evening alone in his rooms at the Playfair. After that he had a busy week. Ann asked him to take her to Pierre's on Tuesday. He took Mrs. Bentley to the fights at the Garden that evening and met a dozen of her friends during the interval between the semifinal and the final. After the show was over, Mrs. Bentley insisted on calling for Ann and going to Harlem. Before the night was over she'd got Benny to accept an invitation from one of her friends to dinner and arranged to get herself asked to Miriam Carter's salon.

Benny went to Miriam Carter's with Ann and Hugo. The atmosphere was strained. He felt that Ann disapproved of him almost as heartily as she seemed to disapprove of Hugo, and he couldn't find out why. Benny was startled when she came to him in the middle of the evening and asked if he'd take her home.

He made rapid excuses to his hostess and got out before she had time to marshal a real protest. He was going out the door when Mrs. Bentley caught him.

"Young Griffin," she said, "you aren't going to leave me in this awful place, are you? You will come back and rescue me, won't you?"

Benny said of course he would.

Ann sat staring out of the window of the taxi, without speaking. Benny handed her out of the cab at her front door and dismissed the driver.

"Ann," he said, "won't you tell me what's the matter?"

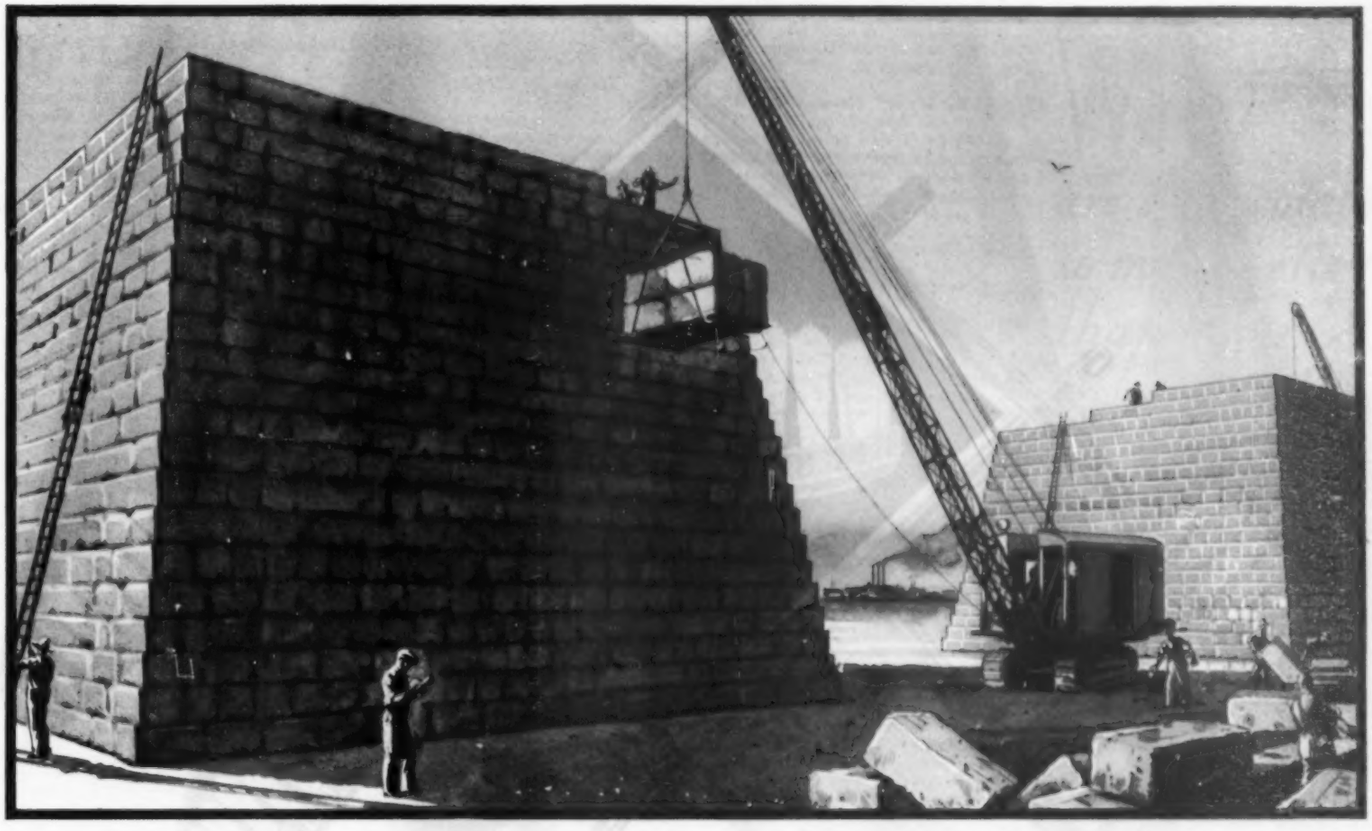
"Nothing's the matter," Ann said.

"You're unhappy about something," Benny said.

"I'm not unhappy," Ann said loftily. "I'm not even mad. But I hate men. I hate Hugo because he gets tight. He was tight again tonight. That's why I asked you to take me home. But I don't like you either. I think you're letting Phyllis Bentley make a perfect fool of you. And I don't care to talk about it—any of it. . . . Would you mind leaving me now?"

Benny ached to take her in his arms and comfort her. He couldn't. She was engaged to Hugo. And she was so unapproachable. It is always difficult to comfort a girl who is angry.

(Continued on Page 105)



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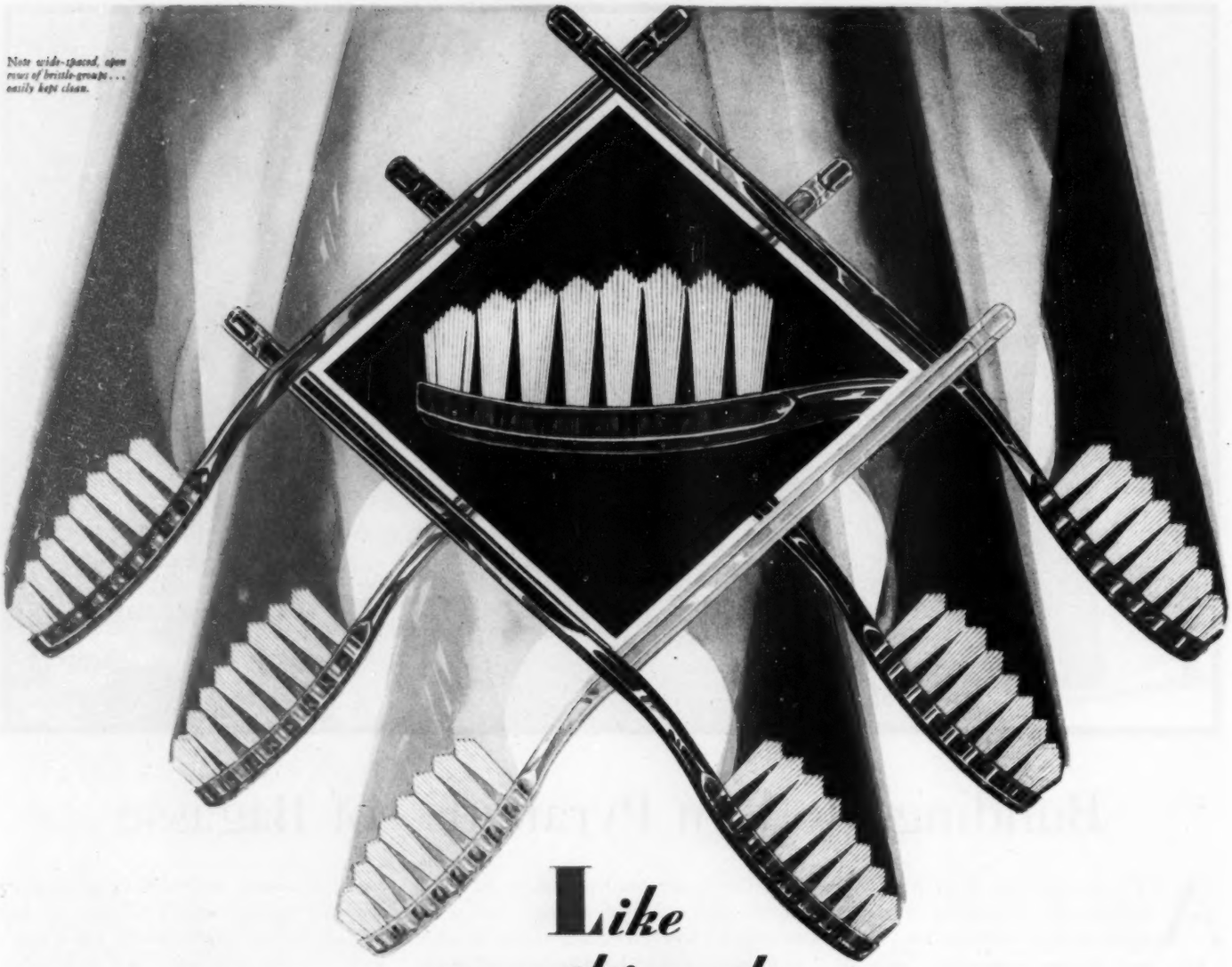

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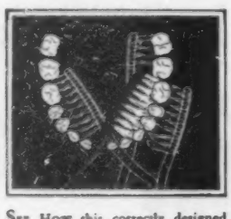
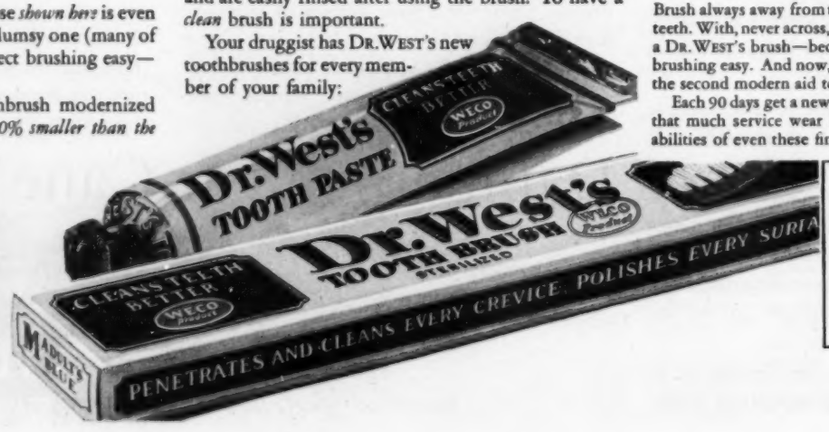


SEE HOW this correctly designed modern brush cleanses every surface, and sweeps crevices clean: far back, and inside, as well as in front.



Have you tried the delightful, modern **DR. WEST'S TOOTH PASTE?** ***It is already the most sensational success in dentifrice history.***

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(Continued from Page 102)

"I wish you'd talk to me," he said.

"I won't," Ann said. "I never want to talk to you again."

"It isn't like you to be so ——"

Ann turned on him fiercely. "Benny," she said, "will you please go home?"

Benny said good night. He walked toward the Playfair. He had never known Ann to be anything but kind and sweet and reasonable before. He had thought that she was perfect. And she wasn't. She was imperfect. She was capable of being childish. She no longer seemed so far away.

Benny lingered over his breakfast at the Playfair the next morning. He had a letter from Joe Brady reminding him that Joe Brady stood ready to take him into partnership any time he'd say the word. They'd buy a fight club or a hockey team or a training camp or anything else that promised to be profitable. He also had a telegram from Phyllis Bentley urging him to come to the Berkshires for the week-end. He had a dozen other invitations—invitations to tea, to dinner, to dance, to a cruise through the West Indies in somebody's yacht.

Benny turned in desperation to the morning papers. He read the morning papers doggedly while he tried to frame an answer to Joe and a telegram to Phyllis Bentley, and wondered what to do about the other invitations and sought an excuse for calling Ann on the telephone. He read right through the paper until he came to the classified advertisements. He read the Help Wanted column. He read the Help Wanted column until one of the advertisements leaped out at him. It read:

TOOLMAKER—one of the old-fashioned kind who knows his trade and can work to a thousandth of an inch. Please don't apply if you never heard of a micrometer. ZEBULON KINSEY, — Wilcox Street, Long Island City.

There couldn't be two Zeb Kinseys in the world—not two who'd write an ad like that. Benny got a taxi and drove to Long Island City. On Wilcox Street there was a factory building across the front of which was a sign which read:

ZEBULON KINSEY—AIRPLANE FIXTURES

Benny walked in. Zeb Kinsey was sitting at a littered desk in a small office. The rest was machine shop, filled with the pleasant sound of solid machines cutting, boring, grinding metal under streams of lard oil. Benny sniffed the well-remembered odor, lent an ear to the well-remembered sounds. He hadn't been in a machine shop since the days when he'd fought his first preliminary bouts—since the days when he'd been the son of a drunken sign painter and Ann Hoyt had been the daughter of the man who owned the town.

Zeb Kinsey looked up with that false ferocity of his. "Well?" he said.

"You advertised for a toolmaker," Benny said.

"You're no toolmaker," Zeb Kinsey roared. "You're one of these white-collar boys ——" He paused in midflight and his face broke into a wide smile of recognition. "You're that fresh kid, Benny Powers," he finished.

They shook hands, they slapped each other on the back, they exchanged happy reminiscences of the time when Benny had been an apprentice in Johnson's machine shop and Zeb Kinsey had been his foreman in Reedsville, Indiana. And then Zeb Kinsey took Benny Powers over the shop, which was humming, and told him all about business, which was booming, and confided his troubles with the bank, which were getting worse because the business was growing too fast.

"I simply haven't got the capital to swing it," Zeb Kinsey said. "We're working overtime to get out our orders—we've got a reputation in the trade—we're making money. But I'm still borrowing Saturday morning to meet Saturday night's pay roll."

"What'll you take for a half share?" Benny asked.

"Fifty thousand dollars," Zeb Kinsey said.

Benny nodded. "I'll take you, Zeb. I'll take you on one condition. I'll take you if you'll start me at the bottom and teach me the business."

Zeb Kinsey grinned. It was as simple as that.

Benny went back to East Sixty-second Street at teatime. He gave his hat and stick and gloves to the butler as if he'd known butlers all his life.

"Of course," Ann Hoyt said—"of course you know I didn't mean a word I said last night. It was just one of those things."

Benny looked at her. She was sitting in the corner of a sofa with one leg tucked under her. She was very young and very lovely.

"Let's forget it," Benny said.

"Let's," Ann said.

They smiled at each other.

"I've got a job," he said happily. "I've gone into business." He told her about Zeb Kinsey.

"So," she said, "you've passed up everything I planned for you."

"I had to, Ann. I don't want to be a lion. People like Phyllis Bentley make me uncomfortable. I'm not at home with them. I want to go to work. I want ——" But he did not have a chance to tell her more just then, because Hugo Pritchard came in.

"I thought I'd find you two together," Hugo said. "I've got something to say to you both."

"Hugo," Ann said, "you're tight."

"I am," Hugo said with dignity. "I'm tight enough to say what I've got to say." He walked across the room and put his back against the mantelpiece. He was more than six feet tall and he looked more than three feet wide. "What I've got to say is, I'm through with both of you."

"What do you mean by that?" Benny Powers asked.

"I mean that you've been making love to my girl and she's ——"

Benny jumped up. "I've done nothing of the sort," he said angrily.

"Now—now," Hugo Pritchard said. "I know you can lick me. But whatever you do, I'm going to speak my piece."

"I'm not your girl, Hugo," Ann said. "You know I'm not."

Hugo Pritchard flushed red. "I suppose," he said to Benny Powers—"I suppose you've got the nerve to stand there and tell me you haven't spent every minute since that night we met you at the Café de la Paix trying to take her away from me. I suppose you've got the nerve to tell me you're not in love with her."

"No," Benny Powers said, "it's true. I am in love with her."

Hugo Pritchard turned to Ann: "And you're in love with him. That's why you broke your engagement with me. It wasn't because I got tight. It was because you were in love with him."

"I'm not in love with him!" Ann cried. "I'm not in the least in love with him!"

"Indeed!" Hugo Pritchard said. "How odd! How very odd!" He bowed with exaggerated deference to each of them and went out.

Ann sat in her corner of the couch. Benny Powers sat down and lit a cigarette and put it out and got up again. The silence grew more and more strained. Benny Powers decided that the only possible thing to do was to ignore Hugo's painful interruption.

"As I was saying," he began—"as I was saying when Hugo came in, I've got to go to work. I want to get somewhere and be somebody."

"Why did you tell Hugo you were in love with me?"

"Because it's true," Benny said.

"You've never acted as if you were."

"You were engaged to Hugo."

Ann looked up at him and smiled: "I'm not engaged to Hugo any more."

THE BUSINESS TIDE

(Continued from Page 28)

The President was being importuned that week to reassure the public. The long-distance-telephone lines between New York and Washington were busy. It is rarely that a President of the United States is interrupted at dinner for a telephone call. The situation was so urgent, however, on one occasion that the President left his guests to answer an urgent plea from New York.

"They want me to make a statement. It is not words but action that counts at a time like this," he commented to a friend afterward. The President was counseling patience. Within forty-eight hours the announcement was made that Mr. Hoover had summoned the business leaders of the country. He felt that it was the right psychology at last. And it may prove to have been the biggest moment of all for American business.

A New Business Organization

With all the various associations, trade bodies and occupational groups, it would naturally be assumed that American business is well organized. And yet when it came to establishing a liaison between Government and business it was found that some of the largest units had an emphasis all their own, and that finance, the electric power and gas utilities, railroad transportation and other groups embracing basic industries could hardly be reached by merely calling in representatives of local chambers of commerce. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which has grown to be one of the most important institutions American business has ever had, recognized that the American Bankers Association, for example, could function more quickly with respect to the banking world, just as the National Electric Light Association could marshal the opinion of the electric utilities.

Three major groups were therefore brought into being. The business group embraced all manner of business activity; the labor group included such organizations as the American Federation of Labor and the railroad brotherhoods, which have always gone their separate ways; the agricultural group included the many farm organizations, which have had among them as many differences of opinion almost as there were organizations.

So far as government coöperation is concerned, the cabinet portfolios which correspond to the three major groups are the Secretaries of Commerce, Labor and Agriculture, but to these must be added the Secretary of the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board, because of the great importance of finance in the business world, as well as the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Trade Commission in the field of business regulation. Again, there has also grown up the Federal Farm Board as an agency coördinate with the Department of Agriculture itself. In fact, a coöperating governmental group has been developed out of the officials of the Federal Government and those of the forty-eight state governments. Something of the same kind was created during the war, when the state Councils of Defense coöperated with the Council of National Defense in Washington.

"It's too early to say," said Mr. Barnes, as he walked away from the White House after one of the business conferences recently, "whether we can convert this voluntary organization into something permanent. That is for the future to determine. But the whole episode proves conclusively that there is a need for a force that will accelerate the wheels of progress and will set in motion governmental machinery that cannot possibly be stimulated unless it has

(Continued on Page 107)

Why *are some combs so much better than others?*

ONE comb pulls and cuts your hair—never arranging it just exactly as you want it.

Another glides easily and smoothly through, laying every strand precisely in place.

If you could look at them through a magnifying glass, you could see that this is chiefly due to a difference in finish.

Ace Combs are notable for their especially smooth, rounded teeth, because they are *moulded* and given the characteristic high polish that only hard rubber can take. Ordinary combs are often merely stamped out of sheet material.

Look for the stamp "Ace" when you buy a comb, and thus be sure of those features that alone make a comb satisfactory.

Ace Combs—Ace Combs glide easily through the hair because they have rounded, smoothly finished, parallel teeth.

Inferior Combs—You can see v-shaped openings and the sharp jagged edges of an inferior comb, which pull and cut your hair.

ACE COMBS

Drug and department stores have Ace Combs in all styles and sizes for men and women. Send for free book, "Current Styles in Hair Combing." Write your name and address plainly in margin below and mail to

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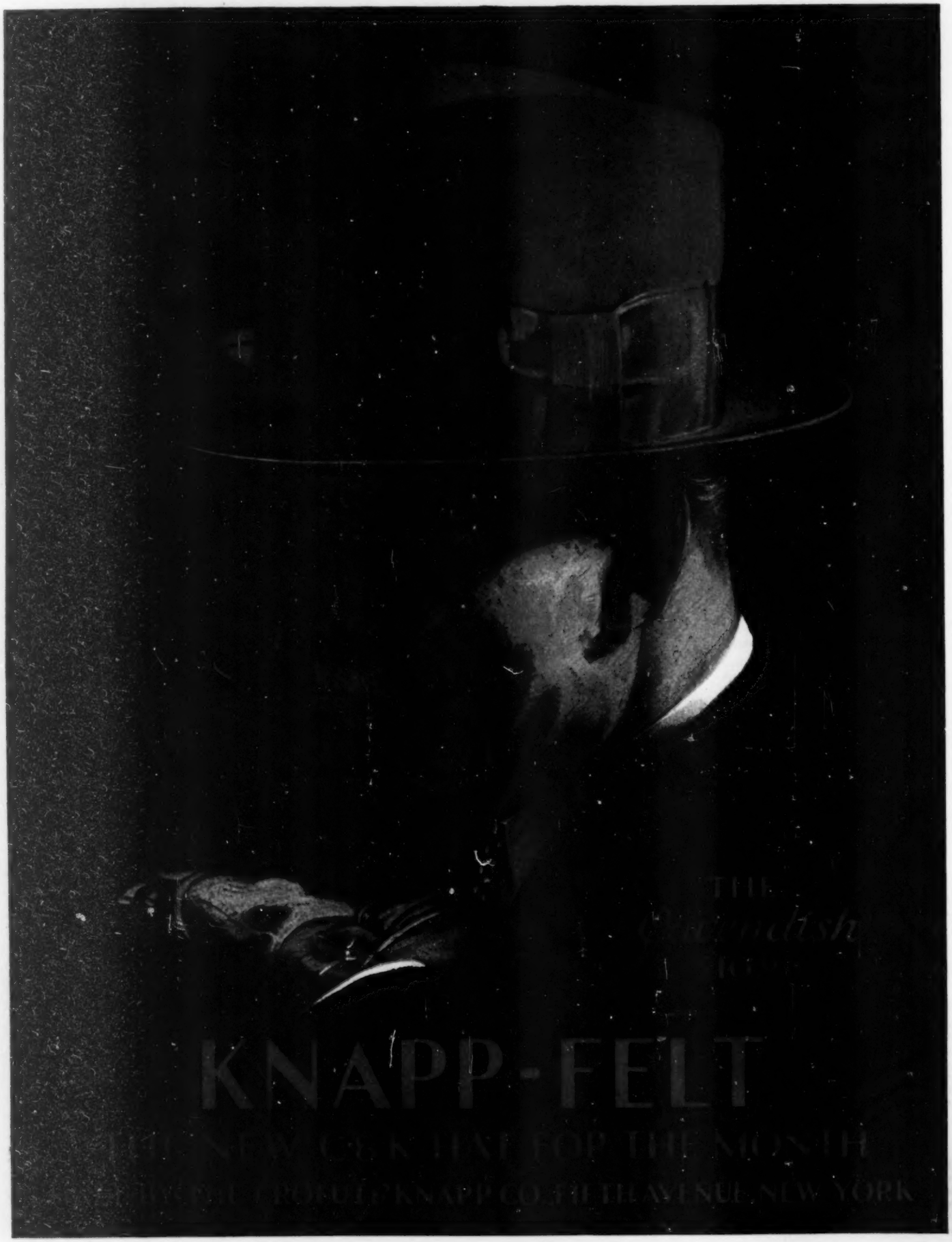

KNAPP-FELT

(Continued from Page 105)

back of it public opinion and a clear understanding of the economic needs of the country.

"It is all a question of balance. Take the car-foundry business. In the past few years it has been starved for various reasons. The efficiency of railroad locomotives has been increased, and now comes a moment when replacements must be made. It is no time for hesitation, yet it is important for the railroads to know whether it is opportune for them to buy equipment. They must have low money rates; they must know what the other industries of the country are likely to do.

"Take steel, for example. If the automobile industry requires less steel, are there other sources from which steel buying can be stimulated? I do not know whether the controversy over the award of mail contracts would have been settled as quickly as it was but for the fact that the decision to grant mail contracts to enable the private lines to enter into a program of shipbuilding was opportune for the steel industry. A program of shipbuilding is being undertaken now which means an even flow of steel—the best kind of business that the steel industry could possibly have. It is not a matter of buying from month to month with shipbuilding, as it is with automobile making; it is a question of purchasing over a period of time. This is what I mean by preserving a balance of buying power.

"Then there are the utilities. They have a $1,500,000,000 program for 1930. It is more than 1929. I suppose that 65 per cent of the copper production is used up by the utility industry. So we have another basic industry, copper, dependent upon an even buying power. It was essential that the utilities be called into conference to determine that program.

"I don't know the extent to which we can expedite business through government cooperation. Nobody knows that until we try. I am not suggesting that any of the governmental agencies should decide any question for or against a particular group without thoroughly examining the merits. But as it so often happens, there will be procrastination because either the governmental agency or the country at large does not recognize the importance of expediting action.

"The Federal Power Commission is charged with the duty, for example, of deciding on water-power projects on navigable rivers. There are hundreds of applications for power. It takes time to consider them. The Flathead Lake project in Montana will require at least $10,000,000 of construction; in fact, there are applications which may mean more than $100,000,000 in construction when the projects are approved.

"There are other things of this kind reposing in government offices. It sometimes takes a crisis to force action. State and municipal improvements are needed, but it takes time to get them voted, and then, when they are approved, it often happens that the money market is not ready to lend at low enough rates.

"That's another factor in the important task of maintaining a balance of buying power. Money must be cheap enough when it is bought by industry for financing its enterprises.

"Oftentimes an industry has shown in the past few years that it needed reorganization. The oil industry is a case in point. It has been gradually setting its own house in order. I am told that more than a year ago there was a discussion of overproduction in connection with the radio industry, and we must recognize that the production of radio sets has become an industry of more than $600,000,000.

"Some of the leaders within industry have foreseen the dangers of overproduction but could not always bring other leaders to agree with them on a course of action. Yet what has worked out within an industry can be done in fabricating the whole industrial system of the country. There is a method of maintaining a balance, of exchanging information, of bringing about team play between industries that buy and sell to one another. It is that larger scheme which the Committee on Recent Economic Changes recommended and which we have been trying to find a practical way to apply to the present business situation. It should prove a method of detecting, months ahead of time, where are the weak spots in business. It should help us to stimulate governmental bodies to an understanding of how serious are delays and how vital it is to expedite action."

Mr. Barnes may again be ahead of his time, just as he was in 1920, and just as he was in the spring of 1929, but the history of politics is in itself a tale of opportunism. Many a reform was born to blush unheeded for years and years, only to be accepted universally when public understanding of it became complete. The dream of a closer relationship between Government and business has been expounded by small groups of business men ever since the beginning of the industrial era of American progress. Suspicion and distrust of business has been so intense on the part of the political world that even the term "coöperation" has been looked upon as an empty shibboleth. Committees on economic changes might have met and adjourned again and again but for the sensational plunge which the stock market took in October. "Let 'em speculate; it's their own money," was the impatient answer that Wall Street gave to the Federal Reserve Board in February, 1929, but it took only a few months to demonstrate that it was not, after all, such an individual and isolated adventure.

If a lot of people lost money it suddenly became everybody's business, for sudden declines in security values brought a strange distrust. Some called it lack of confidence. Others saw no bottom even in the commodity world. Such things, it was frankly recognized, could affect buying power.

And so has come the greatest economic effort of peacetime, the use of disinterested agencies—the Federal Government and the forty-eight state governments—to take up the slack, to stimulate construction through exchange of basic data, through assurances from buyers and sellers, through the coördination of all the processes of production and distribution—still a great experiment in mass coöperation, but tried at least in an atmosphere in which business and politics coincide, for they both need prosperous times in which to attain their respective goals of achievement.

TWO WRONGS

(Continued from Page 9)

At the sight of him to whom Emmy felt they all owed so much, a great wave of gratitude swept over her. She went up and thanked him.

"I'm a good picker, red-head," he agreed grimly.

"Thank you for picking me."

And suddenly Emmy was moved to a rash remark.

"You've hurt your face so badly!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I think it was so good of you not to let everything go to pieces last night."

He looked at her hard for a moment and then an ironic smile tried unsuccessfully to settle on his swollen face.

"Do you admire me, baby?"

"Yes."

"Even when I fell in the seats, did you admire me?"

"You got control of everything so quick."

"That's loyalty for you. You found something to admire."

And her happiness bubbled up into, "Anyhow, it was wonderful." She looked so fresh and young that Bill, who had had a wretched day, wanted to rest his swollen cheek against her cheek.

He took both the bruise and the desire with him to New York next morning; the bruise faded, but the desire remained. And when they opened in the city, no sooner did he see other admiring men around her beauty than she became this play for him, this success, the thing that he came to see when he came to the theater. It closed just as he was drinking too much, with the waning of the season, and when he needed someone on the gray days of reaction. They were married suddenly in Connecticut, early in June.

III

TWO men sat in the Savoy Grill in London, waiting for the Fourth of July. It was already late in May.

"Is he a nice guy?" asked Hubbel.

"Very nice," answered Brancusi; "very nice, very handsome, very popular." After a moment, he added: "I want to get him to come home."

"That's what I don't see," said Hubbel. "Show business over here is nothing compared to home. What does he want to stay here for?"

"He goes around with a lot of dukes and ladies."

"Oh?"

"Last week when I met him he was with three ladies—Lady this, Lady that, Lady the other thing."

"I thought he was married."

"Married three years," said Brancusi, "got a fine child, going to have another."

He broke off as McChesney came in, his very American face staring about boldly over the collar of a box-shouldered topcoat.

"Hello, Mac; meet my friend Mr. Hubbel."

"J'doo," said Bill. He sat down, continuing to stare around the bar to see who was present. After a few minutes Hubbel left, and Bill asked:

"Who's that bird?"

"He's only been here a month. He hasn't got a title yet. You been here six months, remember."

Bill grinned.

"You think I'm high-hat, don't you? Well, I'm not kidding myself anyhow. I like it; it gets me. I'd like to be the Duke of McChesney."

"Maybe you can drink yourself into it," suggested Brancusi.

"Shut your trap. Who said I was drinking? Is that what they say now? Look here; if you can tell me any American manager in the history of the theater who's had the success that I've had in London in less than eight months, I'll go back to America with you tomorrow. If you'll just tell me ——"

"It was with your old shows. You had two flops in New York."

Bill stood up, his face hardening.

"Who do you think you are?" he demanded. "Did you come over here to talk to me like that?"

"Don't get sore, Bill. I just want you to come back. I'd say anything. Put over three seasons like you had in '22 and '23, and you'll be fixed for life."

"New York makes me sick," said Bill moodily. "One minute you're a king; then you have two flops, they go around saying you're on the toboggan."

Brancusi shook his head.

"That wasn't why they said it. It was because you had that quarrel with Aronstael, your best friend."

"Friend hell!"

"Your best friend in business anyhow. Then ——"

"I don't want to talk about it." He looked at his watch. "Look here; Emmy's feeling bad and wants me home; so I'm

(Continued on Page 109)

Give me a Pencil

that writes like this

IF a man is content with "just a pencil"—one that scratches occasionally, breaks easily, writes unevenly—then he is probably content with many things that are "good enough to get by with."

But if he regards his pencil as something which many times in a day's work is his representative on paper, he is generally the kind of man who is just a little particular about the niceties of life, a man to whom that extra nickel's worth in a Venus Pencil is a very real thing.

Sold everywhere, plain or rubber tipped, at 10c each. Also in handy boxes of a dozen.

17 shades of Venus black provide the perfect pencil for the business man, the architect, engineer, artist and other craftsmen

AMERICAN PENCIL COMPANY
Venus Building, Hoboken, New Jersey

Blue Band VELVET PENCIL 5c

Certainly, we make a 5c pencil, too! The name is VELVET, and it is a quality pencil entirely satisfactory for those who do not desire a pencil quite as uniform, quite as smooth as Venus. Velvet Pencils also sold everywhere.

This Invitation Leads to Better Motoring Performance

IT IS better performance that gives Champion today its remarkable preference throughout the world; and we now invite you to do as these others have done—put in a new set of Champions, whatever spark plugs you may be using.

Spark plugs, their age and condition, have everything to do with performance. World's champions in every competitive field of motoring, flying, speed-boating, use Champion Spark Plugs to insure better performance. They may take a chance with their necks, but they dare not take chances with their spark plugs. If better performance counts in competition, it counts in everyday motoring, and the average motorist wants the best performance he can get.

All we suggest is that you try a set of Champions. Not one in a hundred Champion users could now be induced to use anything else. Could there be more positive evidence of how far Champions actually go in improving performance?

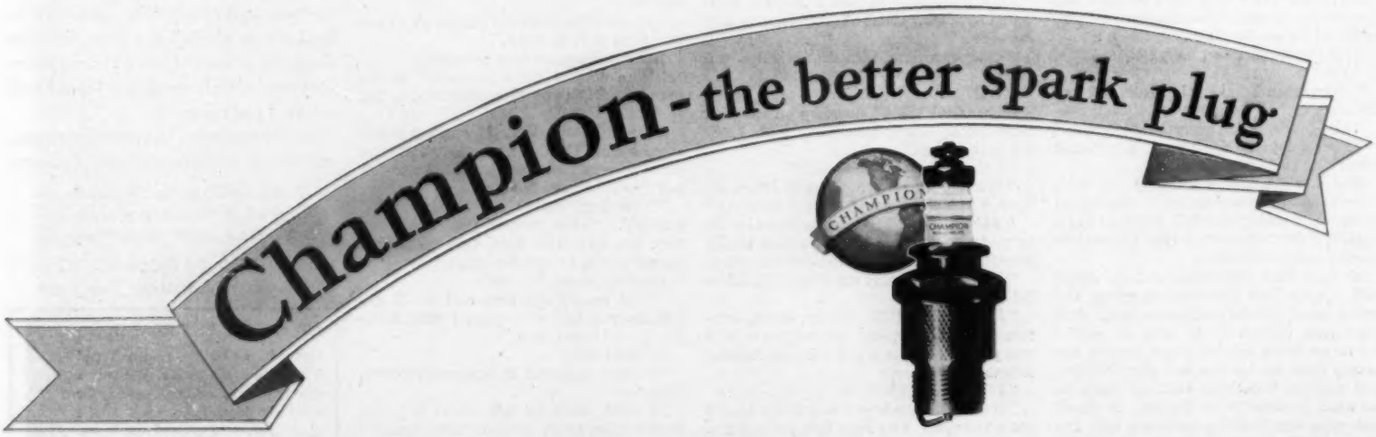
With Champions you will get a new feel from your engine—the feel of renewed power and smoothness, of faster get-away and pickup—but you be the judge of these things yourself.

There is something more to Champion Spark Plugs than reliability in a crisis. There is definitely better performance, every day in the year, which is readily appreciated by any motorist.

During the last six years, millions of motorists have accepted our invitation to change to Champion Spark Plugs by the set. Better performance was their reward. Their savings in gas and oil alone more than paid the cost of new Champions.

Just put in a set of Champions today. Though Champions will outperform and outlast other spark plugs, you can maintain maximum efficiency and economy by changing them every 10,000 miles. We know from others' experience that you will get better performance, but we prefer to have you learn it for yourself.

More than 100,000 dealers stand ready to tell you the *one* type of Champion specifically designed to make your engine yield greater performance.



CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

(Continued from Page 107)

afraid I can't have dinner with you tonight. Come round to the office before you sail."

Five minutes later, standing by the cigar counter, Brancusi saw Bill enter the Savoy again and descend the steps that led to the tea room.

"Grown to be a great diplomat," thought Brancusi; "he used to just say when he had a date. Going with these dukes and ladies is polishing him up even more."

Perhaps he was a little hurt, though it was not typical of him to be hurt. At any rate he made a decision, then and there, that McChesney was on the down grade. But it was quite typical of him that at that point he erased him from his mind forever.

There was no outward indication that Bill was on the down grade; a hit at the New Strand, a hit at the Prince of Wales, and the weekly grosses pouring in almost as well as they had two or three years before in New York. Certainly a man of action was justified in changing his base. And the man who, an hour later, turned into his Hyde Park house for dinner had all the vitality of the late twenties. Emmy, very tired and clumsy, lay on a couch in the upstairs sitting room. He held her for a moment in his arms.

"Almost over now," he said. "You're beautiful."

"Don't be ridiculous."

"It's true. You're always beautiful. I don't know why. Perhaps because you've got character, and that's always in your face, even when you're like this."

She was pleased; she ran her hand through his hair.

"Character is the greatest thing in the world," he declared, "and you've got more than anybody I know."

"Did you see Brancusi?"

"I did, the little louse! I decided not to bring him home to dinner."

"What was the matter?"

"Oh, just snooty—talking about my row with Aronstael, as if it was my fault."

She hesitated, closed her mouth tight, and then said quietly, "You got into that fight because you were drinking."

He rose impatiently.

"Are you going to start ——"

"No, Bill, but you're drinking too much now. You know you are."

Aware that she was right, he evaded the matter and they went in to dinner. On the glow of a bottle of claret he decided he would go on the wagon tomorrow till after the baby was born.

"I always stop when I want, don't I? I always do what I say. You never saw me quit yet."

"Never yet."

They had coffee together, and afterward he got up.

"Come back early," said Emmy.

"Oh, sure. . . . What's the matter, baby?"

"I'm just crying. Don't mind me. Oh, go on; don't just stand there like a big idiot."

"But I'm worried, naturally. I don't like to see you cry."

"Oh, I don't know where you go in the evenings; I don't know whom you're with. And that Lady Caroline who kept phoning. It's all right, I suppose, but I wake up in the night and I feel so alone, Bill. Because we've always been together, haven't we, until recently?"

"But we're together still. . . . What's happened to you, Emmy?"

"I know—I'm just crazy. We'd never let each other down, would we? We never have ——"

"Of course not."

"Come back early, or when you can."

He looked in for a minute at the Prince of Wales Theater; then he went into the hotel next door and called a number.

"I'd like to speak to Lady Caroline. Mr. McChesney calling."

It was some time before Lady Caroline answered:

"This is rather a surprise. It's been several weeks since I've been lucky enough to hear from you."

Her voice was flip as a whip and cold as automatic refrigeration, in the mode grown familiar since British ladies took to piecing themselves together out of literature. It had fascinated Bill for a while, but just for a while. He had kept his head.

"I haven't had a minute," he explained easily. "You're not sore, are you?"

"I should scarcely say 'sore.'"

"I was afraid you might be; you didn't send me an invitation to your party tonight. My idea was that after we talked it all over we agreed ——"

"You talked a great deal," she said; "possibly a little too much."

Suddenly, to Bill's astonishment, she hung up.

"Going British on me," he thought. "A little skit entitled The Daughter of a Thousand Earls."

The snub roused him, the indifference revived his waning interest. Usually women forgave his changes of heart because of his obvious devotion to Emmy, and he was remembered by various ladies with a not unpleasant sigh. But he had detected no such sigh upon the phone.

"I'd like to clear up this mess," he thought. Had he been wearing evening clothes, he might have dropped in at the dance and talked it over with her, but he didn't want to go home. Upon consideration it seemed important that the misunderstanding should be fixed up at once, and presently he began to entertain the idea of going as he was; Americans were excused unconventionalities of dress. In any case, it was not nearly time, and, in the company of several highballs, he considered the matter for an hour.

At midnight he walked up the steps of her Mayfair house. The coat-room attendants scrutinized his tweeds disapprovingly and a footman peered in vain for his name on the list of guests. Fortunately his friend Sir Humphrey Dunn arrived at the same time and convinced the footman it must be a mistake.

Inside, Bill immediately looked about for his hostess.

Lady Caroline Sibly-Biers was a pale young woman with lovely metallic hair, almost green in certain lights. She was a member of that select sorority of the wickedest women in London, though another woman was at that moment considered the wickedest one. In a sense, she had discovered Bill McChesney, vouched for his savage charms; his retirement was one of her most humiliating experiences since she had begun being bad.

She stood with her husband at the head of the receiving line—Bill had never seen them together before. He decided to choose a less formal moment for presenting himself.

As the receiving went on interminably, he became increasingly uncomfortable. He saw a few people he knew, but not many, and he was conscious that his clothes were attracting a certain attention; he knew also that Lady Caroline saw him and could have relieved his embarrassment with a wave of her hand, but she made no sign. He was sorry he had come, but to withdraw now would be absurd, and going to a buffet table, he took a glass of champagne.

When he turned around she was alone at last, and he was about to approach her when the butler spoke to him:

"Pardon me, sir. Have you a card?"

"I'm a friend of Lady Caroline's," said Bill impatiently. He turned away, but the butler followed.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I'll have to ask you to step aside with me and straighten this up."

"There's no need. I'm just about to speak to Lady Caroline now."

"My orders are different, sir," said the butler firmly.

Then, before Bill realized what was happening, his arms were pressed quietly to his sides and he was propelled into a little anteroom back of the buffet.

There he faced a man in a pince-nez in whom he recognized the Sibly-Bierses' private secretary.

The secretary nodded to the butler, saying, "This is the man"; whereupon Bill was released.

"Mr. McChesney," said the secretary, "you have seen fit to force your way here without a card, and His Lordship requests that you leave his house at once. Will you kindly give me the check for your coat?"

Then Bill understood, and the single word that he found applicable to Lady Caroline sprang to his lips; whereupon the secretary gave a sign to two footmen, and in a furious struggle Bill was carried through a pantry where busy bus boys stared, down a long hall, and pushed out a door into the night. The door closed; a moment later it was opened again to let his coat billow forth and his cane clatter down the steps.

As he stood there, overwhelmed, stricken aghast, a taxicab stopped beside him and the driver called:

"Feeling ill, governor?"

"What?"

"I know where you can get a good pick-me-up, governor."

The door of the taxi opened on a nightmare. There was a cabaret that broke the closing hours; there was being with strangers he had picked up somewhere; then there were arguments, and trying to cash a check, and suddenly proclaiming over and over that he was William McChesney, the producer, and convincing no one of the fact, not even himself. It seemed important to see Lady Caroline right away and call her to account; finally nothing was important at all. He was in a taxicab whose driver had just shaken him awake in front of his own home.

The telephone was ringing as he went in, but he walked stonily past the maid and only heard her voice when his foot was on the stair.

"Mr. McChesney, it's the hospital calling again. Mrs. McChesney's there and they've been phoning every hour."

Still in a daze, he held the receiver up to his ear.

"We're calling from the Midland Hospital, for your wife. She was delivered of a still-born child at nine this morning."

"Wait a minute." His voice was dry and cracking. "I don't understand."

After a while he understood that Emmy's child was dead and she wanted him. His knees sagged groggily as he walked down the street, looking for a taxi.

The room was dark; Emmy looked up and saw him from a rumpled bed.

"It's you!" she cried. "I thought you were dead! Where did you go?"

He threw himself down on his knees beside the bed, but she turned away.

"Oh, you smell awful," she said. "It makes me sick."

But she kept her hand in his hair, and he knelt there motionless for a long time.

"I'm done with you," she muttered, "but it was awful when I thought you were dead. Everybody's dead. I wish I was dead."

A curtain parted with the wind, and as he rose to arrange it, she saw him in the full morning light, pale and terrible, with rumpled clothes and bruises on his face. This time she hated him instead of those who had hurt him. She could feel him slipping out of her heart, feel the space he left, and all at once he was gone, and she could even forgive him and be sorry for him. All this in a minute.

She had fallen down at the door of the hospital, trying to get out of the taxicab alone.

IV

WHEN Emmy was well, physically and mentally, her incessant idea was to learn to dance; the old dream inculcated by Miss Georgia Berriman Cambell persisted as a bright avenue leading back to first youth and days of hope in New York. To her, dancing meant that elaborate blend of tortuous attitudes and formal pirouettes that evolved out of Italy several hundred years ago and reached its apogee in Russia at the beginning of this century. She wanted to use herself on something she could believe in, and it seemed to her that the dance was woman's interpretation of music; instead of strong fingers, one had limbs with which to render Tschaikovsky and Stravinski; and feet could be as eloquent in Chopiniana as voices in The Ring. At the bottom, it was something sandwiched in between the acrobats and the trained seals; at the top it was Pavlova and art.

Once they were settled in an apartment back in New York, she plunged into her work like a girl of sixteen—four hours a day at bar exercises, attitudes, *sauts*, arabesques and pirouettes. It became the realest part of her life, and her only worry was whether or not she was too old. At twenty-six she had ten years to make up, but she was a natural dancer with a fine body—and that lovely face.

Bill encouraged it; when she was ready he was going to build the first real American ballet around her. There were even times when he envied her her absorption; for things in his line were more difficult since they had come home. For one thing, he had made many enemies in those early days of self-confidence; there were exaggerated stories of his drinking and of his being hard on actors and difficult to work with.

It was against him that he had always been unable to save money and must beg a backing for each play. Then, too, in a curious way, he was intelligent, as he was brave enough to prove in several uncommercial ventures, but he had no Theater Guild behind him, and what money he lost was his own.

There were successes, too, but he worked harder for them, or it seemed so, for he had begun to pay a certain price for his irregular life. He always intended to take a rest or give up his incessant cigarettes, but there was so much competition now—new men coming up, with new reputations for infallibility—and besides, he wasn't used to regularity. He liked to do his work in those great spurts, inspired by black coffee, that seem so inevitable in show business, but which took so much out of a man after thirty. He had come to lean, in a way, on Emmy's fine health and vitality. They were always together, and if he felt a vague dissatisfaction that he had grown to need her more than she needed him, there was always the hope that things would break better for him next month, next season.

Coming home from ballet school one November evening, Emmy swung her little gray bag, pulled her hat far down over her still damp hair, and gave herself up to pleasant speculation. For a month she had been aware of people who had come to the studio especially to watch her—she was ready to dance. Once she had worked just as hard and for as long a time on something else—her relations with Bill—only to reach a climax of misery and despair, but here there was nothing to fail her except herself. Yet even now she felt a little rash in thinking: "Now it's come. I'm going to be happy."

She hurried, for something had come up today that she wanted to talk over with Bill.

Finding him in the living room, she called him to come back while she dressed. As she heard him enter she began to talk without looking around:

"Listen what happened!" Her voice was loud, to compete with the water running in the tub. "Paul Makova wants me to dance with him at the Metropolitan this season; only it's not sure, so it's a secret—even I'm not supposed to know."

"That's great."

"The only thing is whether it wouldn't be better for me to make a debut abroad? Anyhow Donilof says I'm ready to appear. What do you think?"

"I don't know."

"You don't sound very enthusiastic."

"I've got something on my mind. I'll tell you about it later. Go on."

"That's all, dear. If you still feel like going to Germany for a month, like you said, Donilof would arrange a debut for me in Berlin, but I'd rather open here and

(Continued on Page 113)

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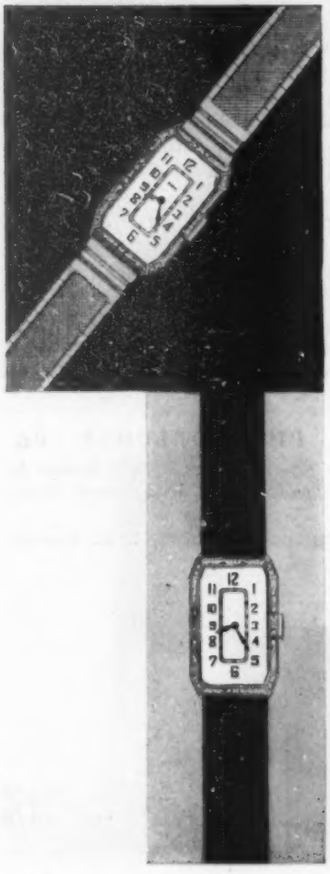

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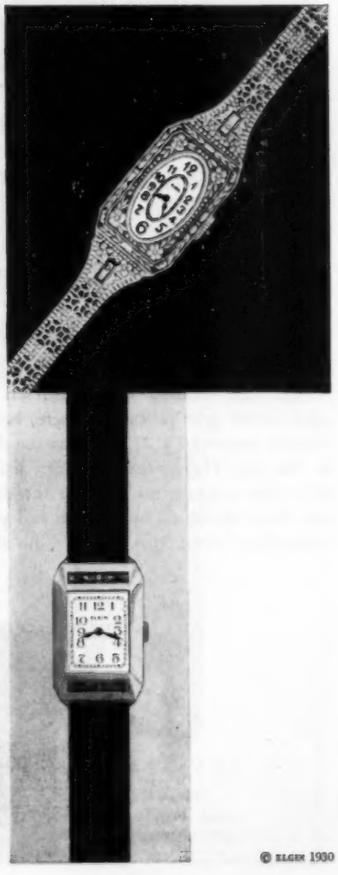

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(Continued from Page 109)

dance with Paul Makova. Just imagine ——" She broke off, feeling suddenly through the thick skin of her elation how abstracted he was. "Tell me what you've got on your mind."

"I went to Doctor Kearns this afternoon."

"What did he say?" Her mind was still singing with her own happiness. Bill's intermittent attacks of hypochondria had long ceased to worry her.

"I told him about that blood this morning, and he said what he said last year—it was probably a little broken vein in my throat. But since I'd been coughing and was worried, perhaps it was safer to take an X ray and clear the matter up. Well, we cleared it up all right. My left lung is practically gone."

"Bill!"

"Luckily there are no spots on the other."

She waited, horribly afraid.

"It's come at a bad time for me," he went on steadily, "but it's got to be faced. He thinks I ought to go to the Adirondacks or to Denver for the winter, and his idea is Denver. That way it'll probably clear up in five or six months."

"Of course we'll have to——" she stopped suddenly.

"I wouldn't expect you to go," he said, "especially if you have this opportunity."

"Of course I'll go," she said quickly. "Your health comes first. We've always gone everywhere together."

"Oh, no."

"Why, of course." She made her voice strong and decisive. "We've always been together. I couldn't stay here without you. When do you have to go?"

"As soon as possible. I went in to see Brancusi to find out if he wanted to take over the Richmond piece, but he didn't seem enthusiastic." His face hardened. "Of course there won't be anything else for the present, but I'll have enough, with what's owing ——"

"Oh, if I was only making some money!" Emmy cried. "You work so hard, and here I've been spending two hundred dollars a week for just my dancing lessons alone—more than I'll be able to earn for years."

"Of course in six months I'll be as well as ever—he says."

"Sure, dearest; we'll get you well. We'll start as soon as we can."

She put an arm around him and kissed his cheek.

"I'm just an old parasite," she said. "I should have known my darling wasn't well."

He reached automatically for a cigarette, and then stopped.

"I forgot—I've got to cut out smoking and drinking." He rose to the occasion suddenly: "No, baby, I've decided to go alone. You'd go crazy with boredom out there, and I'd just be thinking I was keeping you away from your dancing."

"Don't think about that. The thing is to get you well."

They discussed the matter hour after hour for the next week, each of them saying everything except the truth—that he wanted her to go with him and that she wanted passionately to stay in New York. She talked it over guardedly with Donilof, her ballet master, and found that he thought any postponement would be a terrible mistake. Seeing other girls making plans for the winter, she wanted to die rather than go, and Bill saw all the involuntary indications of her misery. For a while they talked of compromising on the Adirondacks, whither she would commute by aeroplane for the week-ends, but he was running a little fever now and he was definitely ordered West.

Bill settled it all one gloomy Sunday night, with that rough, generous justice that had first made her admire him, that made him rather tragic in his adversity, as he had always been bearable in his overweening success:

"It's just up to me, baby. I got into this mess because I didn't have any self-control—you seem to have all of that in this family—and now it's only me that can get me out. You've worked hard at your stuff for three years and you deserve your chance—and if you came out there now you'd have it on me the rest of my life." He grinned. "And I couldn't stand that. Besides, it wouldn't be good for the kid."

Eventually she gave in, ashamed of herself, miserable—and glad. For the world of her work, where she existed without Bill, was bigger to her now than the world in which they existed together. There was more room to be glad in one than to be sorry in the other.

Two days later, with his ticket bought for that afternoon at five, they passed the last hours together, talking of everything hopeful. She protested still, and sincerely; had he weakened for a moment she would have gone. But the shock had done something to him, and he showed more character under it than he had for years. Perhaps it would be good for him to work it out alone.

"In the spring!" they said.

Then in the station with little Billy, and Bill saying: "I hate these grave-side partings. You leave me here. I've got to make a phone call from the train before it goes."

They had never spent more than a night apart in six years, save when Emmy was in the hospital; they had a good record of faithfulness and of tenderness toward each other. Grief presented itself in that terrible, dark, unfamiliar color. After he went through the gate alone, Emmy was glad he had a phone call to make and tried to picture him making it.

She was a good woman and she had loved him with all her heart. When she went out into Thirty-third Street, it was just as dead as dead for a while, and the apartment he paid for would be empty of him, and she was here, about to do something that made her happy.

She stopped after a few blocks, thinking: "Why, this is terrible—what I'm doing! I'm letting him down like the worst person I ever heard of. I'm leaving him flat and going off to dinner with Donilof and Paul Makova, whom I like for being beautiful and for having the same color eyes and hair. Bill's on the train alone."

She swung little Billy around suddenly as if to go back to the station. She could see him sitting in the train, with his face so pale and tired, and no Emmy.

"I can't let him down," she cried to herself as wave after wave of sentiment washed over her. Sentiment—and she knew it for that. Sentiment—hadn't he let her down—hadn't he done what he wanted in London? "Oh, poor Bill!"

She stood irresolute, realizing for one last honest moment how quickly she would forget this and find excuses for what she was doing. She had to think hard of London, and her conscience cleared. But with Bill all alone in the train it seemed terrible to think that way. Even now she could turn and go back to the station and tell him that she was coming, but still she waited, with life very strong in her, fighting for her. The sidewalk was narrow where she stood; presently a great wave of people, pouring out of the theater, came flooding along it, and she and little Billy were swept along with the crowd.

V

IN THE train, Bill telephoned up to the last minute, postponed going back to his stateroom, because he knew it was almost certain that he would not find her there. After the train started he went back and, of course, there was nothing but his bags in the rack and some magazines on the seat.

He knew then that he had lost her. He saw the set-up without any illusions—this Paul Makova, and months of proximity, and loneliness—afterward nothing would ever be the same. When he had thought about it all a long time, reading Variety and Zit's in between, it began to seem to him, each time he came back to it, somehow as if Emmy were dead.

"She was a fine girl—one of the best. She had character." He realized perfectly that he had brought all this on himself and that there was some law of compensation involved. He saw, too, that by going away he had again become as good as she was; it was all evened up at last.

He felt beyond everything, even beyond his grief, an almost comfortable sensation of being in the hands of something bigger than himself; and grown a little tired and unconfident—two qualities he could never for a moment tolerate—it did not seem so terrible if he were going West for a definite finish. He was sure that Emmy would come at the end, no matter what she was doing or how good an engagement she had.

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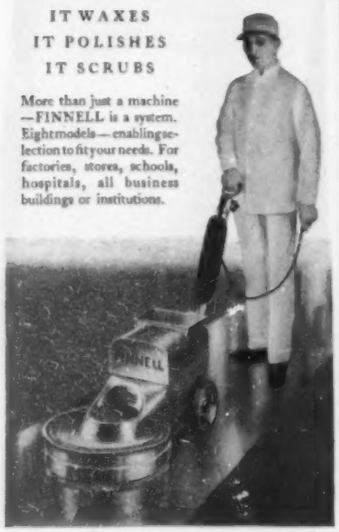


FORTITUDE

(Continued from Page 11)

vanish, to reappear, snorting and blowing, a hundred yards away.

"Low tide," said the mate. "We'll get out to one of them rocks and do some hunting."

Only two men would volunteer to go with him.

"You'll never get back," said the second engineer. "And the rocks are swept at high tide."

"There's a few high spots," answered the mate. "We'll have to chance it, anyway."

He waded out when the tide was low, the two men following him. They had rough clubs in their belts and they carried their sheath knives. The largest of the islets was a long way off—half a mile it seemed. They waded as far as they could, the icy water biting through their clothes and their skin, chilling them to the marrow. One man gave up and went back. The mate pressed forward until the water was to his chin, and then he swam a few yards to a jagged pinnacle, where he rested. The other man joined him. They went to the next pinnacle and rested again. They were not good swimmers. It took them three hours to reach the islet where the seals covered the beach. And then the tide was sweeping back and they were marooned. The men left behind watched under their hands and then, shaking their heads, went back to the warmness of the fire. On the islet the mate and the other man could see the flickering red light through the darkness.

The seals were uneasy and shuffled off before the cautious stalking that began with the dawn. The hunters discovered it was useless to rush in and try to kill. The seals were too quick. They learned to work upwind. They learned to remain motionless for an hour at a time, unheeding their own stiffness and chill. And at last they trapped three old seals who were not so quick and agile as the others. They battered in their heads, grunting with a fierce and triumphant exultation. It took them two days to trap the three seals, and when they flensed them they ate chunks of the raw, warm meat, which tasted unbelievably sweet after the barnacles and shellfish, chewed raw also.

They cut strips of the hide to make ropes, and from driftwood they built a small raft, which they made even more buoyant by blowing up the animals' bladders. Another day they hunted, trapping two more seals, and then, the next low tide, they launched the raft weighted with good meat. It took them four hours to return to the larger island—four hours during which the raft tortured them and bruised them, nearly wrenched their arms loose, nearly smashed in their skulls when the currents took charge of it. But it could not get away from them. They had lashed themselves to it by short ropes of hide, and it sagged after them, whether it would or no, while they clawed from rock to rock, from foothold to foothold. When they came to a place where they had to swim a little, they made the raft fast to the rock. Then one man took a long line of hide and swam to the next rock, where he made it fast. Then the man left behind cast loose the first line and swam to join the first man. Together, then, they hauled the raft up to them and started again. The men ashore waded out to meet them, and at last they hauled the raft to the shingle.

They had a tin bucket which had been in the shattered lifeboat, and in this they cooked great hunks of meat. They feasted with the joyousness of schoolboys, and they praised the mate and the man who had gone with him. But the mate and his helper did not hear, for they slept eighteen hours by the fire, bloody and battered and unbelievably exhausted. The gig had been gone just ten days.

It occurred to the mate that he should find something for the men to do. Largely their day was idle, and they had taken to arguing among themselves, and then quarreling. One man was injured in a knife fight, another had his head split open by a rock. The second engineer was slowly gathering about him a small clique of the more pugnacious, and this clique was endeavoring to make the others do what work there was, such as gathering the shellfish and the eggs.

"Guess we ought to take a ramble around the island," said the mate. "There might be game in the valleys."

"What's the use?" said the second engineer, frowning and moody as ever. "I'm staying by the fire."

"You're all coming along," said the mate, and his voice was curiously flat and indifferent. The second engineer rose. Four other men rose and stood behind him. The mate leaned against the outside edge of the cave mouth and seemed intent on a fragment of driftwood he was whittling. The rest of the men remained seated, but they began to shift uneasily and looked from one leader to the other.

"There's no bosses here," said the second engineer. The mate looked up at him as if mildly surprised.

"No?" he said.

"No!" said the second engineer. "No bosses at all."

"Your mistake," said the mate. He shut his jackknife with a snap and thrust it in his pocket. "I was left in charge. It's my job to say what's to be done and what isn't to be done. We'll explore the island today."

The second engineer took a step forward and then hesitated. His dark eyes clashed with the cold blue eyes of the mate, who waited, as if curious. Three men rose from the cave floor and stood behind the mate. There was a short silence. The second engineer wondered what the remaining three men seated would do. Two of them were the fire tenders, and might remain neutral. They had their task, and no one bothered them. But still, they might stand up and fight with the mate.

"What's the use of trying to bring sea rules here?" grumbled the second engineer. "The gig's been gone over two weeks. The chances are she never made it. We're stuck here for life, unless a ship drifts along. We're all equal."

The mate shrugged.

"I'm giving orders and you're obeying them. I'm in charge, and that's all there is to that."

He straightened and the second engineer saw the sag of the revolver in his pocket. There were five shots left in that gun. The second engineer had forgotten it. He relaxed a little and turned away.

"We'll go round the point first," said the mate calmly; "over the gulls' ground." A faint twinkle rested in his eyes. No one said anything.

They explored the island, walked right round the beaches, and they discovered it was bigger than they thought, for a long spear of land ran south, gutted with little valleys and possessing a thicker vegetation than the northern slopes. They didn't get back until dark, and the next morning the mate took them out again, heading straight inland and looking for possible game. One could never tell; and then, the old whaling ships had visited nearly all the land in the Pacific, sometimes leaving animals to breed and provide food against future visits.

It was the second engineer who made the first important discovery, halting with an oath and pointing to a ridge where, against the sky line, stood the unmistakable form of a goat. It bounded away almost at once, but the mate had seen it, too, and he started to run.

Ten men went hurtling excitedly through the scrub, and once over the ridge, they saw several other goats running through the stunted trees of a small forest that choked a sheltered valley. It seemed impossible to catch them.

The mate tried to encircle the valley, but he had too few men, and then there was a gentle slope at the farther end by which the goats escaped. Once one of the seamen actually had his hands upon a rough gray hide, but the animal twisted free and was gone.

"There oughta be runs," suggested one of the firemen. "They've got to water somewhere. We'll locate the hole and set some snares."

"What do you know about it?" snapped the second engineer, who was breathless and sweating from his exertions.

"I used to live in the West," said the man. "We used to hunt deer in the Oregon hills, set traps for them at night. It was against the law."

"See what you can do," said the mate. And two days later they found the first goat strangled to death in a noose of seal hide.

"We're not so badly off," said the mate. "Plenty to eat; but we need vegetables. Or maybe, if we can catch a female goat, we can get some milk." But they never did succeed in trapping a female goat alive. And the grim weeks slid by.

On a reasonably smooth slope of rock, sheltered somewhat from the elements by an overhang, the mate kept a log, much as he might have done on shipboard. He scratched the rock with the point of his jackknife and made an entry each day. When the captain had gone, he had set down the date, which he had to guess at, since he had lost track of the days:

MARCH 10. Capt. left in gig for Chile.
MARCH 12. Made fire.
MARCH 27. Found goats.
APR. 6. Seaman Jonson died knife wound.
APR. 14. Sec. Eng. insubordinate again.

It was a grim record of trouble and achievement, necessarily brief. The mate was perturbed when, adding up the items one morning, he discovered the gig had been gone forty-three days. He was shaken by doubts. The gig must have been lost, and if she was lost, there would be no vessel along to rescue the survivors of the Prince Rupert. What worth was there in eking out a miserable existence upon this slab of rock set among the wintry seas? The weather was growing bad. Winter was approaching. There would be ice and bitter wind and roaring breakers to throw spray almost to the mouth of the cave. There would be no more seals, then, for the passage from the larger to the smaller island would be impossible. They would have to lay in a good supply of food.

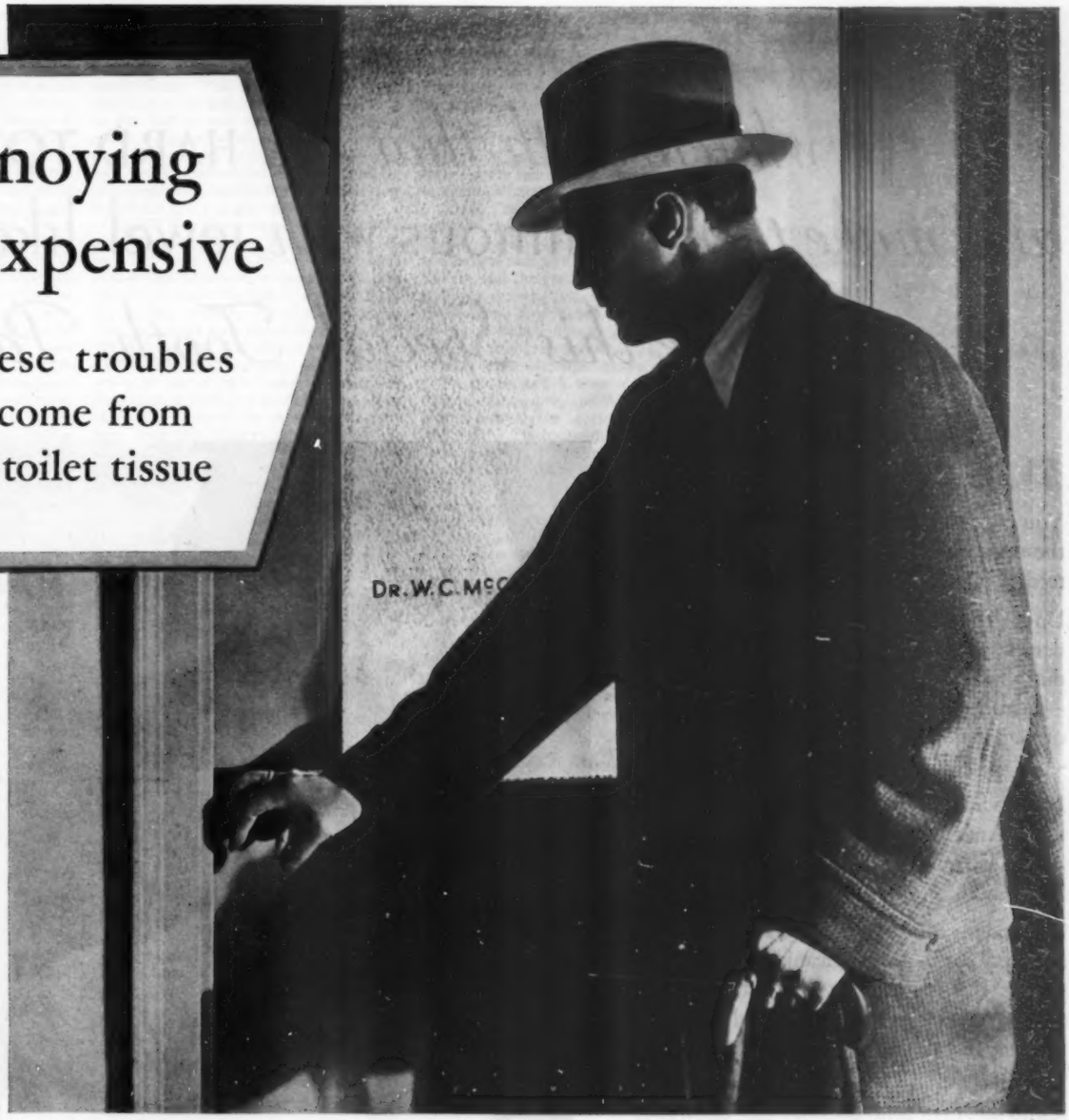
He dissembled before the men. They were in a way that was bad enough as it was. The death of Jonson, who had been knifed in a fight, oppressed them as an omen, a forerunner of the gradual dissolving of them all. They had lost interest in everything; almost in remaining alive. The next time he went for seals, the mate had to go alone. The goats had grown more and more wary and the excitement of hunting them had worn off. For a week they had failed to trap a single one. The mate brought back three seals and smoked strips of the meat over the fire, to preserve it for the winter. The men would take no notice of him when he warned them they must watch the food. The gulls seemed fewer, as if they were leaving the island. Only the albatross seemed unchanged, lifting over the water, never resting, hardly ever moving his wings, watching with beady bright eyes the castaways below him. The jests flung at him had long since ceased. Men cursed him, shook their fists at him. Somehow, he seemed to be waiting for them to die.

There were already traces of scurvy, the blight of the sailor which turns the flesh to clay and racks the stomach with pain. Nearly all the men had salt-water sores. Tempers were frayed, but fights, frequent at first, grew fewer as the spirits ebbed and

(Continued on Page 117)

Annoying *and* Expensive

. . . these troubles that come from harsh toilet tissue



AILMENTS of this nature are a serious burden —physically and financially.

Yet millions* have them. In fact, some doctors estimate that 65% of all men and women over forty years of age are suffering from some form of rectal trouble.

An astonishing statement! Yet not surprising when you consider the careless attitude of most people toward the quality of toilet tissue used in their homes and business offices.

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Don't take chances. Always ask for ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue or Waldorf. They cost no more than ordinary tissues. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

*A prominent New York hospital surgeon estimates that between ten and twenty million people in the United States are suffering from ailments of this nature. In many cases the trouble is directly traceable to harsh or impure toilet tissue.

All three Scott Tissues are closely wrapped to fit the modern built-in fixtures.

Scott Tissues

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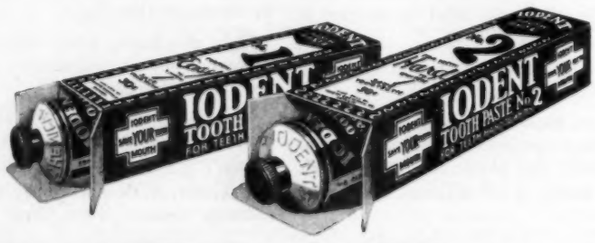

IODENT NO. 2

FOR TEETH HARD TO WHITEN

(Continued from Page 114)

hope grew low. The mate grew grimmer, more gaunt. He was suffering himself, chiefly from lack of tobacco. The craving for nicotine was so strong in him that he could not sleep at night. He took to chewing the bark from the trees, and though it acted upon him as a powerful cathartic, he could not stop using it. Many of the men carved pipes for themselves and smoked dried seaweed and moss and even wood chips—anything to stay the tobacco hunger.

The second engineer had sunk into a brooding sullenness. His voice was a continual snarl. He refused to do any work, to collect any shellfish or eggs, until after bitter arguments with the mate; and when the mate was not around, he would force others to work while he remained himself near the fire. He wanted to take the place of one of the fire tenders, and that precipitated fierce arguments and subsequent fights among all hands for those now-coveted berths. The mate suppressed them by the menace of his gun and one of his sealing clubs, with which he laid about him ruthlessly. And he knew that sooner or later he would have to fight the second engineer without club or gun. He had to make good his leadership by sheer strength. But the time was not yet.

The mate went for seal again and dried the meat over the fire. With the aid of the fireman who had trapped the goats, he laid snares for the sea birds, and cooked them in thick seal fat to make a sort of nauseating pemmican, which he stored in bags of sewn seal hide. The stuff was unappetizing, but at least nutritious, and the mate did not know but that when winter finally settled down there would be nothing on which to live save what he stored away. Shellfish, of course, would always be available, but of late to eat them had made many of the men sick; he supposed from their monotony.

A peculiar dull numbness grew over the mate. For more than twenty years he had been a ship's officer, had commanded and held responsibilities. For more than twenty years he had accepted the fact that it was for him to lead, for him to order, to display the initiative. It had not bothered him. There were times of relaxation, times when other men took over from him, times when other officers stood by to aid him. But here, on this island, he was alone. There was no relaxing. There was nothing normal about the men he commanded.

It had come to him, hazily at first, but with greater clarity as events succeeded one another, that he would have to hold these men by the sheer force of example. And when that failed to stir them, then he would have to watch and guard them even against their wills. He could, of course, have very easily submerged himself in the mass. He could very easily have let go, put aside the responsibility which was his, accept a parity with all the others; even let the second engineer take charge if he wished. But it never occurred to him to do so. It was not only that he had been left in command by his captain, and had been told to attend to the men. All this was natural. Any captain would have said and done the same. But for a seaman, an officer, a man who had kept a bridge watch and held responsibilities as long as the mate had, to fail them and himself, to fail the men he was in charge of, was unthinkable and incredible. The idea never entered his head. He settled himself to work alone. And by virtue of an iron constitution and a not too subtle or sensitive mind, he did work alone, without complaint. His will forced him to labor when he was reeling with fatigue. His will forced him to make that terrible journey to the sealing rocks time and again, when he hated the icy water and grew sick with dread at the thought of bringing the laden raft back with the meat.

The unremitting labor, the worry which came to him when a man was badly sick, the annoyance which fretted him when he had to spend time arguing and commanding, sometimes using force to make the castaways stir themselves, gradually threw over his mind a queer numbness. His head seemed to be filled with a thick, cool felt in which one idea hammered, blazed at a steady flame. This had to be done. And that had to be done. And he had to do it or see that it was done. He became a gaunt, hollow-cheeked, hollow-eyed automaton. He ceased to feel normal physical pain, but instead carried with him a racking weariness that made his limbs feel as if they would fall apart at any moment.

He had long since ceased to think of the gig. He accepted that it must have been lost. All there was to do was to wait for a chance ship, to keep alive and keep the men alive, and watch for sail or smoke. Each day, in the morning, he scratched on his rock log a brief note about the day before. When the second man died, it was the mate who buried him, scooping out a shallow grave in the shingle, near the grave of Jonson, and raising a small wooden cross above it. None of the others would help him drag the body; though when he stripped it of clothes, they were avidly seized and donned after much quarreling and fighting.

The most pressing trouble was to keep the supply of firewood up. As time passed, the driftwood in the immediate vicinity was all used, as were most of the dead trees. The wood gatherers needed to go farther and farther afield, and the mate desired to lay by a stock of the precious fuel, in case winter brought blizzards during which it would be impossible to venture from the cave. He did succeed in accumulating a stack of wood, but it cost him much trouble and he had to take his sealing club and his gun again and whip the men to labor. The second engineer refused to go, and arming himself with another club, retreated to the far end of the cave and defied the mate to shift him. The mate did not try then. Instead, he fired twice, and although he did not hit the other man, he frightened him sufficiently to bring him out.

A terrible apathy had come to all the castaways alike. They had been interested when first the gig had left. Then the excitement of gathering gulls' eggs and hunting goats had buoyed them up. But as the weeks dragged by and there was no sign of rescue, they lost hope, lost interest. Some of them would have willingly sat down and died; just huddled near the fire and dropped into a coma. They had lost the desire to live.

The stronger men stirred themselves occasionally when they were hungry, when stomach pains racked them and made them irritable, when they craved a smoke. But presently even the stronger men grew more silent, more apathetic.

The mate tried to interest them in another goat hunt, in coming with him to get more seals. They only stared blankly at him, cursed him and dropped their heads on their chests again. With a mixture of glue rendered from seal bones, and some ashes from the fire, the mate made a dark paint with which he marked spots on oyster shells and manufactured a deck of cards. This was such a success that he made two other decks, and the men gambled for food, for barnacles and oysters and eggs. The lucky ones did not have to stir themselves from the fire, and the unlucky ones were forced to go out and gather more with which to resume gambling. But a week of this and the gambling waned, lost its lure. Another man died, coughing all night and groaning and spitting blood, to stiffen in the light of dawn with blackened face and throat, as if he had been strangled.

It was while endeavoring to get some help to bury this man that the final clash occurred between the mate and the second engineer. The mate inadvertently touched the second with the worn toe of his shoe, while intending to kick another man to wakefulness. The second twisted with an oath, jerked the mate's ankle and flung him headlong. Then the two of them were rolling over the rocky earth beyond the cave mouth, and the rest rose and gathered to watch with an indifferent curiosity.

The mate got to his knees and then to his feet, dragging the second up with him. He tried to get at his gun, but it had fallen from his pocket and slid several feet away. The second slugged unmercifully and the mate almost fell again, but wavered upright and swung blindly. He caught the second on the cheek, high up, stopping his rush for a moment, and then, his head clearing, the mate settled down to a grim, long-drawn battle.

It was a bleak day, with a gray sea and gray sky, and rain spitting down the wind. The surf was roaring, white and high, on the reefs; the sea birds were sparsely dotting the air, and the great gray albatross came to hover over the shingle beach and watch the fighters, two ragged, gaunt men covered with boils and sores and bruises, grotesquely unshaven and unshorn, swinging at each other with tight-drawn arms.

The mate took a blow in the stomach that made him sick, and then he jarred the second beneath the heart with a quick left and right. They closed and pawed each other, panting, and jammed their knees up, seeking the groin. The mate broke first and, as he broke, rocked the second with a straight jab to the mouth that brought the blood and loosened an already scurvy-weak tooth. With a choking oath, the second stooped, picked up a fragment of rock as large as his hand, and was about to hurl it when the mate jumped in. They fell, locked together, their fingers about each other's throats. And they lay motionless on the ground, straining until the veins were cords down their foreheads and the blood drummed at the temples.

Normally the second engineer was the stronger man, besides being the younger. But he had spent long hours huddled over the fire, cramping his muscles. He was sick with scurvy and half insane from pains in the stomach. The mate had kept tolerably fit with constant work and movement, and for some reason the scurvy had not obtained such a hold upon him; perhaps because of the cathartic powers of the tree bark he constantly chewed. It was a test of endurance on the ground there, for each man had a strong hold and each man was grimly intent on retaining it. And if the second engineer was half insane from pain and possessed of a spasmodic and unnatural strength, then the mate was obsessed with that numbness which took physical pain from him, and that one steady idea that was in his mind. He had to beat the second. He had to! He had to prove once and for all that he was leader.

All feeling had gone from his fingers. They were clamped like a vise about the second's bull throat. The mate's senses were swimming; there was a spotted blackness before his eyes. Only there hammered within him, like a huge slow gong, the fact that he must win this fight. He never knew the exact moment he lost consciousness. One moment it seemed he was rolling over, the blackness growing deeper, and then he was staring up at the gray sky, the rain on his face, and men were prying his fingers loose. It was a long time before he could sit up, and longer before he could stand. Then he looked down at the second engineer, and looked down upon the other body of the man who had died in the dawn.

"Two to bury," he croaked, and laughed dryly. "Drag them down by the graves."

The men stood and looked at him, and he looked back at them, swaying in the gray light, his bearded face taut and drawn, his cold blue eyes flaming deep beneath his grizzled brows. There was no murmuring, no argument this time. The men dragged the bodies down the shingle, dug two shallow graves and dropped them in. The mate made two more little crosses and then stumbled away to mark the event down upon his log.

The days grew shorter and the wind blew keen and cold from the south. Ice appeared in the rain-water pools. The stunted trees shed their leaves and the grasses and lichens seemed to shrivel and dry up. The sun was a misty red ball behind a blank sky and

Dr. Hodgdon

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most of the sea birds had gone; all save a few of the hardier species—puffins, the mate thought, whale birds and such. The albatross remained, as if held by an insatiable curiosity, swinging over the water with motionless wings, sometimes plunging down to snap up a fish or some floating scrap. More often it hovered over the beach, its hard, bright eyes fastened on the cave and the red flicker of the fire that never died. The gig had been gone ninety days.

Once, during all that time, a smudge of smoke had appeared on the western horizon. The excited, tremulous men had built a huge fire on the knoll, blanketed it so smoke would rise, but the wind had ripped it to shreds and the distant steamer had not seen it at all. After that, even the most hopeful had ceased to hope.

When the lure of the playing cards made from oyster shells had passed away, the mate thought to amuse the men by having them send out messages—such messages as sinking mariners cast overboard in tightly corked bottles. He devised innumerable little rafts, each made from one of the seal bladders, and to each of which he attached a fragment of wood upon which he had scratched the island's position, as far as he had reckoned it with the captain when they had first landed. The men took some interest in this, and many of the bladders were launched from favorable spots. But it was soon obvious that they were failures. The sea birds that were left swooped down on them, thinking they were food, pecked at them and burst them so they sank, or the waves dashed the fragments of wood into crevices of the rocks.

The men cursed the birds. Some threw pebbles at them. Some dropped down and wept. Finally they drifted back to the cave and huddled blankly about the fire again. The scurvy had made their teeth loose, so they could spit them out like orange pips. Their flesh was dull and soft, and when pressed in, it would not recover its elasticity. Fearful running boils and sores covered their limbs, where the perpetual salt and the wetness had cracked and irritated the skin. Their clothes were in ribbons, patched with stiff seal hide, sewn with sinew and even green withes. Their hair and beards were tangled. They were all but dead.

The mate alone remained on the beach after the failure of the bladders—a lean, bony figure who muttered in his beard and stared, grim-eyed, at the foaming sea. Sleet settled upon him, casing him in icy armor. He brushed it off and cursed, and then, gripped by a fierce determination, he returned to the cave and took from the small pile of miscellaneous stores the battered and twisted can that had once held biscuits in the ruined lifeboat. Some parts of the galvanized tin had been hacked off previously to make hooks for fishing, but as pitifully few fishes had been caught, the men had given up.

The mate sawed small squares off with his jackknife. He punched holes in them and bound them to small stout sticks, which in turn he embedded firmly in flat pieces of wood, thus making small rafts with square metal sails. Upon the metal he scratched the island's position and his plea for help, and then, alone, he stumbled along the beach and launched his rafts from the leeward side of the island. He could have shouted with strong glee when he saw the wind twist and catch them, lift them across the swells and carry them beyond his sight, into the veil of sleet and spume that smoked along the watery ridges. He went back to the cave as the dark settled down, and he tried to tell the men what he had done. But they did not listen. Nobody listened. They all sat huddled about the fire; and except that someone now and then would throw fresh wood upon it, there was no movement, no sound but the drive of the sleet, the hard breathing of the sunken men, the moan of the sea, the shrill sound of the wind. The mate dropped his head between his hands and the hot tears trickled between his fingers. . . . But the infinite resourcefulness of man embayed by Nature!

He did not sleep all that night. He saw queer visions in the dancing flames. He heard queer noises in the lifting wind—shouts and cries and mutterings. Men he had known long before, men who had been drowned, had been wrecked and gone down with their ships—these men came to talk to him, to shout at him, to counsel him. He saw as in a dream all the panorama of his life, from the day when he had been small and sick, on board the big steel bark bound from Liverpool to Perth; when he had been an apprentice with three others of his age. Then voyage after voyage, growing stronger and taller, growing tanned and wiry. Then the day he had sewn the first thin band of gold upon his cuff, on the cuff of his best suit, which he wore only when they made a port after weeks on deep water. And then, later, another ship and another band of gold. And then another.

He had never held command, never been able to sew on the fourth band of gold. But he had been a good mate. He had done his duty. He had obeyed his orders. There was not one black mark on all his discharges. He could not fail now. These castaways were under him, in charge of himself. His captain had told him to watch them, feed them, encourage them. He could not let them sit down and die, and die they would, without exercise, without desire, without hate! Hate? He lifted his head and a wild thought came to him. Would men want to live for hate?

The dawn was wan and cold and gray when he rose, his bones all creaking, the rheumatism making him wince, his every sore and boil a tiny flame boring into him. It was as if his body had suddenly awakened after the numbness of weeks; his mind from its thick felt of blankness in which only one idea had flamed. He was suddenly aware of the cold, the wind, the flickering fire, the sodden men huddled about it. Perhaps he was mad.

He made a whip from strips of seal hide—a wicked thing with many thongs, soundly lashed to a stout handle. He fell upon the huddled figures like a fury, cursing, shrieking, flailing. The seal hide bit into them, drew blood. They covered their heads. They woke to painful life and scrambled out of his way. He raged among them. They rose to their shaking feet and snarled at him. Couldn't he let them die in peace? More wood? What did they care? Let them die. More seal to catch? More goats to trap? What did they care? Let them die. What use to struggle and toil when there was no hope—no hope at all?

But he flogged them with a berserk strength, fought them off with club and whip when they would have rushed him. In fifteen minutes he had them all snarling like wolves, and he drove them down the shingle to gather wood. The seal hide whined and whistled. They ran from under the thongs, twisted, cried, sobbed and prayed. He took no heed, and perforce they gathered wood, staggered back to the cave with it. Some of them ran away, but they soon came back. The cave was the only home they knew; there was fire there and the food. There was not initiative left among them to go off and found another camp. They were in hell and the mate was the devil that tormented them.

He did not let them huddle over the fire and drift into torpidness and vast comas all that day. They gathered wood and shellfish and birds' eggs under the lash. They muttered together and threatened to kill him when he slept. He had to sleep, didn't he? But when darkness came he disappeared, to drop exhausted in a small grove of barren trees in a sheltered hollow, hidden away. And with the dawn he reappeared, his seal-hide whip cutting and searing their flesh again. They did not huddle and whimper that day either. They worked, and they cursed him as they worked. He roused them, brought all their hates seething to the surface. He taunted them, fought them when they would fight. If he knocked them unconscious with his club, he would flog them to consciousness again with his

(Continued on Page 121)

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THE next five years in American business will offer more opportunity *and more danger* than any similar period for a long time.

More men will achieve independence. More men who might achieve it will fail because of a failure properly to analyze the facts.

A right program will be more profitable than it has ever been. A wrong decision will be far more costly.

To put it in other words, the organization of business, the tempo of business, the speed of business are all in process of rapid change. The evidence is everywhere. In a brief period of thirty days between October 15th and November 15th, 1929, thousands of men who supposed that they were secure for life found themselves suddenly ruined. Thousands had their confidence so shaken that they are dazed and wondering. They have no plan. "What will happen to business in the next few years?" they are asking. "What program should we lay out for ourselves?"

The Institute foresaw the trend

Two years ago the Alexander Hamilton Institute, from its nation-wide contact with business leaders, sensed the tremendous changes which were about to come, and began to make preparations to meet them.

The Institute's original Course and Service in business was a great Course and did a great work. More than 398,000 men made it a part of their business equipment, and are far ahead because they did.

But the Institute saw that revolutionary changes were in prospect. Little business units were being merged into big units. Industries were reaching out into foreign markets. *Security prices were about to become subject to a whole new set of conditions.* Production methods were being revolutionized. The sales organization and strategy of the past were entirely unfitted for the new competition. The responsibilities of guiding the new business could not be discharged by men whose training had been in the old.

The Institute said: "We must prepare a wholly new Course to meet the new conditions. We must engage the co-operation of authorities whose business success belongs to the present, and not to the past. They must be the biggest and most successful men of the present—the men who will be the leaders during the coming five years."

Without regard to cost, the Institute went out to enlist the co-operation of the nation's business leaders. The response was even beyond its most sanguine expectations. In effect, one and all these men said:

"The greatest need of all is for trained leadership. Count on us. Any contribution we can make to this New Executive Training will be a contribution to our own best interests, because it will furnish us with more of the sort of executives we need."

It is impossible in this page to give detailed facts about the New Course and Service. It is new from start to finish—so new that the latter part will not be entirely off the presses for some months. Every unit will come to you fresh and live and breathing—straight from the very inner sanctums of this new business world.

We invite you to send for the full facts in a new book entitled: "What an Executive Should Know." It is a volume that should be read by every man who expects to win a secure place for himself in the next five years. It is well worth an hour of your time. And it is free.

Send for your copy today. You cannot gain a proper perspective on what lies ahead unless you look at the picture through the eyes of the country's biggest men.

Alexander Hamilton Institute, 988 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto)

Please send me "What an Executive Should Know," which describes the new Modern Business Course and Service.

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Business Address_____

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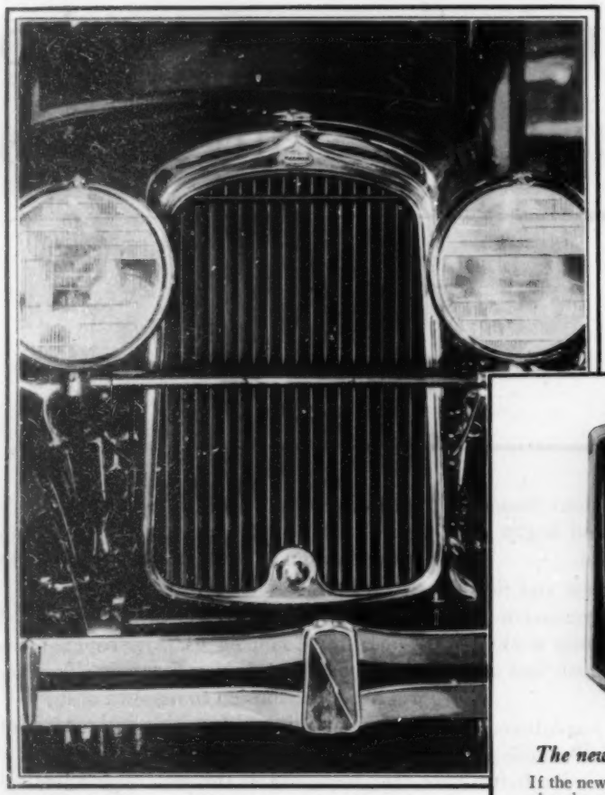
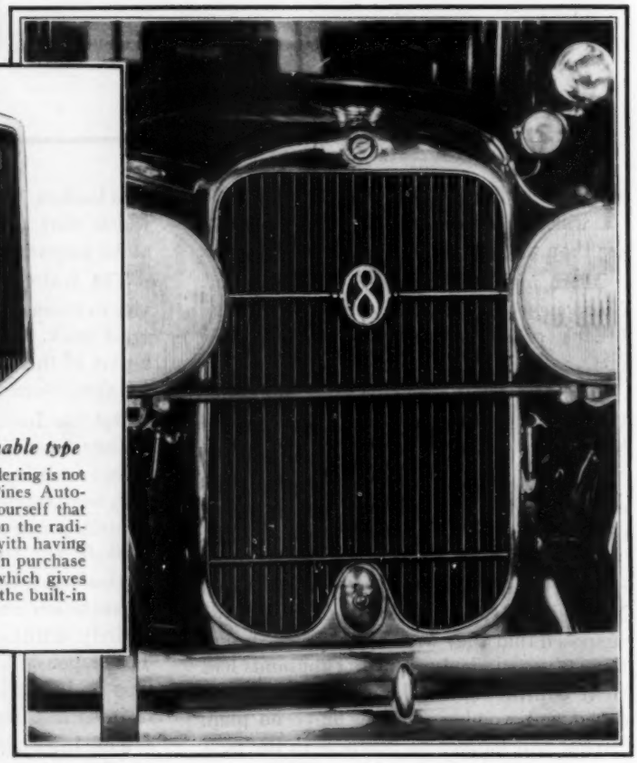


Illustrating the Marmon (8-79W and H) equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront. Fulton Sylphon Thermostat is used in this Winterfront.

The new vertical detachable type

If the new car you are considering is not already equipped with a Pines Automatic Winterfront, assure yourself that there are no obstructions on the radiator which would interfere with having one installed. You may then purchase a detachable Winterfront which gives you the same advantages as the built-in Winterfront.



Illustrating the Studebaker (President and Commander) equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront. Fulton Sylphon Thermostat is used in this Winterfront.

AUTOMOTIVE engineering is a complex subject. Few understand it. Still fewer can judge it accurately. Yet more than twenty automobiles now offer you *visible* evidence of engineering leadership—beyond which you need no further proof.

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When you see that the manufacturer has built in a Pines Automatic Winterfront you can be sure that the motor it protects is worthy of that protection—that the last degree of engineering precision has been provided. True, without a question, you will say when you read the list of Pines-equipped cars.

Are you buying a new car?

If you are—look for the Pines Automatic Winterfront on the radiator. It is unmistakable evidence of engineering progress.

Pines Automatic Winterfront has brought unmistakable beauty to the front end of the motor car . . . as well as warmth and freedom from drafts inside the car.

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If you do—watch the thermometer—and equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront as the weather begins to get cold, or at temperatures ranging 60° Fahrenheit and below.

No car is immune. No more tangible evidence of the necessity for this vital protection could be offered you than the fact that these leading manufacturers take this vital precaution into their own hands—and make Pines Automatic Winterfront an integral part of their cars.

Bring *your* car up-to-date. And remember—there is only one automatic radiator shutter on the market. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Pines Winterfront Company, 1131 N. Cicero Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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and others—names on request

Authorized Winterfront Service is available through the National Pines Automatic Winterfront Distributing Organization

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

(Continued from Page 118)

whip. He was utterly mad and he was their master.

They cringed and obeyed him, and they hated him, with shaking, furious hatreds that absorbed their hearts and minds and bodies. They forgot the scurvy and the cold and the great weariness that was theirs. They forgot the lost gig. They had wanted to die and the mate would not let them. When they slept they dreamed of him, rumbling with horrible laughter in the dreams as they did monstrous things to him. But at dawn and reality he was standing over them again, shouting, cursing, flogging them until they stirred and went to work. The days were endless. They plotted together. Soon or late he would be off his guard or they would find his sleeping place. Then they would kill him, so they could die in peace. And these plannings and this prospect—to die in peace—gave them new reasons for living. It was a grotesqueness and a perversity in the face of nature.

The sleek, gray destroyer came from the south, cutting the marble swells with her knifelike forefoot and throwing white spume back across her decks. Three men stood on her bridge—the commander, his lieutenant, and the captain of the lost Prince Rupert.

"There," said the captain very quietly, and he pointed away through the smother. The dull blur of foam-wreathed rock leaped into the lenses of the commander's glasses, and he gave a brief order to the wheel. Telegraphs jangled and the destroyer lost way. A whistle shrilled from aft and a steam winch rumbled smoothly.

"They're all dead," said the captain sadly. "But I'd like to go along and see."

"The captain will go along with you," said the commander, and his lieutenant saluted and buttoned up his oilskins. Fifteen minutes later the boat crawled toward the shore and lifted through the breaking swells, to grate with a rushing jar on the shingle. Men leaped out and dragged it clear. The lieutenant, the captain and two men walked slowly up the beach.

"They're all dead," said the captain again, his eyes narrowed because of the white hardness of the snow upon the rocks and the bitter hard white of the winter's sky. He had made his own effort, and no man could do more. He had been wrecked on the Chilean coast and had drifted south, pressing grimly toward the Strait of Magellan. It was a miracle that he had ever reached his destination, through barren lands and the nomad Indian tribes of uncertain temper. Yet he had come at last to a tiny whaling station, and from there had been taken to Punta Arenas, where the American destroyer had been lying, whose commander had volunteered to take up the rescue. But so much time had passed—months. Men could not live in that barrenness without clothing and adequate food, without weapons, without hope, and with only despair for company.

The little party topped a ridge and the lieutenant halted with an astonished oath. There was a white-coated, heavy-horned goat at bay in the snow, and about it was a small circle of ragged men with tangled beards and hair, their sunken eyes wilder than those of any beast. One of the men was shouting as the little circle closed—shouting and waving a many-thonged whip above his head. Once, as the stunned watchers stood there, this man leaped aside and brought the thongs down upon the back of another man who was lagging, forcing him to quicken his pace and snarl like an animal over his shoulder. They were all snarling, for that matter, and casting covert glances at the man with the whip. But he drove them on towards the uneasy goat, which pawed at the snow and bobbed his head.

The captain of the lost Prince Rupert shook off the spell at last. He rumbled in his beard and floundered down the slope, shouting at intervals. But he was nearly up to the circle before they heard him or took heed of him. And then they whipped round with bared teeth and knives held in their hands, rigid, motionless, for what seemed an age.

"Don't you know me?" said the captain hoarsely, and slow recognition dawned in the flaming eyes. The mate stumbled forward, his face amazed, and the other men shrank back to give him passage, wincing as the thongs of his whip brushed the snow.

"Reporting, sir," he said thickly, swaying as he stood. "Four men dead. You'll find a log written up near the cave."

The captain was profoundly shocked. The lieutenant uttered a sharp cry and came hurtling down the slope, his men at his heels. The castaways had drawn behind the unwary mate, were shuffling toward him, closing in upon him. The lieutenant thrust between them, an automatic glinting in his hand, and the castaways gave back. The mate had not turned. He was staring at the captain still, waiting for something; listening, as it were, with his whole body. The captain put out an unsteady hand and laid it upon the mate's shoulder.

"All right," he said huskily. "I'll take over."

The mate laughed, a bleak, harsh laugh that made the listeners shudder. And then he collapsed, so quickly the captain could not catch him. Nor for a while had he time to pick him up, for together with the lieutenant and the two seamen, he had to fight the castaways back from the prone figure. A shrill whistle brought the rest of the lieutenant's men, and the castaways were taken to the boat, some crying hysterically, some cursing and struggling, some laughing, and all of them muttering of the mate. It was days before they thought of anything else.

As the boat pushed off, snow began to fall ghostlike from the bitter sky. The surf muttered and rumbled. From the crest of the ridge a few dingy spots that were goats watched the turbulent departure across the swells. And then a great gray albatross came drifting over the sea, its pinions all but motionless, lifting and falling with the troubled waters as if welded to an invisible float. Its hard bright eyes watched the boat crawl towards the warship, and then the albatross lifted to the sky, up and up with slow heavy beats of its wings, up and up until it faded into the veil of the snow, as if its curiosity was satisfied and it sought new waters and new islands wrapped round by the desolation and the indifference of the brooding elements.

THE TRANSATLANTIC RACE

(Continued from Page 25)

of 10,000-ton displacement. I can best give the cost contrast in a concrete example. Less than two years ago a well-known American shipowner wanted to build a 14-knot 10,000-ton Dieselized ship—this is the most modern type—and got a $1,710,000 estimate from one of our shipyards. A British shipyard agreed to produce the same vessel for $720,000. It followed that such vessels as were added to the merchant marine were largely built in Britain, with the result that our shipyards went into the dumps. In 1916 twenty-three yards were making vessels in the United States. At the beginning of 1928 only nine were making any pretense of maintaining an organization, and these, in the main, were operating on part time. Twelve of the largest were closed down completely. We dropped to seventh place in world shipbuilding.

Between 1922 and 1927, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan built a total of 1340 merchant ships of 2000 tons or over for transoceanic service, with a gross tonnage of 7,699,927, while the United States constructed only 18 similar vessels of a total tonnage of 195,191. Great Britain outbuilt us by almost 50 to 1; Germany by more than 10 to 1; France and Italy each by more than 5 to 1; Japan by more than 4 to 1.

To the cost of construction must be added an equally high cost of operation. On an identical type of ship the annual charges on the American vessel would be $206,662.50, while the corresponding cost on the British would be $108,000. The differential in wages is equally excessive. The monthly wage and subsistence cost on a 9000-ton American ship is $4041, as against $2690.42 for a British ship of the same size; $1581.99 for an Italian; $1425.29 for a French, and $1371.58 for a Japanese. An American merchant captain gets $285 a month, while his French colleague receives only $91.91. This is typical of all the other wage disparities.

On top of all this was the further handicap embodied in the inability of the American shipbuilder to borrow construction capital on easy terms from the Government. Before the enactment of the Jones-White Law he could get only 66⅔ per cent of the total cost and was required to pay 4¼ per cent interest. The duration of the loan was discretionary with the Shipping Board. Furthermore, mail contracts were made only from year to year. In consequence, the owner never knew where he stood.

These obstacles were sufficiently serious, but there was still another. In 1916 we created the United States Shipping Board to meet the merchant-marine situation brought about by the World War. In five years a total of 2312 vessels aggregating 13,636,711 deadweight tons was added to our shipping. This construction, together with the transfer of foreign ships to American registry and the seizure of enemy vessels, expanded our total tonnage to 18,462,967 gross tons by 1922. Many of the merchant-marine problems which have baffled us since the war have grown out of this unwieldy fleet, part of which represented what has been termed "the three-billion-dollar folly."

The establishment of the Shipping Board as an operating agency meant that the Government was in business. There immediately developed the costly consequences that invariably attend such a procedure. There is no need of recapitulating the story. In seven years operating losses were more than $250,000,000. This loss cut two ways. Sitting both as court and operator, it was able to slash rates for its own ships while maintaining higher ones for competing American lines. Under the Merchant Marine Act of 1920 the board was empowered to sell its lines to private owners. If this mandate were carried out the organization would be out of a job.

The experience of the Shipping Board has proved that the Government cannot operate cheaply and is unable to secure a revenue as large as that earned by a private enterprise. Moreover, it cannot avoid the interminable difficulties and waste born of bureaucracy on the one hand and of direct and indirect political pressures on the other. Finally, as President Hoover once aptly pointed out: "Government operation and competition with private enterprise, with the United States Treasury as a reserve fund, totally dulls private initiative."

Fortifying these adverse conditions was an active propaganda, largely inspired in Europe, to the effect that we were not ship minded and therefore incapable of assuming the responsibilities of a big merchant marine. Among other things, it helped to keep capable men—officers and agents—out of the service. Resentment of the fact that the United States Government was in the shipping business was capitalized to encourage shippers to use privately owned alien lines.

Such, in brief, was the disheartening state of affairs early in 1928 when the drive for adequate merchant-marine legislation started in Congress. Out of the various

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bills proposed emerged a composite known as the Jones-White Law, which gives some of the much-desired relief. Under its provisions a shipbuilder can borrow 75 per cent of the total capital cost at the same rate of interest paid by the United States Government, which, at the time I write, is 3⅛ per cent. The loan period may extend to twenty years, the average life of a ship. Another commendable provision enables mail contracts to be made for ten years, which is obviously a great improvement on the previous year-to-year arrangement.

A further desirable feature stipulates that the sale of vessels and lines owned by the Shipping Board can be made effective by the vote of five members of the board, instead of requiring a unanimous vote, as heretofore. The bill also authorizes the Shipping Board to insure its equity in all vessels disposed of to private owners as well as those built or conditioned through loans made out of the Construction Loan Fund. This clause is particularly helpful because shipowners frequently experience considerable difficulty in placing insurance. They are now enabled to get all they want, and at reasonable rates. The larger value of the bill is that it means the gradual elimination of the Government as an operating factor.

Mail-Contract Aid

The mail-contract feature of the Jones-White measure deserves special consideration, since it will help to offset the difference in ship costs in American yards and those of foreign countries, and because ocean-mail carriage is a vital factor in merchant-marine operation. Nearly everybody at some time gets a letter or a package from an overseas country, yet few know that the system involved is not only American in origin but has had an important part in shaping our shipping destiny.

The common impression that a mail contract is a subsidy in the opprobrious sense is a mistake. In simplest terms, it is the price that a government pays to a steamship line to haul the mails. Our failure to endow American ships with mail contracts over the periods preceding and immediately following the Civil War largely led to our passenger-carrying extinction on the high seas.

The initial agitation for a mail contract followed the historic trip of the American steamship Savannah from Savannah to Liverpool and return in 1819. She was the first steam vessel to cross the Atlantic. It led to the introduction of a bill in the Senate to establish a steamship line for the transportation of the public foreign mails. All this happened nearly a score of years before the British established the first regular mail-steamship line in the transatlantic trade.

That pioneer bill passed the Senate but died in the House. It was not until 1836 that Congress passed a mail act. It was restricted to the coastwise trade, however. The first foreign-mail-contract bill became a law in 1846, and since that time contracts have been intermittently let. Unfortunately mail contracts became enmeshed in politics, which accounted for the long lapses during which our lines staggered under competition with the British, who have always received generous encouragement from their government.

Great Britain began to make mail contracts in 1838. It inspired the organization of the Cunard, Royal Mail Steam Packet, Pacific Steam Navigation, and the Peninsular and Oriental—the famous P. & O.—companies. The Cunard line would not have been able to build and operate the Mauretania and the Lusitania without a special British mail contract plus a low-rate construction loan from the British Treasury.

After the World War the United States Government found on its hands the vast war-built merchant fleet, while the American steamship companies had many new vessels, all built at high wartime costs. Congress realized that this marine could not compete successfully with alien vessels without certain governmental encouragement. The steamship interests declared themselves unable to buy government ships unless something was done to counteract the higher cost of operation under the American flag. The Merchant Marine Act of 1920, therefore, authorized the revival of ocean-mail contracts. The Post Office Department, with the advice of the Shipping Board, entered into contracts with lines operating to South America, the West Indies, Australia, the Orient, and the Malay States. The European mails, for the time being, were left to foreign vessels. One great handicap, as I have pointed out, was that the mail contracts were for one year only.

The Jones-White Law not only extends this period to ten years but makes for a higher rate of pay. Mail contracts are by poundage—that is by weight—or by the mile. The ship receives a certain sum for every mile of the journey that the mails cover. The mile rate ranges from $2.50 to $12. The faster the ship the higher is the rate per mile that it receives. It means that a twenty-knot ship gets more than five times the rate of a ten-knot ship. The weight rate for first-class mail is eighty cents a pound. All other classes, including parcel post, go at eight cents a pound. These new rates in some instances are twice as high as those that prevailed before the Jones-White Law came into effect. The twenty-two mail contracts already entered into mean an outlay by the Government of nearly $12,200,000 a year as compared with $3,000,000, which was the previous annual price for the transport of our foreign mail. Hence American ships are in a better position to hold their own with competitors. The difference in ship costs is offset to a considerable extent. Furthermore, we are now all to the good in hauling American mail to Europe.

All these mail contracts are for outgoing mail. Inbound mail—that is, from Europe, for example—is controlled by the various countries whose postage stamps it bears. Just as we give the preference to American ships, so does Britain give the bulk of her outbound mail to vessels flying her flag. Mail contracts are bestowed only on so-called "essential lines."

A Weakness in the Law

Mail contracts are awarded through competitive bidding. The Government sets a maximum price, whether per mile or per pound, and the company, if there is only one line seeking this route, naturally bids at the top figure. When two or more lines compete, the lowest bidder gets the contract.

One of the weaknesses of the Jones-White Law grows out of the fact that where two American lines are operating on the same service only one gets the contract. This puts the other at a very serious disadvantage.

Shipping men believe that the bill should be amended to give mail contracts to more than one line in the same service. This would result in more frequent sailings and a better mail service. The big fact to be emphasized is that for the first time in many decades the American merchant marine is obtaining adequate governmental aid through a generous, long-term mail contract. It contributes to operation and at the same time strengthens our sea position, because a contract is contingent upon the maintenance of swift, high-grade ships.

We can now see just how American ship construction is being accelerated. The first fast passenger liner exclusively for the foreign trade to be ordered as a result of the Jones-White Act is the eighteen-knot turbo-electric Santa Clara of the Grace Line, which was launched on November fourteenth. All the Grace boats are named after saints. She will enter the Grace Line service between New York and Valparaiso, Chile, next spring, supplementing the motor ships Santa Maria and Santa Barbara, placed in that service last year. Her construction in this country, at a cost of about 70 per cent more than a similar vessel could

(Continued on Page 125)

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An even temperature from center to sides and cool handle in Super Maid Fry Pans

One small burner takes care of the Triplicate Set. Food cooks evenly in all three pans

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Your home the only place to learn about this wonderful new method of cooking

Super Maid Cook-ware is not sold in retail stores. The usual retail selling-methods can not do justice to this ware. Store salesmen have neither the time nor the equipment to demonstrate the super-cooking qualities of this wonder-working cook-ware. And we sell it because of what it does as much as for its beautiful appearance. Therefore, we have adopted our method of inviting you and your friends to dinner. You will enjoy seeing our demonstrator get the dinner. He will furnish all the food, cook it, serve it and leave your kitchen as spick and span as he found it.

After dinner he will tell you and your guests why it is made as it is, how it accomplishes such unusual and delightful cooking results. He will not ask you to buy. You will be placed under no obligation or embarrassment. We will rest our case on the extra goodness of the dinner, on the beauty of Super Maid Cook-ware, on your intelligence in appreciating the value to you and your family of eating all the nutrition that Nature puts into the food for which you spend so much of your money.

Thousands of Super Maid demonstrations are given each week in America's finest homes. We will gladly serve this free dinner to you and your friends. Simply write your name on a postcard and send to Super Maid Cook-ware Corporation, 2742 West 36th Place, Chicago, Illinois.

SUPER MAID COOK-WARE

P.S.—We can use a few more demonstrators. Write us. It's a real opportunity.

SUPER MAID • COOK-WARE

(Continued from Page 122)

be built for abroad, is made possible by the contract which the Grace Steamship Company has from the United States Post Office Department to carry the mail from New York to Valparaiso and other ports on the west coast of South America, and by the Shipping Board's loan of $2,587,000.

The first freighter launched under the new building deal was the 8500-ton City of New York, built for the American-South African Line. It will supplement a service of growing importance.

A much larger use of government funds is being made by the Export Steamship Corporation, which has laid down four combination passenger-cargo vessels to operate between New York and Mediterranean and Black Sea ports. They represent a total outlay of $8,900,000, of which 75 per cent is borrowed from the Government. Additional loans will be authorized for equipment.

Ships Building and Planned For

This transaction serves to show how our merchant marine is expanding under the impetus of intelligent government support on a practical business basis. In 1925, the Export Steamship Corporation purchased the eighteen vessels comprising the American Export Lines from the Shipping Board. Subsequently it bought six more. Upon the passage of the Jones-White Act it secured a mail contract and, with the increased loan facilities afforded, was able to contract for the four ships to which I have just referred. The result has been a contract with the Russian Government to handle Soviet exports from the Black Sea ports of Odessa, Novorossisk and Batum. It means the moving of 1,000,000 cubic feet of cargo every month.

This service attracted the attention of the Persian Minister at Washington, who suggested the possibility of using these vessels for Persian exports to the United States through Batum. With the vessels now on the ways, the Export Steamship Corporation will have thirty-four ships in service.

Another expansion is that of the Ward Line for its New York-Havana service, which operates under the Atlantic, Gulf, & West Indies Steamship Lines—more commonly known as the AGWI. It provides for two of the fastest electrically driven passenger ships afloat. They will maintain an average speed of twenty knots, enabling the line to cut the present running time between New York and Havana from seventy-two to about sixty hours. The United States Government lends $6,450,000 of the total cost.

The Havana-New York service has always been regarded as peculiarly the prerogative of American lines. In addition to the Ward Line, the Munson, United Fruit, Dollar, and Panama Pacific lines operate between these two ports. While the service extends throughout the whole year, the winter months are the height of the season. Last season the Cunard sent its liner, the Caronia, into this route, while this season both the Caronia and the Carmania are in it. The Mauretania will make one special trip.

The Cunard entry has precipitated a situation full of danger for the new American merchant marine. Under the Shipping Act of 1916 a so-called fighting ship—that is, a ship sent into a service for the purpose of bringing about ruinous competition—is considered illegal.

The projection of big British Atlantic liners into the New York-Havana trade is, therefore, apt to create a serious situation and put a definite crimp into one branch of our new marine.

An analogous situation arose in 1921, when Egyptian cotton growers requested the Shipping Board to establish a service for the carriage of their cotton to Liverpool for transfer to other vessels. British shipowners at once registered a protest, on the ground that the board was entering a trade which they had developed and with which American ships had never been connected. The Shipping Board recognized the force of the contention and refused to put its ships into the Egypt-Liverpool service. Americans now feel that the British should do likewise in the matter of the New York-Havana run.

The new building program made possible by the Jones-White Act includes two liners for the Dollar Line, five ships for the Motor Tank Ship Corporation, and two liners for the Matson Navigation Company. All together seventeen vessels with a total tonnage of 215,600, upon which the Government is lending $45,641,687—this is three-fourths of the cost—are on the ways.

Even more pretentious is the contemplated construction under the Jones-White Act. Heading the list is the program of the United States Lines, Inc., which, early in 1929, purchased from the Shipping Board the crack liner fleet of six ships, headed by the Leviathan, and also the American Merchant Line of five transatlantic vessels. The aggregate price for the two lines was $16,082,000.

The United States Lines, Inc., has asked for bids on two oil-burning 27,000-ton, twenty-two-knot ships, which will be among the largest and fastest yet built in the United States. It is planned to supplement these with two more of the same type. All these ships will bid for Jones-White mail contracts and have the benefit of the new loan provisions.

The United States Lines is also making plans for two 60,000-ton liners, which will compete with the new Oceanic of the White Star Line, now being built at Belfast, which will be Britain's speed challenge to the Bremen.

Other proposed additions include six vessels for the Dollar Line, three for the Colombian Steamship Company, three for the Eastern Steamship Lines, two for the Matson Navigation Company, one each for the Panama Pacific Line, the American-South African Line, and the Red D Line. The entire projected program, excluding the two 60,000-tonners for the United States Lines, means a further increase of not less than 310,000 tons for the American merchant marine.

Adding the 215,600 tons under construction—we have averaged the laying down of one new ship a month since the passage of the Jones-White Act—you get the total of 525,000 tons, which will mean a real comeback for the stars and stripes on the high seas. We will no longer be required to depend on foreign ships to haul the bulk of our commerce and our mails.

Gains of Our Merchant Marine

Quite in a class apart is the new fleet of the Panama Pacific Line, which comprises the California and the Virginia, which made their maiden runs in January and December, 1928, respectively, and the Pennsylvania, which put out for the first time on October nineteenth last. These ships, known as the "electric trio"—they are all turbo-electric driven—are among the largest passenger vessels yet constructed in the United States. They ply between New York and San Francisco by way of the Panama Canal. The Pennsylvania—she is similar to the other two—has a displacement of 32,850 tons, with a speed of twenty-one and three-quarters statute, or land, miles an hour, which enables her to make the run of 5600 miles between New York and California in thirteen days.

Though these ships were not started under the provisions of the Jones-White Act, they are able to come under its construction and mail-contract privileges. They are invested with a distinct historic interest, because the Panama Pacific is the successor of the old American Line, which gave our merchant marine some of its proudest traditions.

That the corner has been turned by the American merchant marine is shown by the latest figures compiled by the Shipping Board. During the fiscal year 1928, 1600 American and foreign ports participated in the foreign trade of the United States, in which 5100 vessels of 23,000,000 gross tons, flying the flags of twenty-eight countries, transported 1,750,000 passengers. The 100,000,000 tons of cargo conveyed were valued at nearly $8,000,000,000. The combined passenger and freight revenues approximated $1,000,000,000.

The cheering detail, however, is that American ships carried 40 per cent of our overseas commerce, which represented an increase of exactly 10 per cent over the percentage for 1927. Furthermore, 28 per cent of the passengers were transported on American ships. Incidentally it is worth pointing out that 450,000 people traveled between New York and Europe between January and July of 1929, as compared with 441,800 voyagers during the corresponding period of 1928.

The Four-Day Boat

Equally heartening is the gradual elimination of the Shipping Board as operating factor. Up to October 1, 1929, it had disposed of nineteen lines, comprising 162 ships with a total of 1,151,430 tons. The board still owns 551 vessels—4,471,502 tons—but only 234—1,993,061 tons—are in active service in the eighteen lines remaining under its supervision. The Construction Loan Fund is available for conditioning as well as for new construction. The outlook for further transfer of Shipping Board vessels to private owners for private operation is, therefore, good.

Far more dramatic than the log of the reawakened American merchant marine is the race for transatlantic supremacy in size and speed. Five nations are entered and more than $180,000,000 will be staked on the outcome. The goal is the four-day boat. Thus competitive warship construction, soon to be checked through equitable limitation, is now followed by a passenger-ship contest for the bloodless laurels of peace.

The new rivalry was precipitated on July twenty-second when the Bremen dropped anchor at Ambrose Channel, the entrance to New York harbor, flying the mythical blue ribbon of the Atlantic. She wrested the crown of queen of the seas from the Mauretania, which had held it for more than twenty years. The dachshund had beaten the greyhound! The Bremen's time on her maiden trip from Cherbourg was 4 days, 17 hours, and 42 minutes. She averaged 27.83 knots. A knot, or a sea mile, is 6080 feet, or 800 feet more than a land mile. On the west-bound trip that ended October twenty-second, the Bremen clipped eighteen minutes from her record despite heavy seas.

The feat of the Bremen achieved two purposes: One was to emphasize the return of the German merchant marine to its old authority. Remarkable as she is she represents more than the triumph of the ship architect. She is, as I have already intimated, the symbol of a comeback that is a tribute to the industry, resource and enterprise of the German people.

On July 1, 1914, the German merchant fleet numbered 4935 vessels, totaling 5,238,937 tons. On July 1, 1919, there were less than 100 small ships, aggregating 450,000 tons. The war and post-war seizures stripped the once-proud fleet to the bone. Today the German merchant tonnage is 4,050,000, which includes the fastest liner afloat. A miracle of rehabilitation has been wrought. Germany now stands fourth in volume of merchant marine, being surpassed only by Great Britain, the United States and Japan. It is altogether likely that she will rank third before another twelve months elapse.

The second accomplishment of the Bremen is the stimulation of transatlantic competition, which is invoking the best construction brains in Britain, the United States, France and Italy, to say nothing of hundreds of millions of dollars, in the attempt to surpass her in every detail—especially speed.

The first impression of the Bremen's exterior is striking. She is unlike any other liner afloat. Most big ships of her type have

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high funnels and a sharp bow. The Bremen is long, low, almost rakish, with bulbous bow and low, squat, elliptical funnels. This is because she is streamlined.

Reduced to simplest terms, streamlining means a construction that makes it easier to part water or air. Long experience has shown that the knifelike bow results in more wind and air resistance than the rounded one. The sharp bow produces the foaming wake which looks thrilling in pictures, but is not so practical for high-speed purposes. Hence everything has been done on the Bremen to cut down head resistance above and below the water line, even though time-honored traditions in ship design had to be discarded. The shape of the bow and the stern are designed to press the water down, rather than to each side, in order to minimize the friction on the sides of the vessel.

In size the Bremen is surpassed by both the Majestic and the Leviathan, being 938 feet long, with a registered tonnage of 51,655. In other details, however, she is in a class by herself. With a horse power of 132,000, she is the highest-powered passenger vessel in the world. The only ships that outstrip her in this respect are in the British and American navies. Our two new aircraft carriers—the Saratoga and the Lexington—are 180,000 horse power each, while the British battle cruiser Hood is 144,000 horse power. The Bremen is an oil-burning turbine type.

Turn to what the other big lines are doing and you learn that the size race is on at full tilt.

The first actual rival of the Bremen to be laid down is the new Oceanic of the White Star Line, now under construction at the famous Harland & Wolff yards at Belfast.

The new Oceanic will serve to show how the Bremen is affecting all construction. The keel was laid down in 1928 for a vessel to be approximately 1000 feet long, 110 feet beam, and 65 feet deep, to cost $30,000,000. She will be the first of the 1000-foot vessels. As soon as the Bremen got under seaway, drastic changes were made in the plans of the Oceanic. Eighty feet were added to the length. While the other changes have been kept secret, the impression prevails that in her wind and water resistance features she will strongly resemble the Bremen.

Last summer a decision of far-reaching marine importance was made in connection with this superliner. Lord Kylsant, head of the White Star and its various affiliated lines—he is also head of the Harland & Wolff works—stated that the Oceanic will have the electrical drive. Whether it will be turbo-electric—that is, driven by electricity generated by a steam turbine using oil—or propelled by electricity produced by internal-combustion engines is as yet undecided. Whichever one is ultimately adopted, it means that the Oceanic will go in for high speed in an attempt to regain the blue ribbon of the Atlantic for Britain.

Bigger and Better Ships

The application of electricity for driving large vessels was first introduced in a big way by the American Navy. Following this development, the passenger vessel California, which is driven by electricity, was built. It proved so satisfactory that the two sister ships, the Virginia and the Pennsylvania—I previously referred to all three—were electrified.

The British are going strongly into motor ships, as is evidenced by the new Britannic, launched early last August for the New York-Liverpool service of the White Star Line. She is the biggest British-built motor vessel, being 680 feet long, with a tonnage of 27,840. She, too, shows the influence of the Bremen in that her funnels are low. The largest motor ship afloat is the Augustus of the Navigazione Generale Italiana—the N. G. I.—which is 32,650 tons.

That the 1000-foot vessel is to be the type of the speed liner of the future is revealed in the plans, tentative and otherwise, of the Cunard and the French lines. The Cunard has not committed itself definitely to any program, but it is known that two 60,000 tonners, to average 28½ knots are contemplated. They will have direct-drive turbine engines similar to those on the Mauretania and the Aquitania. The French line is more specific. Its next big vessel will be not less than 1000 feet long, with a tonnage of 60,000. The determination is frankly expressed to make this a four-day boat, which would require a speed of 30 knots or better.

The Italians are also to the fore and will have two pretentious contenders in their field. Late in October it was announced that the N. G. I. and the Lloyd Sabaudo had joined forces for the construction of two sister ships of 45,000 tons each, capable of doing 27 knots. Each will cost $15,000,000. It is expected that these vessels will cut the run from New York to Naples from nine days to seven days. Their first stop will be at Gibraltar, whence passengers will be enabled to go to Paris by aeroplane in half a day.

Cramped for Docking Space

The fact that these two ships will be jointly ordered and laid down coincidentally does not imply joint operation. Each line will run one of the ships independent of the other. The combined effort is made to achieve economy in cost of design and construction. The N. G. I. vessel will be called the Dante—the name of the first vessel of the line—while the Lloyd Sabaudo ship will be christened the Conte Azurro.

The North German Lloyd does not intend to build any more vessels of the Bremen type. The Columbus of 32,500 tons is being reconditioned so as to make the run between New York and the Channel ports in six days, and to Bremen in seven. The Hamburg-American Line will not enter the competition for size or speed. It has embarked on a reconstruction program involving the re-engining of the four ships of the Albert Ballin type, which will be converted into seven-day boats instead of nine, as at present. The reconditioning program will be finished by the spring of 1930.

The United States will be obliged to take a brace if she wants to keep up with the future sea procession. The two 60,000-ton ships proposed by the United States Lines, Inc., would go a long way, however, toward helping us to hold our own. They will be 1000 feet long and built to do more than 27½ knots. At the moment our best speed bet on the Atlantic is the stout and fine Leviathan. Her fastest time from Cherbourg to New York, made in 1925, was 24.65 knots. Her speediest run was 5 days, 6 hours and 21 minutes, recorded in 1924.

These disclosures naturally lead to the pertinent question: What is the practical limit of the ocean liner in speed and size? In a little more than half a century ship length has expanded from an average of 300 feet to 1000 feet, which will be the dimension of the new leviathans. Obviously some restriction other than capital outlay will call a halt.

One obstacle to excessive tonnage exists. It arises out of the difficulty in handling huge vessels in the narrow fairway of the Hudson River at New York. Trouble is already experienced in finding adequate docks for ships built within the past two years. The War Department restricts the extent to which a pier can be projected into a channel. Moreover, a draft of 39 feet cannot be exceeded, since this is about the limit of the main channels leading into New York.

There is still another barrier, but it is confined only to vessels flying the American flag. All ships of our merchant marine are part of the Navy auxiliary, comprising 30 per cent of the naval strength in time of war. Since they might be obliged to carry troops from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific, they cannot be longer than 1000 feet, which is the maximum length of the Panama Canal locks.

The matter of maximum speed is conjectural. Thirty-three knots is, of course,

(Continued on Page 130)

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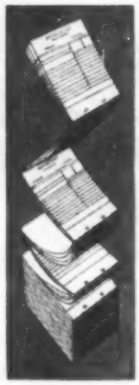

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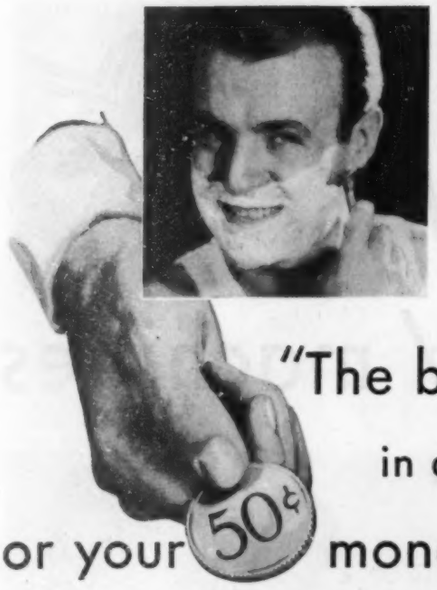

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Earn CASH *and* PRIZES!

DO YOU need money *now* for new clothes, school, good times?

Mary Carolyn Hurst, a schoolgirl, has earned $58.00 in a few weeks; Eleanor Brown tucked away $5.00 in a single day. And besides money, many girls are winning thrilling prizes such as cameras, sports watches, dainty jewelry. They're wearing the blue-and-gold honor pin you see below, too . . . Of course you'd like to join them now! You'll receive the details as soon as you send in the coupon below.

JG C

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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....Age.....

Have you tried "Clipping Coupons" *from* Radio Programs ?

MORE than entertainment comes out of your radio. Some of the best programs on the air conclude with an invitation to write for the booklets and catalogs of the people who broadcast. Recently, as a result of four half-hour broadcasts, 7,644 people wrote for the booklet offered via radio by one manufacturer.

Are you still a stranger to this idea of "clipping coupons from radio programs"?

Or have you discovered the fascinating picture-and-text books offered by firms you meet through your loudspeaker? They answer questions about their goods that you might logically ask:

Is this something that will save my time and energy?
Is it better than what I now use?
What kind of people use it?
Will my life be happier, safer, richer, by knowing more about this thing?

There are new styles, new conveniences, new luxuries, new contributions to better modes of living coming along all the time. You hear of many from your radio. The finest of these things are always pictured and explained in the booklets and catalogs that are sent for the asking.

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It is the business of the S. D. Warren Company to make printing papers on which the text will be easily read, the pictures clear and convincing, and the colors faithful to the merchandise.

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*City*_____ *State*_____

(Continued from Page 126)

easily possible, but it involves a tremendous outlay. Speed at sea is expensive. It is one thing for warships, with governments to foot the bills, to drive at 33 knots or more, and quite another for a private corporation, even with generous mail contracts, to pay the reckoning.

One of the biggest items of expense is for fuel. The daily fuel bill of the Mauretania when she was driven at top speed has been as high as $10,000. It costs not less than $7900 a day to stoke the engines of the Bremen with oil.

Furthermore, high speed involves terrific wear and tear on equipment. Renewal and replacement constitute a large factor. Finally, the great liners run at full capacity only in the height of what is called the tourist season, which means that there are many lean months during which the fuel and other overhead go on just the same.

Everywhere the aeroplane is beginning to cut in on steamship travel, with attendant annihilation of time and distance. While I was in England last summer a round trip to India by air was accomplished in seven and a half days. A regular air service between England and India is now maintained with express-train regularity.

What concerns us here, however, is the growing affiliation between steamship companies and air lines. In some instances one is dependent upon the other. The Hamburg-American Line has maintained a close connection with the original Zeppelin company since 1910 and books all the passages for the Graf Zeppelin. The Grace Line has traffic arrangements with the Pan-American Airways. Passengers are given the option on taking part of the journey from New York to the west coast of South America by air and part by sea.

All the lines that touch at Cherbourg make contact with an air service to Paris, thereby avoiding one of the worst railway journeys in the world. The trip is done in an hour and a half, sometimes less, whereas the rail time is more than four hours. Moreover, the air passengers are permitted to leave the liner ahead of their fellow voyagers who go by train.

The time is long past when the air journey requires a defense. Each year has witnessed a larger degree of safety in transport. The radio makes aerial navigation less hazardous through constant communication with the shore. A movement is under way to pool the resources of the meteorological bureaus of the United States, England, France and Germany, and jointly issue daily weather reports on conditions on the Atlantic. The plan is for each country to radio and cable its report to the other coöperating countries. Each nation will be enabled to construct its own weather map, based on complete information. Such a procedure would be of inestimable value to airplanes and ships, which now operate with insufficient weather data.

Thus, from every angle, you find transoceanic transport keyed to faster speeds and larger proportions. A new age of travel is in the making.

Do you know what your home furnishings are worth?

Start with the living room. Put down the value of:

Radio	$
Piano	
Carpet and rugs	
Chairs	
Tables	
Davenport	
Lamps	
Draperies	
Desk	
Pictures	
Pottery	
Books	
Book case	
Clocks	
Mirrors	
Silver articles	
TOTAL	

A SURPRISING total, isn't it? And that's only one room! Surprising, too, how many *other* people do not know how much money their household possessions represent. Many of them find out to their sorrow when their Residence Contents Fire Insurance (renewed so casually year after year) proves woefully inadequate when put to the test.

Is *your* insurance sufficient to cover all the new things you have acquired?

The Alliance Agent will be glad to furnish, without obligation, a Household Inventory Booklet.

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ALLIANCE

Agent

If you do not find him listed in your Bell classified telephone directory under "ALLIANCE *Insurance*," write us for his name.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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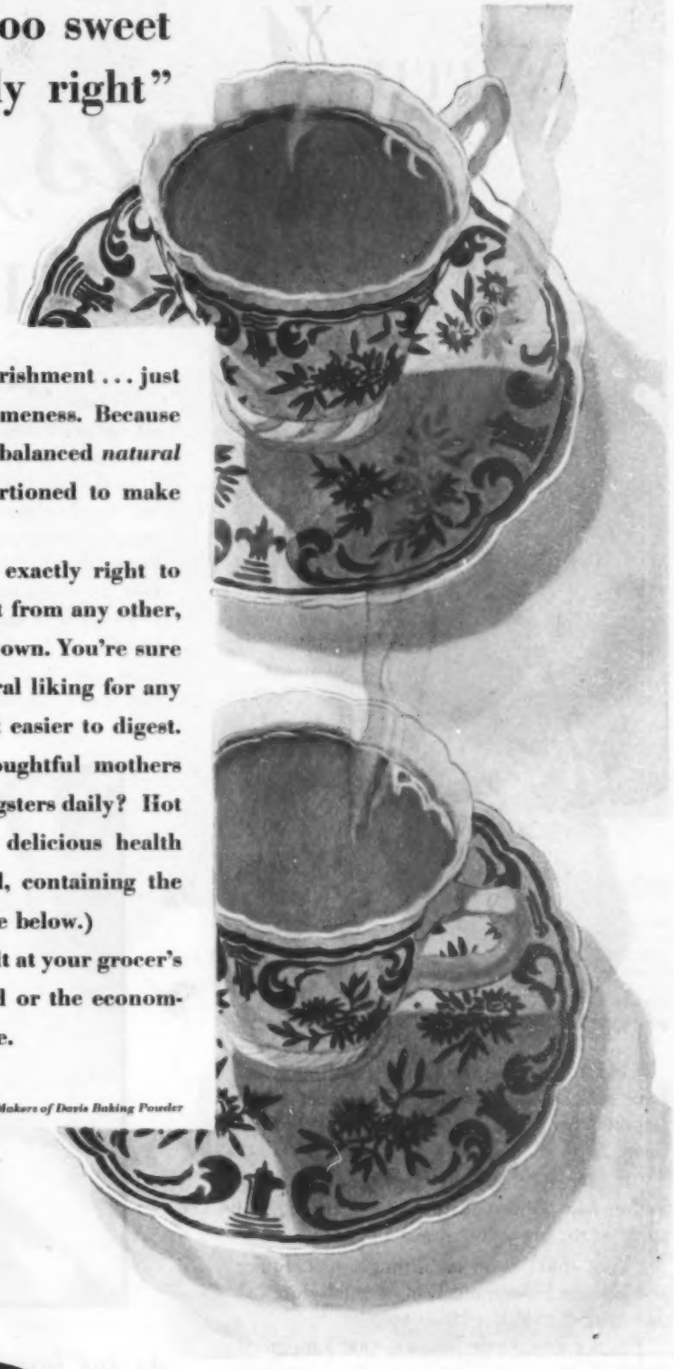

Just exactly right for nourishment . . . just exactly right for wholesomeness. Because Cocomalt is a completely balanced *natural* food, scientifically proportioned to make digestion easy.

And above all, just exactly right to *taste* . . . a flavor different from any other, a flavor that's Cocomalt's own. You're sure to like it . . . and a natural liking for any food, you know, makes it easier to digest.

Any wonder that thoughtful mothers are giving it to their youngsters daily? Hot or cold, Cocomalt is a delicious health drink for young and old, containing the Sunshine Vitamin. (* note below.)

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Street _____

City _____

State _____

Adds 70% more nourishment to milk

253

WITH *Arms full of books and* MOUTHS *full of Hunger*

THEY dash for the pantry . . . Junior and Elsie and Doris and Dan. No, mother hasn't forgotten her promise. There it is, on the lowest shelf . . .

"It *looks* like chocolate," says Junior to Elsie, as they take the top off the jar with the big, red apple on the label, "but it *smells* like cider."

"Yum-yum!" they say as they taste it, Junior and Elsie and Doris and Dan—"yum-yum," as they spread it thick on their bread.

Yes, it's gorgeously luscious, that Lippincott Apple Butter, with its taste that's a blend of ruddy, ripe apples, the purest of snow-white sugar, sparkling, golden cider . . . and such spices as must have tickled the tongues of Haroun Al Raschid and all the princes and princesses of the Arabian Nights . . . !

And mother doesn't mind *how much* of it you eat between meals and at meals, too. For she knows there are such good things in it—all so skilfully cooked and stirred together in big, shiny caldrons in big, shiny kitchens—that the more you eat of Lippincott Apple Butter, the quicker you'll grow into big, sturdy men and lovely women.

That's why mother's so glad to give you Lippincott Apple Butter on hot tea-biscuits for supper, and with corn-muffins for breakfast, and in sandwiches that you can take to school. And she'll give you, too, if you ask her, special treats like pies that are filled with apple butter and all sorts of delicious apple butter desserts.

Yes, you always know there's a good time coming when you hear mother telephoning to the grocer for another jar of Lippincott Apple Butter. And if she'll write and ask us, we'll send her our book of Lippincott Apple Butter recipes. Um-m-m . . . so many wonderful treats she'll make for you then!

As, for instance . . .

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER CAKE WITH RAISINS

½ cup sugar
1 rounded tablespoon butter
2 eggs
1½ cups Lippincott Apple Butter
1 teaspoon lemon extract
1 cup raisins
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking-powder

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs, well beaten, and flavoring. Mix in Lippincott Apple Butter, flour and raisins and beat well, adding baking-powder just before cake goes into oven. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes.

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER DAINTY

2 egg whites
1½ cups Lippincott Apple Butter

Beat the egg whites to a stiff froth, fold in the Lippincott Apple Butter. Chill in the refrigerator and serve with a chilled soft custard.

THE LIPPINCOTT COMPANY · *Cincinnati, Ohio*

Lippincott Apple Butter

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"BROADWAY"
AND
"SKINNER STEPS OUT"
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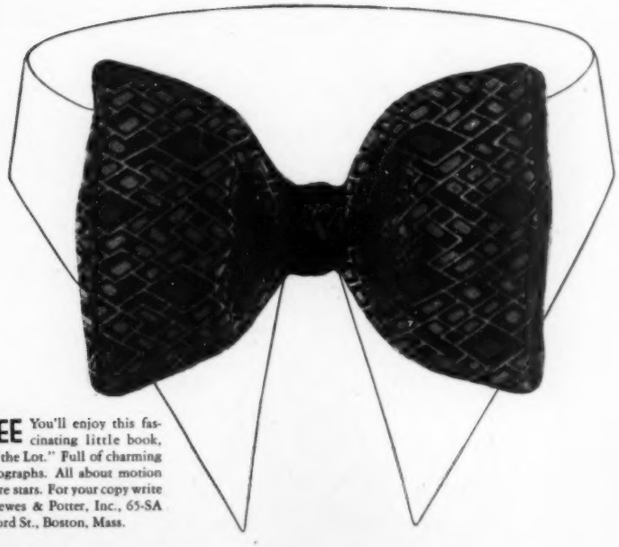

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"This reel is called.. First Pictures of Joan

I've taken movies of her every month since she was born"

SCENES similar to the one pictured at the right are being shown on the home screen thousands of times each month.

Many a mother is proudly exhibiting precious films with Baby playing the leading part. Many another parent, on seeing these films, bitterly regrets not having seized the same opportunity.

And what an opportunity it is! Home movies enable you to make a screen biography of your children, to record permanently those baby ways you love so much.

Pictures taken the day of the christening, pictures of the first trip in her little carriage, in her high chair, in her tub, and asleep in her bassinet. What a thrill they are to take, yet there's one thrill even greater. It comes to you in later years when you flash those pictures on the screen for the grown-up children to look at, too.

Your Own Silver Screen

Yes, years from now you can sit in your own living room and see what your youngsters did today. This is the miracle that Ciné-Kodak home movies have brought to pass for other parents. Take advantage of this priceless opportunity yourself. Begin today to make a "living diary" of your children.

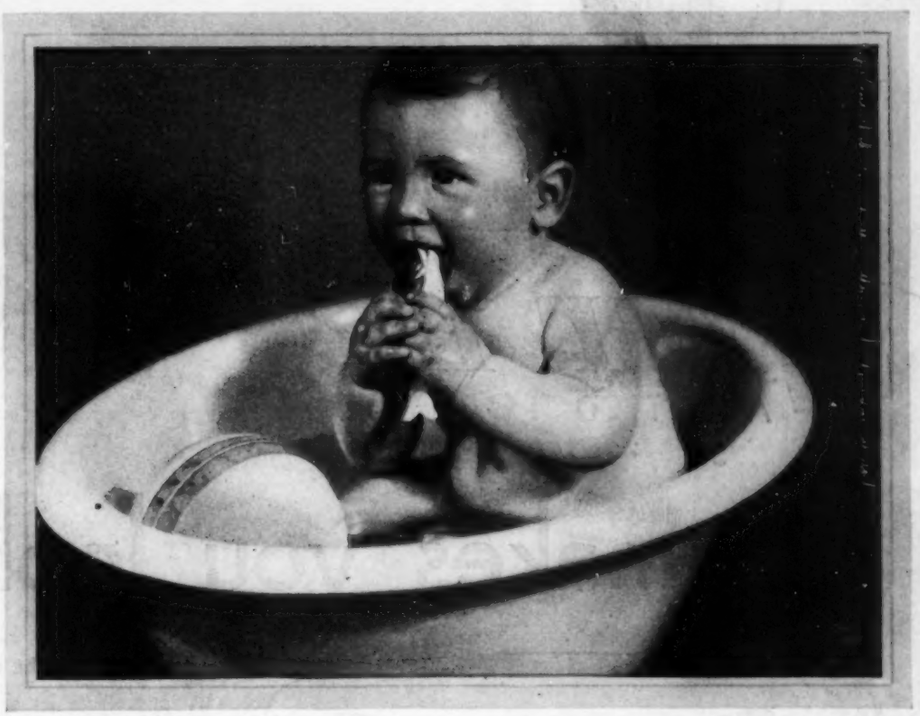
As Simple as Snapshots

It's just as easy to take Ciné-Kodak movies as it is to make simple snapshots. You merely point the camera and press the lever. Instantly the action before you is being recorded.

Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie making equally simple for you.

As for expense, a home movie outfit consisting of Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen can be bought for as little as $143.

The Ciné-Kodak takes black and white pictures with



Ciné-Kodak Safety Film in the familiar yellow carton, both regular and panchromatic.

Color Movies, Too

And now, another Eastman development—Kodacolor—enables you to make home movies in full natural color. With the Ciné-Kodak f.1.9, Model B or BB, a filter and Kodacolor Film, you can make the most beautiful *living* close-ups, for example. When you project the film, you see your dear ones as they actually are, with all the color, even the delicate flesh tones, absolutely true to life. You simply use a Kodacolor Filter and Kodacolor Film when making or projecting Kodacolor.

Also, that you may supplement your own films, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-, 200- and 400-foot reels of comedy, travel and animated cartoons, are available at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's. They cost only $7.50 per 100 feet. They add to the pleasure of home movies and become a permanent part of your film library.

Don't let precious opportunities to take movies of your youngsters slip by through any fault of yours. Ask your Ciné-Kodak dealer to show you outfits and in the meantime mail the coupon for the free booklet—"The Lure of Home Movies."

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